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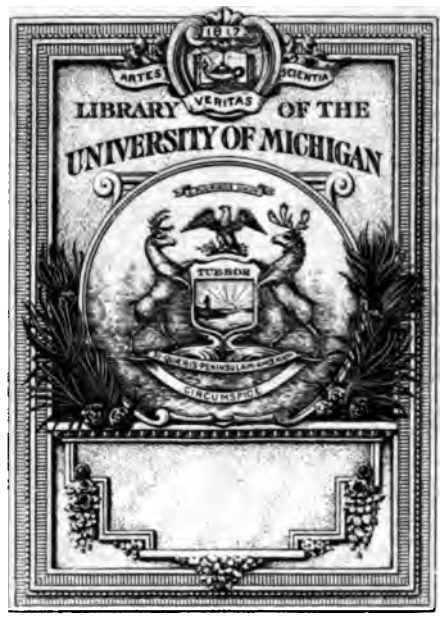
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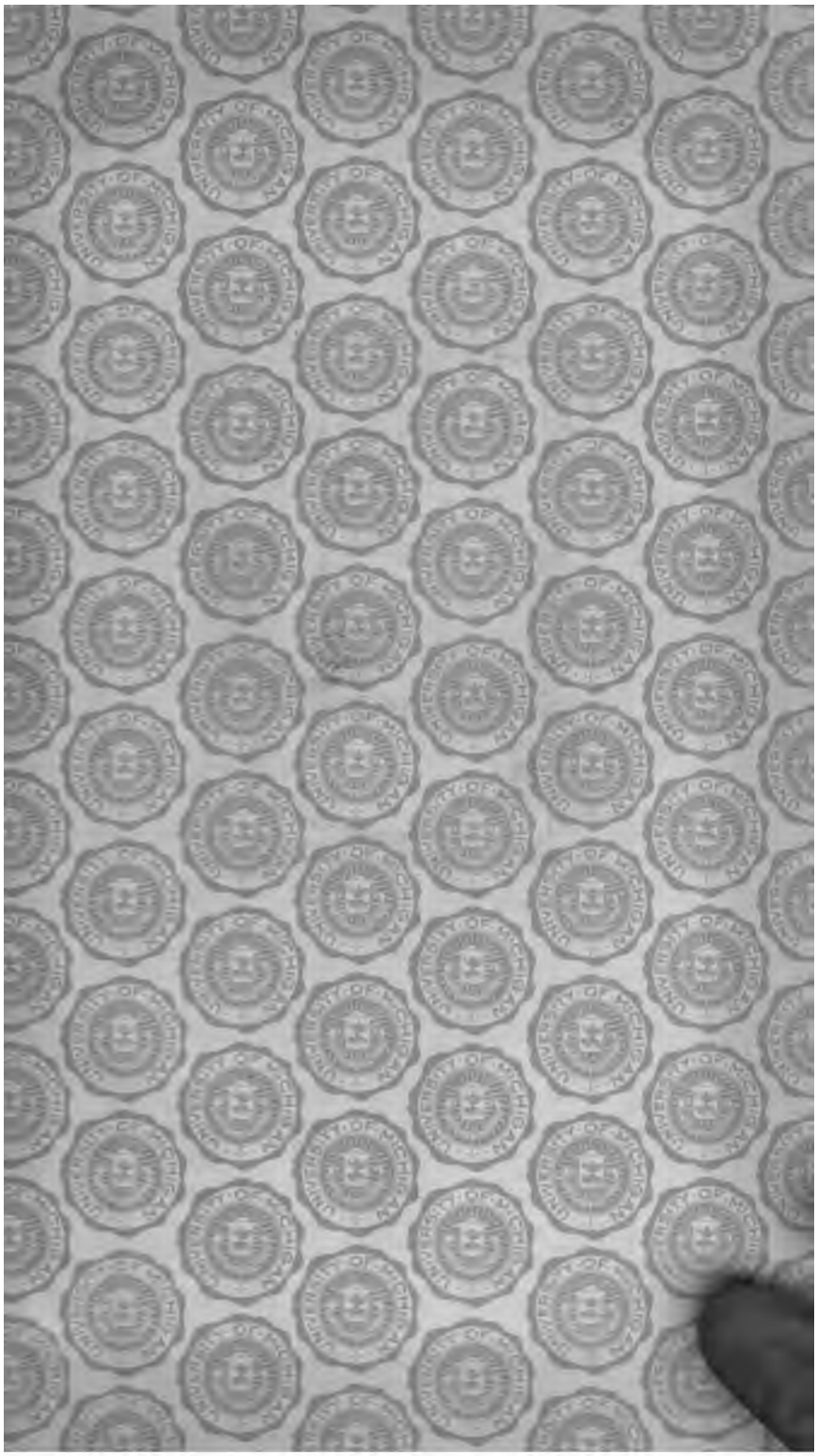

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THE

ECLECTIC REVIEW

FOR JULY, 1820.

Art. I. *A Picturesque Tour along the Rhine, from Mentz to Cologne:* with Illustrations of the Scenes of remarkable Events, and Popular Traditions. By Baron J. J. von Gerning. Embellished with 24 highly finished and coloured Engravings, from the Drawings of M. Schuetz, and accompanied by a Map. Translated from the German, by John Black. Elephant 4to. pp. xvi. 178. Price 4*l.* 4*s.* 1820.

NO river, if we except the Jordan, has so large a share of fame as the Rhine; not the Danube, the Nile, the Euphrates, nor the Ganges. A river brought conspicuously to view in almost every part of the Bible, would, from that cause alone, surpass in celebrity every other; that celebrity being estimated by the number of persons made acquainted with the remarkable things connected with the object in question. For when it is considered to how many persons the objects of great note in the Bible have been made familiar, by that book itself, and by the infinity of books and discourses relating to what it contains, we may assume that no other objects, of distant place and time, have become so well known to so many. And besides, the fame of the river of Judæa is of a higher quality than that of all others. That of the Euphrates, indeed, and still more that of the Nile, partake in a certain degree of this quality; but it is still the Jordan that flows through the most extraordinary and magnificent moral scenery, the scenery of all manner of Divine manifestations; of miracles, judgements, revelations; of angelic apparitions; of the most memorable and important sojourn of a Superior Existence; and all this combined with a most striking succession of human transactions, consummated by the most signal and stupendous crime that ever was or could be perpetrated on the globe.

The renown possessed, in the next degree, by the Rhine, is of the vulgar kind, but the measure of it is prodigious. Its bordering tracks are the scene of a large share of the Roman history. In later periods, they have been that of a strangely dra-

matic crowd and succession of events; an infinite confusion of political institution and demolition, of superstition, religion, literature, important inventions, and wars; intermingling, interchanging, conflicting, and forming a long tragi-comedy of favours and plagues to the people, but with a mighty predominance of the disastrous quality. During a still later age, and almost to this time, these bordering regions have seemed to be surrendered, in paramount unquestioned right, to war. If human creatures were too abundant in Europe, go to the neighbourhood of the Rhine, the proper place for killing and burying them; and no questions to be asked, indeed no doubt to be entertained, about the moral lawfulness and the benefit of the proceeding. Half a life would hardly suffice for reading a detailed account of the battles, bombardments, and ravages; the alternations of these spirited amusements between the opposite borders of the river; the treaties for suspending them awhile, and the causes and pretences for soon beginning them again. So that the historical stream (if the figure may be allowed) which runs parallel to the placid course of this noble river, flows as turbulently as any torrent from the melting of Alpine snows, and of the colour which the rod of Moses inflicted on the river of Egypt.

From such a view of the river, it is really a very agreeable change to turn to that of the picturesque character of its banks. In truth, the landscape painter has the best of it in looking at this world almost anywhere, little as some parts of it may charm his eye, or seem adapted to his art. But the banks of the Rhine present a great deal of what might seem made on purpose for him; we were not fully aware how much, before the present work came under our inspection. It shares the fate of many great rivers, in being forbidden to come into the ocean in a grand style. But it is peculiarly unfortunate in leaving behind such scenery as that here delineated, to run its last stage through one of the most doleful flats in the creation.

'Some parts of this river are of course more interesting than others. In its earlier course through Switzerland, it is comparatively overlooked amidst the stupendous grandeur of alpine scenery. In the lower part of Germany again, and the kingdom of the Netherlands, it no longer possesses its former romantic beauties. It is in that part of it which is called the Middle Rhine, or the course from Mentz to Cologne, where this noble river appears to the greatest advantage. The beauty and sublimity of this portion of the Rhine, exhibiting in varied succession every description of scenery, from the wildest mountains, rocky precipices, and hills crowned by ancient castles, to valleys, vieing in sweetness and fertility with the most favoured spots of Italy, attract to it every summer a multitude of travellers from all parts of Europe.'—*Translator's Preface.*

This work, however, of Baron von Gerning, is not, as taken

separately from the plates, intended to class with descriptions formally picturesque. There is no attempt at that regular lengthened kind of representation, in which Mrs. Radcliffe has so powerfully painted in words a tract of the country along this river. There is less of it than is given, with the spirited exhibition also of other matters, in a very clever book, published two or three years ago under the title of *An Autumn near the Rhine.* Nor is there much of that strain of sentimental philosophizing which we expected to find, after being informed that the Author has 'enjoyed the friendship of Göthe, Wieland, Kerder, 'Voss, Böttiger, and most of the distinguished literary charac-'ters of Germany,' and that he is a successful poet. And we are not so fascinated with the speculative musings and moral taste of the German geniuses, as to regret very deeply that this has been forborne; though it may be conceived as a possibility, that a tourist's mind might be so constituted, that nothing which *could* be said of the country surveyed by him, would be so interesting, or even valuable, as the reflections and speculations which should be suggested to him in passing over it. Indeed, there have actually been men respecting whom it might have been wished, as Gibbon did respecting Volney, that in this capacity of reflecting and speculating observers, it had been possible for them to travel over the whole world: but assuredly, Volney was not the man. For such a service, he had, doubtless, a superior degree of intellectual adaptation; but when his pervading purpose was to be, as if it were the grand duty of his existence, to give every thing on earth a tongue and a language to forswear religion, we might well be content that he should rather stay at home, to digest the vituperations and beatings (literally such, it was reported) of the fierce imperial master with whom he could not agree about a popish establishment in France, with an infidel as sacred head of the church.

But to return to the Tour of the Rhine. It is not written in the form of a travelling narration, lively and moving on; though there does occur two or three times some mention of 'the tra-'vellers,' as leaving one spot to advance to another. It is substantially of the character and form of what is denominated topography, including much historical and antiquarian matter, and with an apparent competence in the Writer to take cognizance of a greater variety of subjects than many topographers have well known how to manage.

'M. von Gerning,' says his Translator, 'has viewed the banks of the Rhine with the eye of a man of taste, a scholar, and an antiquary; indeed he has considered his subject with reference to almost every department of knowledge. His account of the school of art at Cologne will be more acceptable in this country than in his own; and his opinions in disputed points of antiquarian research may probably be questioned

by some: but for all his opinions the baron is himself responsible, not his translator.—It has been the object of the translator, not merely to translate the work, but to supply, in the shape of notes, the elucidations which several subjects required, to render them intelligible to the English reader.'

Among these elucidations are many explanations of words, local names and other terms, which, in the view of that same 'English reader,' will too probably appear to spread a frightful air of barbarism over the pages; and the more manfully he strives at the utterance of them, the more will he wonder at the taste with which the ancestors of the Germans made their choice in the market of tongues at Babel,—if indeed any choice was allowed them in the matter.

The Author has all the requisite partiality for his subject. He says,

'No stream is so deeply interesting in an historical point of view; and the regions through which the river flows have all the charm of the valleys of Italy. Time has in both written the book of nature and humanity in large characters, and preserved it for posterity.—A capital section of this book belongs to Mentz.'

And at Mentz, after a particular and somewhat interesting account has been given of the country and the very numerous medicinal springs at and round Wiesbaden,—at Mentz, as being near the point where the fine scenery of the banks commences, the series of descriptions begins. This city, as being rescued 'from 'the grasp of foreign ambition,' the Author hopes 'for ever,' is hailed with a laudably patriotic delight; but the utmost allowance for this worthy feeling will hardly suffice for tolerating the surpassing extravagance of the assertion, that 'the situation of 'Mentz may well bear a comparison with that of Naples or Con-'stantinople.' The glow of pleasure seems to be chilled at beholding this important city as now placed under what he denominates, with a sneer, 'the Rhenish-Hessian and *purely li-*'*beral* government.'

'It is triply-defended,' he says, 'and tenfold fortified; and it has also been made a new staple and frontier station for the collection of duties on the Rhine: but alas! it will not soon become again a beautiful and happy place of residence.'

No one will wonder it should not be exactly so at present, on reading that six thousand soldiers and six thousand poor are included in the census which makes the whole number of the inhabitants but thirty-two thousand. Such a state of things will add powerfully to the gloomy effect of the broad traces of desolation, left by the recent war. 'Many a noble temple,' he says, 'and splendid palace in Mentz, was burnt and destroyed. The 'rich and beautiful Carthusian convent, and the fairy palace which

'bore the name of *Favorite*, with its enchanting garden, enjoy-
'ing a delightful view of the heights of Taunus, and of the moun-
'tain road, have also disappeared.' However questionable it may be, whether these had contributed in any very substantial manner to the real advantage of the people, they had certainly contributed to that higher, gayer tone of spirits which the people, when not severely oppressed by poverty, are very apt to feel in identifying themselves in some way with whatever forms the boast, the pride, and the magnificence of the place where they live.

A great number of the particulars of the Roman operations in fighting and building, and of the train of events and changes through subsequent ages, including the invention of printing, are assembled in the history given of this city; and the most remarkable objects now existing in it and its vicinity, are named and described. The whole work, indeed, is an immense accumulation of brief notices and proper names. It must have cost the Author very great labour and research, to be qualified to attach to so many spots and objects, their respective portions of history; to affix the dates of buildings, ruinations, and rebuildings; to name founders, destroyers, distinguished visitants, remarkable events, original proprietors, transfers, exchanges, and resumptions of possession; and to bestrew among these dry particulars the much more amusing material of the monkish legends of the middle ages. Great praise for antiquarian inquisitiveness is due, even whatever errors there may be in so extensive a detail. What errors there may really be, we are persuaded no human being, at least out of Germany, will ever, as to the greater portion of that detail, be interested enough to undergo the labour of examining; as nothing can be conceived less capable of being made attractive to an exercise of the mind, (to any one at a distance from the places,) than the local records of baronial feuds, and ecclesiastical politics. Here and there, the Author seems touched by some intimation that his readers may be tired; and diverts, as for the purpose of relief and stimulation, to an eulogy of the charms of nature. This might be expected to be done in the continental style of gilt epithet and hyperbolical sentiment. 'Golden' and 'sweet' are favourite words; and the Baron will sometimes go off in strains like the following:

'These scenes are equally dear to the nearer and the more remote inhabitants of the surrounding country, and many a one whose eye first opened on them, still turns with unabated enthusiasm to the stream which has long *agitated him with the keenest emotions.* Our minds here are involuntarily attuned to joy, and at each well known spot our native Rhenish songs burst instinctively from our heaving breasts.' p. 41.

'This paradise, (the Rheingau,) like the region of Naples, may be styled a portion of heaven fallen down to the earth. The majestic Rhine lingers in his course through it, and, in honour of it, forms nine verdant

islands. The solemn Taunus throws his woody arms around it, to protect it from the rough and boisterous north. Vine-covered hills, fields and meadows, and human dwellings, are intermingled most agreeably; and in this Elysium, *we fly from place to place in an overpowering ecstacy*, which defies description.' p. 43.

There needs not such extravagance as this, to make us believe that the Rhingau is a rich and beautiful region. We are satisfied it deserves its fine character; and can believe also in the good qualities ascribed to its inhabitants, though, in any questionable matter, we might well demur to a full reliance on the testimony of a Writer who can actually, as in the following extract, take prayer and bell-ringing for the very same thing.

'The inhabitants of the Rheingau are kind, frank, hospitable, and, generally speaking, endowed with a certain innate hilarity, which well becomes them. As the district was itself separated from the country adjacent, by the Rhine and a trench, its inhabitants were, in like manner, a separate people. They form, as it were, only one family, especially the inhabitants of Rüdesheim, who are almost all related to each other, and who seldom marry elsewhere. Persons when they meet, greet each other with the words, "Good time!" which, in a bad time, sounded doubly grateful.

'In former days, the festal peals of the baptized and consecrated May-bells sweetly echoed through the pleasant hills and valleys of the Rheingau, from the setting in of even, to the dawn of morning, with the view of obtaining the blessing of Heaven on the labours of man in the season of hope, when he commits the source of his future subsistence to the bosom of the earth, and when, in the unsuspecting confidence of piety, he supposes the continuance or the failure of the bounty of nature, may depend on the efficacy of his prayers. This ringing of bells has been prohibited here as well as elsewhere, on account of the disturbance which it occasioned by night.

'The most delightful periods of the year in the Rheingau, and more particularly in Rüdesheim, are, that in which the vine puts forth its blossoms, when the whole country is filled with the most delightful fragrance; and autumn, when grapes of the very best quality invite to enjoyment. They are not trodden here, but beat; and we, therefore, drink the must without hesitation or disgust.

'The same wild hubbub and idle discharge of fire-arms which take place elsewhere, are not to be heard in the Rheingau; but the men and women connected with the vine-cultivation, form processions with music and singing. A female is elected wine-matron in the bacchanalian procession, at the end of the vintage.' p. 53.

A single paragraph from the account of Nieder-Ingelheim, (a place bearing, to the eyes of the thorough antiquary, marks more captivating than all that blooms on the ground or shines in the sky, in the form of some 'venerable walls, and other remains 'of the palace of Charlemagne, built between 768 and 774,') will furnish a good specimen of the manner in which our labori-

ous Author brings the historic particulars of a place together, while it is, perhaps, almost worth transcribing for the information it contains. After mentioning that this was the scene of the adventure of Eginhard and Emma, recollected by every reader of the Spectator, he proceeds:

'This Neider-Ingelheim, also called in documents Englilonheim, Hingilenheim, Ingulunheim, but most frequently Ingilenheim, is one of the most memorable places on the Rhine. Various ecclesiastical and imperial assemblies were held at Ober-Ingelheim, a short distance from it. Here Charlemagne held the first imperial diet, in the year 774; and in 778, deprived Thasilo, Duke of Bavaria, of his dignity, for the crime of *læsæ majestatis*, or high treason. Again, in 814, Louis the Pious or Mild, in Nieder-Ingelheim, took king Harold (Herioldus) of Denmark under his protection, and ordered the convert to be baptized at St. Alban, at Mentz. Here the same Louis, in 817, received the deputies of Leo, Emperor of the East, and afterwards the splendid embassy of the Emperor Theophilus from Constantinople. On a verdant island adjacent, now called the Alte Sand, this Louis the good-natured terminated his life, through grief on account of his son Louis the German, to whom he owed his liberation, in 834, from the convent at Soissons, having entered the field against him, in consequence of his recent division of the Empire. The succeeding Carolingians, down to Louis IV. the Child, frequently resided at Ingelheim; the Othos and Salian emperors did the same. The celebration of the marriage of Henry III. with the daughter of William of Poitou, took place here in 1039. Here also Henry IV. determined, and irresolute by turns, was in 1106 made a prisoner by his infamous son, and forced to resign the imperial crown; when even the Bishop of Spires, who was indebted to him for his dignity, treated him as an outlaw, and refused to give him either food or shelter.' p. 61.

To what insignificance many great events to great people may be reduced, in the esteem of after ages! Insomuch, that such facts of authentic history as the following, will much more sensibly stir the minds of most of our readers. When the site of the convent of Gottesthal was to be determined,

'St. Bernard, it is said, met a friendly boar in the wood, which, with its snout, drew a plan of the church on the spot where it was first built. It seems it was first erected on the hill, but invisible spirits transported the stones, with the boar, to the present site.' p. 50.

Somewhere near Ruedesheim, John Brumpser, or Brempser, was reminded of a vow he had made in his imprisonment in Palestine, to found a convent, by

'a wild ox, which dug out of the earth, in the adjoining wood, the image of our Saviour. The convent was accordingly built and endowed; and it was called Noth-Gottes, (Need of God,) as this word resounded on the spot where the image was found. It was long preserved in the chapel of the convent, with the tongue of the dragon slain by Von Brompser in the Holy Land.—The horn is still preserved, fashioned into a chandelier.'

In mentioning the 'Mice-Tower,' built by Archbishop Hatto on a rock in the river, near Bingen, the Author clips the venerable piece of history attached to it.

'According to a monkish legend among the old stories of the Rhine, the above Hatto, who, from the severity of his ecclesiastical discipline, was hated by clergy and people, though in other respects a worthy ruler, fled, in the time of a famine, from Ehrenfels, followed by myriads of swimming mice, to this tower, where they devoured him!'

Now, what *right* had the mice thus to invite themselves to dine upon the doubtless well-fed and savoury person of His Grace? The history says, they were judicially authorised to do so, in consequence of his having said, in that time of famine, that the common people were but vermin that devoured the corn.

The mention of Oberwesel introduces the name of a person of whom we should have been pleased to have any further information, acquired in our Author's researches; 'John Ruchard, 'called *Johannes de Wesalia*, a man whose ideas were far 'beyond those of his age.'

'This individual came boldly forward as a Reformer fifty years before Luther, and his manuscripts against absolution and various dogmas, were condemned to be publicly burned at Mentz. On the very same day, a tournament was held there; which proves sufficiently that levity has long had a seat here and there in the world.'

This is too large an inference, we think, against the world. The historical fact does not prove the moral one, (the residence of levity,) beyond the particular place where it occurred. But it is not unlikely, that with less than our Author's diligence of research, there might be distinct proofs obtained against many other places, that levity has had, at one time or other, a seat in each of them.

At Newied, 'the lover of antiquity treads the classic ground 'of the Ubii and the Romans.' In the neighbourhood, so many relics of the civil and military life, and of the superstition of the Romans, have been discovered by excavation, that our Author, with that patriotic complaisance with which we find him every where ready to transfer the characteristics of Italy to the borders of the Rhine, has denominated the place 'a German Hercula-'neum and Pompeii.' He justly regrets that this 'harvest of 'antiquities' has not been placed in the garner of 'a Museum.'— There is at Newied a 'convent-like colony of Moravians,

'whose church-yard, which is without the town, has all the appearance of an orchard. The inscriptions over the departed are short and expressive: "Went home," or, "Gone home." The other religious sects, even the Anabaptists, have also their churches at Newied; and the New Weda has long been the abode of Christian toleration.'

There is a disquisition, with a citation of multifarious opinions

and authorities, respecting 'the places where Julius Cæsar crossed 'the Rhine.' An opinion or suggestion offered by the Baron, will be of much more permanent weight than all their adjudgements, if he is not too sanguine when he says, 'Till all the doubts 'are satisfactorily removed, or till the spirit of Cæsar appear 'among us to solve the enigma, the above conjecture, it is hoped, 'will not be without its use in this controversy.'

The vine is the most important production of the banks and vicinity of the river, within the points at which this description begins and ends. The Author distinguishes the spots most valuable or celebrated for its cultivation; and notes the respective qualities of the wines, but not in the most classical diction of high connoisseurship. The adaptation of the vine to dry stony elevations, has caused a verdure and beauty to be spread over many of the rocky heights of the banks, which would otherwise have appeared in mere rugged and frowning sterility.

The lengthened history and description of Cologne, has more of the appearance of a piece of good writing than any other part of the book; though there is a stroke or two of extravagance in the account of the grand cathedral. There appears to be good sense and taste in his remarks on the old pictures which have been brought on the public by the breakiug up, within the last twenty years, of an astonishing number of ecclesiastical establishments, —'the suppression,' as he says, 'within this city, (and we know 'not what extent of the surrounding territory,) of fifty-eight 'convents and fifty unnecessary chapels.' Some of the good people of the Rhine will not, as the Translator has hinted, be much obliged to him for his exposure and ridicule of the practice of vamping up, in smart new colours, numbers of the old spoiled pictures; the foolish ignorance with which these have been admired and bought; and the bad taste and sense with which even pretended artists have been capable of preferring any of the best of the old Rhenish paintings to those of Italy in its best age of art. He at the same time discriminates and praises the merits eally possessed by some of these old German performances.

A long geographical or topographical illustration accompanies a good map of the country of the Middle Rhine.—The Author has not spared labour in any part of his work; which, though not exactly a book for *reading*, will be valuable as a kind of historical gazetteer of that part of Germany.

The great attraction will be in the plates. They are of the advantageous size of eleven inches by eight. The draughtsman is not a transient tourist of the Rhine, but, it is said, familiarly conversant with its scenery. The views carry their own evidence of being well selected; and they are represented under lights the most favourable to their character. The engravings, in acquatinta, are done with much softness and refinement, and yet dis-

tinctness, chiefly by Sutherland, a few only being by D. Havell. And the colouring, if we may judge of the rest from our own copy, (as we presume we may,) is performed, in general, in a careful and delicate manner.* They are, on the whole, an uncommonly beautiful set of coloured prints, and will give a much more competent idea of the romantic banks of the Rhine, than any work previously published in England. One fault will strike the eye,—a want of correspondence in the reflections in the water, in *calm* water, to the objects reflected. This we have observed in many other graphical representations; and it really seems to be intentional and affected. A precise and mechanical imitation of the real object in its watery image, we need not be told, is inconsistent with the freedom and grace of art; but it is perfectly obvious, that a wilfully dissimilar and vague reflection is an utter violation of the truth of nature.

In the Author's account of Mentz, we noticed what appeared to be meant as a sneer at the 'pure liberality' of the Rhenish-Hessian government. A note toward the end of the work, appears, on the contrary, to praise sincerely this same government in the hands of its present administrator. We must therefore acknowledge that the intention of that former passage must be left in the dubiousness which the Translator himself says there is in the expression.

Art. II. *Travels in the Interior of Africa, to the Sources of the Senegal and Gambia; performed by Command of the French Government, in the Year* 1818. By G. Mollien. Edited by T. E. Bowdich, Esq. Conductor of the Mission to Ashantee. 4to. London, 1820.

WE are at all events rejoiced to receive back again, safe and sound, one of the volunteers on the *forlorn hope* of African exploration. Not that M. Mollien is to be classed with the Ledyards and the Parks, the men of enlarged views, well-weighed schemes, and all but desperate adventure: his was an humbler range, a less daring enterprise, requiring little more than the exercise of prudence and self-command, and exposing him to scarcely greater casualty than such as might result from the influence of the climate on an European constitution. We hope, indeed, we most sincerely hope, that the list of scientific proscription is now closed; and that, excepting under circumstances of encouragement hardly yet to be expected, the enterprising traveller who burns with the passion for discovery, will turn to other regions as the field of his exertions, and leave the

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* We wish we could say as much of the first specimen of the Tour of the English Lakes, publishing by Mr. Ackerman. Surely this is a scenery worth some care in the employment of his colourers.

fiery skies and scorching marle of Africa, to the wretched and faithless tribes whose frames are seasoned to the climate. Perhaps a more effectual method than has yet been tried, of prosecuting further inquiries, might be found in the education of native youth at our settlements on the coast, and in the selection and preparation of such as should seem best fitted for the task by mental and bodily vigour, and by their diligence in the acquisition of science. After all, however, we confess, though the confession may be indiscreet, that our curiosity respecting central Africa is by no means intense. Investigation and commercial enterprise have nearly surrounded this continent with a broad zone of discovery, traffic, and partial establishment: the character and *habitat* of the Mohammedan tribes of Africa are known with sufficient accuracy; and little, probably, remains to be ascertained in the unexplored regions, but varieties of Paganism and Fetish-worship, or the determination of geographical problems which it is desirable, indeed, to clear up, but they are not worth even the risk of one of the many valuable lives which have been sacrificed in the effort to solve them.

M. Mollien was on board the Medusa frigate in 1816, when that vessel was wrecked to the south of Cape Blanco. While journeying along the coast towards the French settlements on the Senegal, he had an opportunity of experiencing some of the fatigues, privations, and sufferings, which travellers in Africa are compelled to undergo. He was, however, determined not to profit by the lesson. Having imbibed from the representations of Leo Africanus, notions a little tinged with the marvellous, he amused himself with anticipating, instead of sterility, 'cities of con-'siderable magnitude;' and—we cannot well conceive how—he contrived to find in the narratives of Mungo Park, nutriment to his wild imaginations, hoping to discover, instead of 'uninhabita-'ble deserts or ferocious people,' 'civilized nations, the relics of 'Egyptian or Carthaginian colonies.' There is something very unaccountable to us in the ideas of antiquity with which a Frenchman manages to fill his head. The connexion between Carthage and Foutatoro, the strong similarity of the hero of Cannæ to the Damel of Cayor, who destroys and depopulates his own villages, the resemblance between the mud huts and straw palaces of Sedo or Ouamkrore, and the avenues and temples of Thebes with its hundred gates, may be extremely obvious to M. Mollien, but we are constrained to confess that they escape us altogether. But although he was doomed to fail in his quest after a Poula Memphis, or a Serracolet Carthage, he was successful, supposing his information to have been correct, in discovering the sources of three great rivers, the Gambia, the Rio Grande, and the Senegal, together with the springs of the Falemé, an important tributary to the latter.

M. Mollien returned in 1817 to France, for the purpose of obtaining the patronage of the Government in his projected journey; but his application was unsuccessful: he persevered, however, in his design, and in 1818, procured from M. Fleuriau, Governor of Senegal, the necessary sanction and the very moderate outfit required for his arduous undertaking. In a preliminary visit to the neighbouring Damel (or King) of Cayor, who is described as a young and corpulent negro, with a sweet voice, but ferocious look, M. Mollien was so fortunate as to obtain a friendly interview with the monarch. Previously to setting out on his main journey, he received from the Governor a brief paper of instructions, specifying the sources of the Senegal, the Gambia, and the Niger, as the chief objects to be ascertained, directing his attention to certain subordinate inquiries, and enjoining the utmost prudence and the avoidance of all unnecessary risk. A native Marabout, or Mohammedan priest, was engaged to accompany him. Having provided himself with a good horse, and an ass to carry his baggage, together with a small assortment of coral, amber, tobacco, beads, powder, and ball, he set off, in the end of January, on his enterprise. In the early part of his journey, M. Mollien unadvisedly assumed the Moorish dress, which exposed him to the suspicion and hostility of the negroes, who hold the Moors in the utmost dread and abhorrence, as robbers and murderers: happily, he ascertained this in time to remedy his error, by sending back to St. Louis for his European garb. The first stages of his course lay through villages either already ravaged by the army of the Damel, or in constant apprehension of a similar fate; but, as he approached the frontiers of the state, he seemed to leave the traces of this scourge behind him, and to find every where the signs of a more tranquil and contented condition.

At Coqué, he saw, for the first time, the Baobab, the monarch of the African forest; but his notices of the appearance and character of this fine tree, are extremely meagre. M. Golberry, in his valuable *Fragmens d'un Voyage en Afrique*, has devoted a whole chapter to the description of this noble plant; and we shall borrow from his authority a few particulars in illustration of its qualities and aspect. It is described by him as the giant of the vegetable tribe, slow in its growth, and indestructibly vigorous in its constitution: it flourishes in sites where all other verdure perishes, and, amid sterile and arid sands, shoots up its enormous trunk, and strikes deep and wide its prodigious roots. One of these trees which he visited in the valley of Gagack, measured in circumference one hundred and four feet, and more than thirty-four in diameter. This patriarch of African vegetation had in its trunk a large hollow, twenty feet in either diameter, which the negroes had taken some pains to adorn with rude sculptures,

and which formed an admirable assembly-room for the principal inhabitants of the vale. This species of tree is by no means lofty in proportion to its bulk, but throws forth its branches horizontally to a considerable extent: at the level of the ground, it pushes out side-roots, which radiate from the stem to a great distance all round, while the tap-root penetrates perpendicularly to an immense depth. The inside of the plant is filled with pith, which is subject to a sort of canker that appears not to affect the growth or luxuriance of the branches. The flower closes at night, and opens with the dawn. The leaves are employed in different uses: the bark is manufactured into cordage, and the fruit is used for food and medicine.

The inhabitants of Coqué gave M. Mollien a rude and boisterous reception, but the chief conducted himself with courtesy and hospitality. After crossing uninhabited woods and parched plains, he quitted the kingdom of Cayor, and entered upon the territory of the Bourb-Joloffs. The soil of Cayor is described as sandy but fertile, producing in abundance, millet, cotton, and indigo. The principal trees are, the tamarind, the Baobab, the gum-tree, and other species of Mimosa. The natives are, like all negroes, industrious from necessity, indolent by choice: they are careless of the morrow, and spend the nine months' interval between the seasons of harvest, stretched upon their mats. The sovereign is despotic, though his mandates are sometimes resisted by his more powerful chiefs. It is related of one of these, that having ascertained the intention of the Damel to take away his life, he nevertheless boldly presented himself at court, surrounded by an armed and numerous retinue.

'The tyrant had ordered a deep pit to be dug at his feet, and covered with a mat; he desired the chief whose destruction he meditated, to seat himself on the mat, but the latter, guessing the perfidious intention of the despot, thus replied: "Damel, I am thy slave, and worthy of reposing only in the dust upon which thy feet have trod." By this adroit answer, he avoided the fate prepared for him. When a Damel wants a horse of great value, he sends for the general of his army. "Go," he says to him, "thou knowest that such a village contains more than one of my enemies; go, let fire and sword soon deliver me from them." The general, agreeably to the orders given him, plunders and lays waste, and the captives whom he seizes, serve to pay the price of the horse which the king requires.'

M. Mollien affirms that Mohammedanism is making great progress among the inhabitants of this country, though the court continues attached to Paganism. He assigns as circumstances highly favourable to this change, the prevalence, even among heathens, of the practice of circumcision; the public schools over which the Marabouts preside, and to which all the children resort; and the sacred and inviolable character which invests the

person of the Mohammedan priest, not less among the Pagans than among the votaries of Islam. The realm of Cayor was originally an integral portion of the great Joloff country, but the Governor having rejected the authority of his sovereign, and assumed the title of Damel, the province has since remained an independent kingdom. But of the history of these states, little is accurately known, and there is considerable variation even in the scanty information afforded us on this head. M. Mollien, for instance, introduces the following tragical and romantic narrative.

'The Damel was at war with the Joloffs of the kingdom of Baol, which he afterwards annexed to his own dominions. The people of Baol, secure among their woods, had declined to fight, excepting when stratagem or their position had given them a decided advantage. At length, having issued from their forests, they appeared on the plain, preceded by their king. "It is here," they cried, "that we must perish! We have been accused of cowardice, let those who thus reproach us, imitate our example: they pretend that we know only how to run away. Let each of us then make it impossible for him to save himself by flight." At these words, each man filled his wide trowsers with sand, and, thus encumbered, fell on his knees, and began to fire. The combat continued till their ammunition was expended. Baol lost all its warriors on the field of battle; and the king of Cayor, though he saved a few, left behind a still greater number.'

This is, certainly, a very heroical and affecting story; but, independently of its improbabilities and inconsistencies, we have a good reason for rejecting it; namely, that the same revolution is recorded by M. Golberry, whose tale is very different from the romance just cited. He simply states, that the Damel of Cayor, on the death of the king of Baol without heirs, took unresisted possession of the country.

About the middle of February, M. Mollien reached Ouamkrore, the capital of the Bourb-Joloffs, which he found to be nothing more than a considerable village. The monarch was 'an old man of low stature,' his countenance prepossessing, and his behaviour, except that he was very inquisitive, frank and courteous, and such as by no means justified the weak irritability expressed, but, we suspect, not then betrayed, by his Visitant, who, 'notwithstanding the favour his majesty did him of pulling his 'hair, and taking him by the nose to measure its length, retired '*very much shocked by such liberties.*' Though the present which M. M. had made to the chief was of very trifling amount, the kind old man sent an order to the head of the next village to furnish the traveller with a guide through the country. At Medina, as well as at the capital, the *griots*, or musicians, presented themselves in expectation of a fee, and afforded him a specimen of African invention and musical skill, by celebrating the praises

of the illustrious 'white man.' During his passage through the Joloff territory, M. Mollien excited the utmost astonishment, but was treated with great kindness. He supposes, but without assigning his reasons, that the natives were originally Numidian or Mauritanian, and that they were driven across the Zahara, and beyond the Senegal, by the invasion of the Saracens. Their kingdom was formerly the most extensive in this part of Africa, and the other black sovereigns still acknowledge in its ruler a precedency of rank, by prostrating themselves in his presence. In this realm, Heathenism predominates over Mohammedanism, but the Marabouts are here also in possession of the business of tuition, and their mild and prudent conduct will probably, in the end, procure them the ascendancy. The religion of the Pagans is unmixed Fetichism. Among the Joloffs, there exists a singular tribe, called Laaubés, between whom and our gipsies there seem to be many points of resemblance: they live a wandering life, and are professed fortune-tellers. They monopolize certain branches of manufacture, and have the reputation of possessing great wealth; their women are excessively fond of finery, and their transient favours are in even superstitious request among the Joloffs. The Laaubés are a distinct race, acknowledging a chief who alone communicates with the government under which they may reside, and they enjoy the privilege of exemption from military service, on paying a stipulated tax.

M. Mollien crossed the *Mandingue*, or forest, which separates the country of the Bourb-Joloffs from the territory of Foutatoro, in company with a caravan of sixty persons. The distance was considerable, and the sufferings of the party, from thirst, great. At the first village, he was hustled and robbed of his poniard, with a decision and dexterity which would have done credit to a Fleet-street gang: by the interposition of the chief, however, he recovered his property. The country on the banks of the Saldé, a tributary of the Senegal, refreshed the eye of our Traveller with its rich verdure, and he enjoyed the luxury of bathing for the first time since quitting St. Louis. At Diaba, an attempt was made to detain him, but he succeeded, by the aid of a Mohammedan priest, in extricating himself, and without further difficulty reached Sedo, the capital of Foutatoro,—a town containing six thousand inhabitants, and situated in the midst of a rich and highly cultivated plain, well-wooded, and shewing the comfort and opulence of its tenants by the size and number of its villages. The Almamy gave him a courteous reception, and in return, M. Mollien told him that he was journeying to Oulli, to weep over the tomb of his father, whom the Pagans had murdered there; that he hoped to collect the remains of his paternal property; and that, on his return, he expected to be able to make a handsome acknowledgement to his credulous auditor for his

kindness. We would not exercise too nice a casuistry on the occasions, but we must be permitted to remark, that M. Mollien does not appear to 'make conscience' of veracity, and that though he professes to have been vastly affected by the piety of the natives in their attention to the devotions prescribed by their faith, it does not seem to have stimulated him to an equally punctual observance of his own religious duties; for, when pressed upon that point, he evaded inquiry by the 'ready lie,' that his journal was the repository of his prayers, and the act of writing in it, a devotional exercise. A present of coral to the ruler, and to Aldondou, a powerful chief, smoothed every difficulty, and M. M. departed. At Ogo, he was greeted by the Iman Fonebé with *Bonjour, Monsieur.* This man, having visited St. Louis, and been well treated there, was even profuse and polished in his attentive and delicate hospitality: the description given of him, conveys the idea of a very lively, amiable, and accomplished person. In the village of Senopalé, our Traveller found some female relations of his Marabout Boukari: the greeting was very cordial, and the Mussulman was quite happy, though, when the Frenchman complimented him on the beauty and modesty of the ladies, he whispered in return—'You cannot imagine how 'deceitful the women of our country are; this modesty which 'they affect, joined to the beauty of their features, and the lively 'passion they seem to feel for their lovers, inflames the latter to 'such a degree, that they eat them up!' The plain of Senopalé is thickly set with villages, containing a population estimated at twenty-five thousand persons. In this neighbourhood resided a Marabout who had made the pilgrimage to Mecca, and who answered, in reply to queries addressed to him through Boukari, that on both sides of the river, and beyond Tombuctoo, there were countries entirely peopled by Poula (Foulah) negroes; that the Dyaliba (Joliba or Niger) joined the Nile, and, mingling with the river of Egypt, flowed to the sea. At Banai, M. Mollien was compelled to return to Almamy, and, when he expressed his exasperation at this detention, the natives only laughed at his anger and menaces.

'One in particular,' he says, 'gave me an answer, to which, I must own, I could find no reply. "Thou complainest," said he to me, "of being unceasingly questioned, and exposed to a thousand vexations; but we are very differently treated when we go to St. Louis: a soldier, one day, was going to kill me for not answering, when he cried *ti vive, (qui vive?)* words which I did not understand."'

On his way back, M. Mollien was introduced to the chief of Bondou, also called by the official title of Almamy, who was in alliance with the ruler of Foutatoro, and now visited him on national business. This chief, an old man of sixty, treated M. M. with courtesy, and promised his protection when he should pass

imity of these springs, which are all placed in a group of mountains, at a small distance from Timbo; the source of the Ba Fing, or Senegal, lying in 10. 10. north latitude, and 13. 38. west longitude from Paris; that of the Falemé in 10. 20. north latitude, and 13. 20. west longitude; the spring of the Gambia in 10. 30. north latitude, and 13. 35. west longitude; and the sources of the Rio Grande in 10. 37. north latitude, and 13. 37. west longitude. These parallels are calculated from the itineraries, by compass, and estimated distances, of M. Mollien.

It would be improper to omit to state, that the book is published in a most absurdly expensive style. The original is, we believe, in octavo, and there is not the shadow of a reason for the adoption of a different and more highly-priced form. The plates are the most insipid and unillustrative of all that we have ever seen, and have, besides, the fatal defect of being at variance with the text. We are quite at a loss to explain the meaning of the phrase in the title page—'Edited by T. E. Bowdich, Esq. Conductor of the Mission to Ashantee;' not having been able to discover the smallest sign of such 'editing:' the half dozen brief foot-notes do not carry his signature, and there is neither preface nor appendix with the addition of his name. We must suppose, then, that he is either the translator of the book, which we do not, for various reasons, believe, or, which is more probable, that the corrected sheets passed through his hands, to give a colourable pretext for the insertion of his name. In either case, this is, to say the least, trifling with the public.

Art. III. *America and her Resources.* By John Bristed, Counsellor at Law. 8vo. pp. xvi. 504. London, 1818.

WE have already said that this volume may be recommended to the perusal of the general reader who is not in search either of precise statistical information, or of profound political reasoning. He will find in it a spirited rambling descant upon all sorts of subjects connected with American politics and American manners. The Author's loose, declamatory, and turgid style, must prevent his taking that rank as a writer, which the tone he assumes would seem to solicit; his report, however, of American affairs, is, on several accounts, specifically valuable, and if his political principles were of a purer character, he might with some consistency receive the praise of being the professed champion of the cause of humanity and religion. One of the circumstances which give a value to this volume, is the apparent unfixedness of the Author's prejudices. The discriminating reader will, perhaps, gather up the truth, from the reports of a writer of this fitful turn more readily and surely than, even, from one whose impartiality is studied and la-

kindness. We would not exercise too nice a casuistry on these occasions, but we must be permitted to remark, that M. Mollien does not appear to ' make conscience' of veracity, and that, though he professes to have been vastly affected by the piety of the natives in their attention to the devotions prescribed by their faith, it does not seem to have stimulated him to an equally punctual observance of his own religious duties; for, when pressed upon that point, he evaded inquiry by the ' ready lie,' that his journal was the repository of his prayers, and the act of writing in it, a devotional exercise. A present of coral to the ruler, and to Aldondou, a powerful chief, smoothed every difficulty, and M. M. departed. At Ogo, he was greeted by the Iman Fonebé with *Bonjour, Monsieur.* This man, having visited St. Louis, and been well treated there, was even profuse and polished in his attentive and delicate hospitality: the description given of him, conveys the idea of a very lively, amiable, and accomplished person. In the village of Senopalé, our Traveller found some female relations of his Marabout Boukari: the greeting was very cordial, and the Mussulman was quite happy, though, when the Frenchman complimented him on the beauty and modesty of the ladies, he whispered in return—' You cannot imagine how ' deceitful the women of our country are; this modesty which ' they affect, joined to the beauty of their features, and the lively ' passion they seem to feel for their lovers, inflames the latter to ' such a degree, that they eat them up!' The plain of Senopalé is thickly set with villages, containing a population estimated at twenty-five thousand persons. In this neighbourhood resided a Marabout who had made the pilgrimage to Mecca, and who answered, in reply to queries addressed to him through Boukari, that on both sides of the river, and beyond Tombuctoo, there were countries entirely peopled by Poula (Foulah) negroes; that the Dyaliba (Joliba or Niger) joined the Nile, and, mingling with the river of Egypt, flowed to the sea. At Banai, M. Mollien was compelled to return to Almamy, and, when he expressed his exasperation at this detention, the natives only laughed at his anger and menaces.

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On his way back, M. Mollien was introduced to the chief of Bondou, also called by the official title of Almamy, who was in alliance with the ruler of Foutatoro, and now visited him on national business. This chief, an old man of sixty, treated M. M. with courtesy, and promised his protection when he should pass

through his dominions. Almamy of Foutatoro, though he appeared in no pleasant mood when the travellers came into his presence, suffered himself to be appeased, and M. Mollien joined his train in its march to Canel. The description of this 'little army' is rather too highly coloured, and is not, in fact, quite consistent with itself; for, after a rather degrading account of the individuals who made up this ragged regiment, we are told that it presented 'an imposing appearance,' that the dress of the warriors resembled that of the Mamelukes, and that three hundred black cavalry, in two lines, 'produced a magnificent effect.' At Canel, a negro asked M. Mollien to write for him the name of Jesus Christ, under the idea that the Europeans, by pronouncing it, procured abundant riches; he further inquired how he was to obtain good things from Isa (Jesus.) Our readers will, perhaps, anticipate that the opportunity was seized to unfold the character of the Redeemer and the message of salvation:—no—the enlightened Frenchman's answer to the poor African, was comprised in a recommendation to 'work hard and sleep little!'

For some time past, M. Mollien had been much debilitated by fever, but he now obtained a cure by drinking freely of the infusion of tamarinds.

'Feeling myself entirely recovered,' he writes, 'as if by enchantment, I set out to examine the environs of Canel. I was accompanied by a man who had lost his hearing in a very singular manner. A custom not less barbarous than extraordinary prevails in Foutatoro; a slave who wishes to change his master, seeks by surprise or force to cut off the ear of the man whom he fancies; if he succeeds, he immediately becomes the property of that person; and his old master cannot claim him again. To this practice, my fellow-traveller owed his deafness; two slaves had successively cut off each an ear, close to the head, and the wound in healing had entirely closed the auditory channel. This man was certainly very unfortunate from his reputation for kindness, which gained him the good opinion of the slaves: he must now be careful of his horses, for, as he has no ears himself, it will be these animals whose ears the fugitive slaves will next attack.'

In the neighbourhood of Canel, M. Mollien visited a hill, containing iron ore, which is smelted by the natives. With much difficulty and intriguing, he secured his passport, and, after audiences of leave from Almamy and his brother-ruler of Bondou, departed. On his route, he was informed that Foutatoro, Bondou, and Fouta Jallon, were united in a 'holy alliance' with the ostensible object of extirpating idolatry, and compelling the Pagans to acknowledge Mahomet. At Dendoudé, he ascertained, though the evidence does not appear quite conclusive, that a partial communication, by means of a channel, supplied only by the overflow of a lake in the rainy season, exists between the Gambia and the Senegal. Foutatoro is a large, and on the whole,

an advantageously situated territory; along its most extensive frontier it has the Senegal, and its soil is watered by a number of minor rivers, which communicate fertility to a wide tract. The Poulas are now a mixed race; originally from the north, and of a complexion bronzed by the climate, they have lost their primary distinction by mingling with the native blacks, whom they had probably reduced to subjection. The government of Foutatoro is what M. Mollien is pleased to call 'a sort of theocratic oli-'garchy, in which the people possess considerable influence.' Seven chiefs are the masters of the country, each having a separate portion, but they govern in conjunction; the two most powerful enjoy a superiority over the others, and their agreement in council is binding on the remainder. The Almamy, who is merely a titular chief, and can venture on no step without their approbation, is chosen and deposed by them at pleasure: he is always selected from among the Marabouts.

'In Foutatoro, and among the Moors, there exists a sort of free masonry, the secret of which has never been revealed; the adept is shut up for eight days in a hut, he is allowed to eat but once a day; he sees no person, excepting the slave, appointed to carry him his food; and, at the end of that period, a number of men in masks present themselves, and employ all possible means to put his courage to the proof; if he acquits himself with honour, he is admitted. The initiated pretend that, at this moment, they are enabled to behold all the kingdoms of the earth, that the future is unveiled to them, and that thenceforward heaven grants all their prayers. In the villages where persons of this fraternity reside, they perform the functions of conjurers, and are called Almousseri. One day Boukari told me, after attesting the truth of what he was about to say, by the most solemn oaths, that, being in a canoe with one of these men, there fell such a heavy shower of rain that he would not depart; yielding, however, to the wishes of the Almousseri, he set sail; "torrents of rain fell on all sides," added Boukari: "but our bark remained perfectly dry, and a favourable wind swelled our sails." I asked the Almousseri to explain his secret, but he answered, that if he revealed it, his brethren would infallibly destroy him.'

There is another extraordinary class of persons, called Diavandos, who inhabit a particular district of the country: they are *griots*, or musicians by profession; but seem to be a set of profligate and impudent knaves, who have, by their dexterous management, secured a strong influence over the population. Their persons are held in the utmost contempt, and yet, so strong is the general desire for their praise, and so great is the dread of their satire, that their demands, however exorbitant, are always complied with. The Poulas have large flocks of horned cattle, they likewise breed asses; their horses are small, but swift. 'They 'are,' M. Mollien affirms, 'one of the most vain-glorious nations in existence;' they look down, with a feeling of national superi-

brity, on Europeans, and on all Africans, excepting the Moors; they are treacherous, and, like most mixed races, despise both the sources whence they descend, the negro and the red Poula.

On his entrance into the territory of Bondou, M. Mollien assumed the native dress, and passed through the country, which is nearly all forest, without much obstruction. He found the inhabitants gentle and accommodating. The government is despotic, and to this circumstance M. M. partly refers the mildness of the people, while the republican forms of Foutatoro, he says, render the native insolent and encroaching! At the moment when he was about to enter the wood which separates Bondou from Fouta Jallon, his guides refused to follow him, and even the faithful Boukari shewed symptoms of insubordination: harmony was, however, at length restored, and the party proceeded together. In this part of the work, the Author introduces a few particulars respecting the country and gold mines of Bambouk, but they are nothing more than meagre repetitions of information long since before the world. A far more copious detail will be found in the volumes of Golberry, and a very sufficient abstract in the able work on Africa, of Leyden and Murray. After some days of severe privation and toil, they entered on the frontier territory of Fouta Jallon. At Niebel he was detained, and laid under heavy contribution by Iman Ali and his wife, and found no small difficulty in escaping from their fierceness and rapacity. Accompanied by his Marabout, and a native, whose name was Boubou, he then set forward for Timbo, the capital; but his horse was now completely exhausted, and he was compelled to leave the animal at Bandéia, in the care of Boubou, whose residence was in that village. At this place, he engaged a guide to Timbo, who proved of the greatest service in his subsequent enterprises. It was not until the travellers had left Bandéia, that they had properly entered the kingdom of Fouta Jallon, for, though the previous districts acknowledge the authority of the Almamy, they seem to be a sort of lawless frontier, situated in a difficult country, and yielding a somewhat imperfect allegiance to the sovereign. At the village of Toulou, M. Mollien was in the immediate vicinity of the reputed sources of the Gambia and Rio Grande, and he intimated to his guide Ali, his intention of visiting them. Ali, terrified, or affecting to be so, assured him that the attempt would draw down the vengeance of the natives; but a few grains of amber allayed his fears, and he led him to the spot. After winding along bye-paths to the summit of one of the mountains of Badet, he discovered below him, he says, 'two 'thickets, the one concealing from view the sources of the Gam-'bia, the other, those of the Rio Grande.' We shall omit M. Mollien's description of his 'feeling of awe,' and his classical flourish about 'the sacred springs,' and simply state that the

sources of the latter river ' slowly rolled along its turbid waters,' but became clear at about three hundred paces from the spring.

' Proceeding south-south-east in the same meadow, Ali suddenly stamped upon the ground, and the earth echoed in a frightful manner. ' Underneath,' said he, ' are the reservoirs of the two rivers; the noise thou hearest, proceeds from their being empty.' After walking about thirteen hundred paces, we reached the wood which concealed the source of the Gambia. I forced my way through the thorny bushes which grew between the trees, and obtained a sight of it. This spring, like the other, was not abundant; it issues from beneath a kind of arch in the middle of the wood, and forms two branches; one running south-south-west, stops at a little distance on account of the equality of the ground, which does not allow it to go any farther, even in the rainy season; the other runs down a gentle declivity, and takes a south-south-east direction. At its exit from the wood, and even six hundred paces farther, it is only three feet broad.'

The valley in which these sources rise, is conjectured by M. M. to be the crater of an extinct volcano: it is funnel-shaped, with no other outlets than the two passages where the streams have found their way. Into the hallowed and spirit-haunted woods which shade the springs, the natives never penetrate, and had the adventurous Frenchman been detected, his death would have been the inevitable consequence. He escaped, however, unseen, and proceeding along the banks of the Gambia, whose windings obliged him repeatedly to ford its slowly gliding stream, he ascended the mountains and reached Cambaia, a delightful village, with streets shaded by orange trees in blossom. This plant was introduced by the Portuguese. The region in which he was now travelling was rich beyond any thing he had before witnessed in Africa; papaw, orange, and banana trees, shaded the road, and the kindness and hospitality of the residents corresponded with the beauty of the scenery. The house of a rich invalid, whom M. Mollien visited as a physician, was replete with conveniences, and adorned with some taste; a covered promenade surrounded the house, the roof was supported by bamboos painted of a brilliant red, the bedstead was ornamented with tracery, and arms were suspended over it; the doors were of mahogany, and, though only finished with the hatchet, were laboured with much care. The source of the Talemé is not far from this place; it rises among mountains, at the foot of a hillock, it springs in an unsheltered spot, and runs south, previously to taking its northward course. The travellers entered Timbo through an avenue of bananas, and found some difficulty in procuring a shelter, which was the more necessary, as the rainy season was commencing. This capital of Fouta Jallon is fortified with a loop-holed wall, and ' ports:' it is a military post, is wealthy, and well built; and the population may amount to about

nine thousand individuals. Fortunately for his visitors, Almamy was absent, or it is not improbable that they would have been stripped of all their property, but the temporary governor was a man of letters, and the present of two quires of paper completely satisfied his moderate desires, while a double-barrelled gun was given for the chief. From Timbo, M. Mollien retraced his steps, and inclined to the west of his former road, in search of the head of the Senegal, and, after traversing a fertile plain watered by that stream, and ascending part of a steep mountain, his guide Ali pointed to a grove on their left.

'Boukari and I stole along the mountain, reached this thick wood, into which the rays of the sun had never penetrated, and crossed the Senegal, which could not be so much as four feet broad. Ascending the stream, I perceived two basins, one above the other, from which the water gushed forth, and still higher a third, which was only humid, as well as the channel that led to the basin immediately below it. The negroes consider the upper basin as the principal source of the river. These three springs were situated about the middle of the side of the mountain. In the rainy season, two ponds, at equal distances above the upper source, supply it with water by two deep channels.'

A quarrel between Ali and Boukari, which terminated in the angry departure of the former, occasioned M. Mollien some embarrassment, but he at length reached Bandéia a second time, where he found his old host Boubou, who affected the utmost joy at his re-appearance. His present intention was, to direct his course towards the Niger, and to descend that river in a canoe as far as Tombuctoo; but the rains in the first instance, and afterwards fever and dysentery, effectually defeated this plan. Boubou now unmasked himself, and treated his guest with consummate treachery; he attempted to poison the white man, that he might seize his property, and, when that scheme failed, endeavoured to interrupt all supply of food. This was rendered abortive by the humanity of an old woman, and an effort at nocturnal assassination was defeated by the vigilance of M. Mollien. He made one essay to escape in vain, but a second, by the help of a liberal distribution of amber, coral, and gunpowder, was successful. Surrounded by difficulties, and exhausted by disease, no alternative remained to M. M. but to endeavour to reach the Portuguese forts on the coast, and towards them he now bent his course, with feeble hopes of holding out until he should again mingle in European society. The territory of Fouta Jallon is mountainous, but intersected by rich and well-watered valleys; the inhabitants are temperate and industrious. We insert in this place the following account of the slave-police, in this part of Africa.

The *Rumbdés*, which I have several times had occasion to mention, are establishments truly honourable to humanity. Each village, or se-

veral inhabitants of a village, assemble their slaves, and make them build themselves huts close to each other; this place is called a *Rumbdé*. They chuse a chief from among themselves: if his children are worthy of the distinction, they succeed to the post after his death. These slaves, who are so but in name, cultivate the plantations of their masters, and accompany them to carry their burdens, when they travel. They are never sold when they have attained an advanced age, or when they are born in the country: any departure from this practice, would cause the desertion of the whole *rumbdé*; but the slave who conducts himself improperly, is delivered up by his comrades to their master, that he may sell him.'

The communication between the Niger and the Nile, was again affirmed by some traders of this country who had visited Tombuctoo. M. Mollien effected his passage, with difficulty, through the small territory of Tenda Maié, and crossing Kabou, on the 19th July reached the Portuguese settlement of Geba, where he met with a most hospitable reception from M. Dioqui, the governor. This inland establishment is in the Mandingo country, sixty leagues north-east of Bissao, the nearest port on the coast, for which, after a short stay, M. Mollien embarked on the river of Geba, and, during three days, experienced the most brutal treatment from the negroes who navigated the vessel. M. de Mattos, the governor of Bissao, a man of commanding stature, dignified aspect, liberal sentiments, and 'immense fortune,' lavished the kindest attentions on his guest during three miserable months of disease and debility. When the dry season returned, health was imperfectly restored, and M. Mollien arranged his plans for crossing the country from Geba to the banks of the Gambia, but the arrival of a French vessel determined him on returning by sea, and on the 15th of January, 1819, he reached St. Louis.

It will be seen from this summary, that the only very important feature of M. Mollien's discoveries, relates to the sources of the great rivers which he was directed to explore; and we confess, that on this point he seems to us to have been satisfied with incomplete evidence. We are not, by any means, prepared to say that he was incorrect in his inferences; but we yet require some corroborative particulars, before we can implicitly assent to the essential innovations which he has introduced into this part of the map of Africa. We are, indeed, aware that the accuracy of former representations, rests in very few instances, on actual inspection, and we admit that, on the whole, more credit may be due to the local observations and inquiries of M. Mollien; but it is impossible to lose sight of the fact, that his guide, Ali, was interested in deceiving him, since he was paid for pointing out the sources of certain rivers, and, if they were really at too great a distance, he might direct to others in their stead. We are, perhaps, influenced in our hesitation, by the extraordinary prox-

imity of these springs, which are all placed in a group of mountains, at a small distance from Timbo; the source of the Ba Fing, or Senegal, lying in 10. 10. north latitude, and 13. 38. west longitude from Paris; that of the Falemé in 10. 20. north latitude, and 13. 20. west longitude; the spring of the Gambia in 10. 30. north latitude, and 13. 35. west longitude; and the sources of the Rio Grande in 10. 37. north latitude, and 13. 37. west longitude. These parallels are calculated from the itineraries, by compass, and estimated distances, of M. Mollien.

It would be improper to omit to state, that the book is published in a most absurdly expensive style. The original is, we believe, in octavo, and there is not the shadow of a reason for the adoption of a different and more highly-priced form. The plates are the most insipid and unillustrative of all that we have ever seen, and have, besides, the fatal defect of being at variance with the text. We are quite at a loss to explain the meaning of the phrase in the title page—'Edited by T. E. Bowdich, Esq. Conductor of the Mission to Ashantee;' not having been able to discover the smallest sign of such 'editing:' the half dozen brief foot-notes do not carry his signature, and there is neither preface nor appendix with the addition of his name. We must suppose, then, that he is either the translator of the book, which we do not, for various reasons, believe, or, which is more probable, that the corrected sheets passed through his hands, to give a colourable pretext for the insertion of his name. In either case, this is, to say the least, trifling with the public.

Art. III. *America and her Resources.* By John Bristed, Counsellor at Law. 8vo. pp. xvi. 504. London, 1818.

WE have already said that this volume may be recommended to the perusal of the general reader who is not in search either of precise statistical information, or of profound political reasoning. He will find in it a spirited rambling descant upon all sorts of subjects connected with American politics and American manners. The Author's loose, declamatory, and turgid style, must prevent his taking that rank as a writer, which the tone he assumes would seem to solicit; his report, however, of American affairs, is, on several accounts, specifically valuable, and if his political principles were of a purer character, he might with some consistency receive the praise of being the professed champion of the cause of humanity and religion. One of the circumstances which give a value to this volume, is the apparent unfixedness of the Author's prejudices. The discriminating reader will, perhaps, gather up the truth, from the reports of a writer of this fitful turn more readily and surely than, even, from one whose impartiality is studied and la-

boured. Mr. Bristed is neither a furious hater of England, nor a devoted worshipper of America: His affection for his adopted country, is, we imagine, a somewhat wayward passion, liable to frequent disgusts. Citizen Bristed is, indeed, an excellent patriot and republican in his closet, while roving among his own speculations, or poring, with prophetic eye, over the map of the continent that is ' to rule the world;' but out of doors, jostled in the throng of Broad Way, he looks often much like the disappointed wanderer, and now and then betrays the irritability of one whose enthusiasm has been roughly cured.

The Author, we have said, professes to be the advocate of religion. Before the sceptical portion of his countrymen, he boldly pleads the claims of Christianity; but in assuming this character, he only exposes himself to the severer reprehension on account of the profligate system of national policy avowed, without cover or apology, in every part of his work. He *talks* of humanity, of morals, of the Bible; but he seems almost to seek occasion to stimulate the restless desire of national aggrandizement, and sometimes even to inflame the murderous passions of war. Passages might be cited, from the volume of a kind, to which, as the lovers of peace, we would not be accessary in giving a wider circulation. We are constrained to hope that Mr. Bristed calumniates, or at least, that he grossly misrepresents his countrymen, in attributing to them some of the sentiments which he retains with apparent exultation. The following quotations are of a less exceptionable character than others that might be adduced. After modestly anticipating the benefits that that shall accrue to *Cuba*, *Mexico* and *Peru* when they shall become integral parts of the United States, the Author adds:

' How strange and portentous is the contrast between the steady and progressive policy of the United States, and the supine indifference of the British Government! Britain has lavished the life's blood of a hundred thousand of her bravest warriors, and expended uncounted millions, in rescuing Spain from the yoke of France; and yet she cannot, or will not, acquire a single inch of territory, in any quarter of the globe, from the Spanish government; while the United States, without sacrificing the life of a single citizen, and at the expence of only twenty millions of dollars, have, within the course of a few years, obtained from France and Spain the exclusive sovereignty over a fair and fertile dominion, at least *twenty times* the extent of all the British Isles taken together.

' Why does not England, *as part of the indemnity* due to her from Spain, transfer to her own sceptre the sovereignty of Cuba; seeing that the Havanna commands the passage from the Gulf of Mexico? Why does she not take possession of Panama on the south, and Darien on the north, and join the waters of the Atlantic with those of the Pacific ocean, in order to resuscitate her drooping commerce? or is it her in-

tention still to slumber on, until she is awakened from the stupefaction of her dreams by the final fall of Spanish America, and of her own North American provinces, beneath the ever-widening power of the United States; and by the floating of the Russian flag, in token of Russian sovereignty, over the Grecian Archipelago, and on the towers of Constantinople? Are all her national glories to be blotted out in one hemisphere, by a power but recently emerged from the snows and barbarism of the north; and in the other hemisphere, to be trampled into the dust by the gigantic footsteps of her own child? Is the heathen mythology of Jupiter and Saturn to be verified in the nineteenth century.' p. 96.

Again; after some absurd and yet mischievous vapouring which we pass over, Mr. Bristed says:

'The American rulers have become wiser by their own experience, have profited by their own blunders, have extracted strength from a sense of their own weakness. They are *not* likely again to plunge into a war, without funds, and without men: they are now preparing in the bosom of peace, the means of future conflict; by building up the finances of the country, by planting every where the germs of an army, by sowing those seeds which will soon start up into bands of armed warriors, by a rapid augmentation of their navy; and, above all, by attempting to allay the animosities of party spirit, and endeavouring to direct the whole national mind and inclination of the United States towards their aggrandizement by conquest alike on the land and on the ocean; by adding to their present immense empire the continental possessions of Spain and England, and the British insular domains in the West Indies.' p. 237.

'The way of barter,' Mr. B. says, 'is a much easier, 'safer, and better mode of acquiring dominion than that of war 'and conquest.' No doubt, so far as the immediate transaction is considered apart from its motive and its remoter consequences, it is, if not always easier, at any rate, always 'safer and better,' to buy than to plunder; but it should be remembered, that there are some things which can never be honestly bought and sold, and also that bargains by which a third party may think himself so far either injured or endangered, as to impel him to break the peace rather than acquiesce in the transfer, are justly chargeable with all the violence and outrage which they indirectly occasion.

If we are to take the account of the Writer before us, the Americans are far from being pleased with the irregular figure which the Republic exhibits upon the map. This and that corner of the continent must be *bought* (or conquered if it cannot be bought) in order to give a more handsome sweep to their periphery. But surely we have already heard enough of *arrondissemens:* in fact, their boundary line is never so exactly *round* to satisfy the nice eye of an ambitious people; the jagged polygon still needs here and there some trimming; but this perfect-

ing of the figure is to be effected always by increments,—never by the retrenchments.

As to the means employed on such occasions, those are not to be feared the least which are the most silent and plausible. As for instance, the plan of *buying* territory, which, while it springs from the same restless spirit, is more *base* than the passion for military glory, and in every respect as hazardous to the repose of nations. It is really almost better that ambition should appear in its old and proper garb, than that it should take a new guise and walk through the earth in the character of a pedlar. Away then with the smooth-faced state trader, who coolly appraises islands and continents as if they were the chattels of a bankrupt, calculates to a dollar and a cent, what it will cost him to *buy up* the world, and then says—'Is not my balance even? —Am I not a man of peace?

But it ought to be premised, that it would be rash and unfair to infer from the inconsiderate declamations of two or three light-headed American writers, that this craving for territory,—not less preposterous than immoral,—affects the people of the United States generally. If Mr. Bristed, as every good patriot ought to be, is more concerned for the honour of his country, than solicitous for his individual credit, he will thank us, and all his candid English readers, for persisting to hope that, at least on this subject, the mass of his countrymen far surpass himself in the possession of plain good sense and political morality.

But if for the sake of argument, it be supposed that the American people, forgetting the wise principles of the great founders of their liberty, are actually possessed by the mania of encroachment, and the passion for extended domination, their peculiar circumstances render this madness so eminently dangerous to themselves, that their European rivals could do nothing better than quietly look on, while it works its own correction. No very profound political sagacity is needed, to perceive that nothing less than the very soundest and calmest condition of the public mind in America can promise the long continued acquiescence of the northern and the in-land states, to the present *Virginian* government of the Union. It is a fact that lies upon the surface of American politics, that their already exists such an essential and irremediable contrariety of interests and of feelings between the northern, southern and western states, as has never yet, in the history of the world, been brought into voluntary concurrence under the same government. This fact supposes, therefore, that there should be found throughout these wide nations, so artificially united, a greater degree of philosophical superiority to the pressure of immediate interests, more freedom from passion, more immobility of temper, in a word, a more undisturbed *reign of reason*, than has ever yet been seen

to prevail among men. How long then, is it likely, will the patrician planters of the South be able to compose, and to retain under their guidance this discordant mass, after it shall have become inflamed with ambition, and erased with Quixotic projects?

There are, no doubt, some particular causes which tend to foster in the minds of Americans, the propensity to indulge the extravagant reveries of national ambition. The American has vastly more *geographical* feeling than the European. The migratory habits of the people, the recollection of having an inexhaustible store house of territory behind them,—the necessity of thinking and speaking of the particular proprietorship of the soil, in its relations of latitude and longitude, even the periodical and *nonchalante* pilgrimages of their Congress-men, measured, not by hundreds, but by thousands of miles, compel them to a use of the map, in the common business of life, ten times more frequent than is found among any other people, and have actually, as it were, woven the idea of terrene extension among the very elements of the national character. The thoughts of the European farmer range within a circle of twenty miles diameter. The ideas of the American planter familiarly traverse the wide extent between the shores of the Atlantic and Pacific oceans. The one knows nearly as much of his continent, as the other does of his country. In America, the fruits of the earth as well as manufactures, have to be sought for, or to be sent, some thousands of miles. Hence, both the solitary agriculturist of the Western States, and the petty store-keeper on the water's edge, are necessitated to be in a greater or less degree, proficients in that general knowledge of the commercial condition of their own country and of distant nations, which, in Europe, is the business only of the first class of merchants. The mighty streams of the North American continent, make geographers of all the settlers on their banks, who depend upon this communication with the wide world, for all the means of raising themselves above the condition of the wandering savages around them. The Map, therefore, is ever in the hand of the American; but a map is a seductive article to men whose conscious power of influencing directly the government of their country, immediately allies personal feelings with the idea of its magnitude and glory. The transition from the commercial to the political consideration of the Map, is not merely easy, but, under such circumstances, almost inevitable. A Map is the mischievous *familiar* of ambition; nor is its influence found to be much less bewitching in the Log-house of the rugged republican, than in the palaces of Kings or the mansions of Captains. Considered as the implement of political speculation, the map presents an abstract region of thought, palpable and gross in its elements, yet not without a

mixture of the great and sublime, and altogether peculiarly suited to the tastes of the rude intellect that has become at once vigorous and sordid by an arduous and continued conflict with physical difficulties. Here are high, and yet tangible matters, affording a relief from the petty disgusts of life, ministering at once to pride and vanity, and opening a field to the indefinite rovings of the mind. Ambitious political speculation is, to strong and coarse minds, what poetry and romance are to more refined spirits. Indeed, if we except the homeless wanderer upon earth, and the slave who is bound for life to the acre on which he toils, there are, perhaps, few men who have never felt inflated with the passion for conquest and extended domination. But this nefarious passion meets with the most favourable circumstances for its development, when, to an habitual familiarity with geographical ideas, is conjoined a full and direct exercise of political faculties.

It is obvious, however, that the one or two million citizens of a cooped-up republic, may listen with much less hazard to the suggestions of national ambition, than the dissimilar and discordant tribes of a score of independent states, that are but threaded together on a cobweb. The national passions are susceptible of sudden and accidental inflexions even in compact, homogeneous, and social states; but infinitely more so in the case of a purely factitious union of distant nations. The particular direction given to these passions is almost fortuitous; and whenever they are converted from a more distant to a nearer object, their violence is augmented. And it must also be remembered, that there is a constant tendency in these passions, to seek a nearer in preference to a more distant object. Let then a few years of European peace leave the Americans at leisure more distinctly to apprehend the essential incompatibility of the aims and interests of the three great divisions of the Union; let the inevitable preponderance of the Western States more fully develop itself; let the palpable interests of the sea-board traders be, in several occasions, plainly voted away in Congress; and at the same time, instead of a peaceful, sedate, reasonable, and business-like temper, let there be supposed to pervade the people the turbulent, irritable, and presumptuous spirit of ambition;—and then, how long will it be before opportunity shall tempt European (perhaps English) interference on behalf of one of the parties; and thus destroy for ever the vain project of an undivided Republic on the North American continent.

Those anxious persons, therefore, in this country, whose lurking fears of America deprive them not only of their peace but of their candour, might do well to take the map in hand; to
themselves acquainted with the provision which the
progress of cultivation is making for the partition of

the States into three or four rival portions, and then they may comfort themselves with the following dilemna, namely, If the people of America attain and preserve that eminent ober-mindedness which is indispensable to the perpetuity of the Union, then, that Union, attenuated as it must always remain, will not be formidable; but, if they shall, as it is supposed, become prevailingly ambitious, warlike, and enterprising, their intrinsically jarring interests make the disruption of the Union a matter of almost certain calculation.

It should be most especially remarked and remembered, that, in an extensive and disjointed Empire, where unalterable *geographical* circumstances produce and perpetuate various incompatibilities of temper, feeling, and interest, it is the very purity and perfection of the representative system which *inevitably ensures* the ultimate oppression of the smaller portions of the Body. As surely as eight are more than three, so sure is it that a multifarious empire, the government of which is *truly and purely representative*, will be ruled, not by the more wealthy, nor by the more intelligent, but by the more bulky portion; or, in other words, it will be governed, not by the reason of the whole, but by the relative numbers of the parts. Where the representatives of the people constitute only the check and counterpoise to a supreme authority, these representatives feel themselves much less personally charged with the particular interests of those several portions of the Empire by which they are deputed; because it is found that that balancing and harmonizing of all the parts upon which the strength and security of the whole depends, may, to a great extent, be safely confided to the personal interests of the supreme authority. But where the supreme power, (under whatever forms the fact may be disguised,) is actually in the hands of the representatives of the people, and, where, therefore, it is the personal concern of no one to care more for the whole than for any of the parts, each feels individually that it is his first and most pressing business to defend and promote the interests of the portion of the Empire with which he is related. Under such a constitution, the representatives assemble in some sort, like the ambassadors of independent states. *At home*, as private individuals, they may feel the deepest concern for the great interests of the state; but in Congress, they meet to struggle and scramble, each for himself and his clients. Wherever an Empire is so extensive as to include within itself widely separated nations, having interests really or apparently incompatible, there, a government by the *ballot* of a true representation of the whole empire must issue either in the oppression of the smaller portions, or an appeal on their part to foreign protection. Let it only be imagined, for a moment, that a perfect representation of the British Empire, on the plan

of the American Union, were assembled in our House of Commons. Here then in the first place, are the four hundred members for India; and next, the one hundred members for the West India islands, and Canada; and next, the fifty members for all the smaller colonies; and last of all, the fourscore members for the *Home Islands*, as they would be termed—(Great Britain and Ireland.) And, if it be thought good, let a president, or king, give the sanction of his signature to the omnipotent votes of this assembly. Will any one profess to believe that *such* an empire, so governed, would hold together fifty years? or would so long a time elapse before the *white* minority of the Northern Sea must seek the protection of their European neighbours against the *black* majority of the torrid zone? Circumstances not very important will make all the difference between this supposed case, and that of the North American Republic, as soon as the habitable portions of the continent shall begin to approach their complement of population.

The growing discordances of the 'Great Republic' are cautiously and painfully alluded to by most American writers. Mr. Bristed speaks thus on the subject:

'The very facility of emigration into the *western* country, raises another very important question for the contemplation of the American statesman. The direct tendency of such emigration is to enable the western territory, in the course of a few years, to outnumber, both in the senate and in the House of Representatives, the Atlantic States; which being done, the Western States, as great *inland* nations, and erroneously considering that the *commercial* policy of the Atlantic sea-board is opposed to their agricultural interests, will be apt to sacrifice that commercial policy to their own mistaken views of territorial aggrandizement.' p. 233.

'Great as was once the weight of New-England in the American councils, her influence of late has been borne down by the preponderance of the west. New-England, including Massachusetts and Maine, New-Hampshire, Vermont, Rhode-Island, and Connecticut, covers only a surface of little more than *sixty thousand* square miles, and contains a population of about one million and a half; whereas, the western country already counts a greater number of states—as Ohio, Kentucky, Tennessee, Mississippi, Indiani, and Louisiana, which give it a preponderance in the *senate* of the United States;—in addition to which there is an immense extent of surplus territory, out of which new states without number may be carved in the lapse of a few years. Its population already reaches between two and three millions, which enables it to vote down New-England in the House of Representatives; and it covers a surface of more than *one million five hundred thousand* square miles; that is to say, more than *fifteen* times as large as the British Isles, England, Ireland, and Scotland, put together, and averages a fertile soil, admirably adapted to sustain a very full and numerous population; a population abundantly sufficient to *outvote* not only the New-England,

but all the other Atlantic States, all the states that composed the *old Union* which converted America from a British colony into an independent empire.

'The *commercial* policy is necessary to the very existence of New-England, whose depopulation must follow as an inevitable result from its destruction or restriction, and its tide of emigration augments the numbers and resources of that western country, which is inclined to strike a deathblow to the prosperity of the Atlantic sea-board.' p. 234.

'The tendency of all this, beyond a peradventure, is either to break up the Federal Union, and entail a perpetuity of anarchy and civil broils throughout the whole continent, or to crush the Atlantic States beneath the enormous hoofs of the western mammoth.' p. 235.

The following statements are also highly significant, when considered in relation to the growing strength and preponderance of the Inland States. The Author is discussing the propriety of continuing the seat of the General Government at Washington. We include in our quotation a preliminary paragraph, though not immediately connected with the question in hand.

'The federal government of the United States never can by its attractions and influence, gather together a concourse of people large enough to constitute a moderately sized city. What are the attractions of the American government, that will, *alone*, ensure a great increase of wealth and population to the city of Washington? Are they inferred from the naked walls of the unfinished buildings, scattered here and there over the plain? or do they flow from the expenditure of the ample revenues, and the establishment of the magnificent households of the members of Congress, with all their menials, retainers, and dependants, that swell the train of legislative pomp and official greatness? These very congress-men, consisting of forty senators and about two hundred representatives, are, for the greater part, made up of farmers, tradesmen, mechanics, feeless physicians, and unpractising lawyers, whose wages of legislation amount to six dollars a day (averaging less than one thousand dollars a year,) during the session, while they sit brooding and engendering laws for the direction of the Union—these men, without equipages, nay, unattended by a single servant, annually wander up to Congress, from their respective districts, in steam boats, sloops, and stages; and during their session in the federal city, are domiciled in boarding-houses. What great and permanent influx of wealth and population can such legislators and statesmen bring into the seat of government? Nor do the executive officers of the United States, as already shewn, receive salaries sufficient to support even a decent exterior to the world.' pp. 142, 3.

But it seems that—

'The *real*, the efficient cause of fixing, and continuing the seat of the general government in the district of Columbia, is to be found in the determination to entail upon the state of Virginia the chief sway and influence over all the rest of Union; and to check the career of the

northern and middle states, whose far superior capacities, both physical and moral, in population, wealth, industry, and intelligence, would eventually sink Virginia into the rank of a second rate sovereignty, if the seat of the national government were on the northern line, and the northern states were permitted to avail themselves of all their agricultural and commercial advantages. Whereas now, the Virginians having the seat of government within their own territory, make it the focus of their own political intrigues; and by managing the people without doors, in the different states, they return nearly what members to Congress they please; and induce them to legislate in accordance with the scheme of Virginian policy, which never has been favourable to large and liberal views of commercial enterprise.

'Indeed, it is almost impossible that there ever can be a wise and efficient administration of the American government while its seat continues at Washington, because no practical information, upon any subjects of importance to the well-being of the community, can be obtained there. If advice be wanted on any great political or commercial, question no advice can be had; for no statesmen or merchant reside at Washington; and neither public nor private libraries are to be found there: whatever wisdom is required, must be derived from the members of Congress themselves. Add to this, that there is *no* weight of population, talents, property, or character, to regulate and influence the discussion of Congress, so as to restrain that venerable body from *too often* enacting absurd and oppressive laws. If the seat of government were fixed in any one of the large and populous cities, which adorn and strengthen the more civilized parts of the Union, the members of Congress would not dare to pass such acts, as they have too frequently passed, while sitting as legislators in the district of Columbia, for they would be assailed on all sides, out of doors, by the talents, information, character, and influence, of the more intelligent part of the community, and by the popular indignation of their own unthinking brethren of the multitude.

'But now, the members of Congress go up from all quarters of the Union to Washington, and generally carrying with them only moderate natural capacities, and no very profound acquaintance with the great political relations subsisting between the United States, and the other sovereignties of the world: they assemble together in the Senate and House of Representatives, and hurry through into statutes all sorts of bills, the meaning and import of which they do not always know, and concerning the probable results of which they cannot sometimes even guess: but they obey the directions of their civil commanders, the leaders of the Virginian dynasty. And having performed these feats of legislation, the congress-men retire to their respective domiciles; and congratulate each other upon their deliberative sagacity and wisdom, without any dread of encountering the ridicule or reproach of an intelligent human being, amidst the gross population, so thinly scattered over the naked metropolis of America. The *embargo* of 1807, 1808, and 1809, that suicidal act, which at one death-stroke cut asunder all the sinews of national industry, wealth, and reputation, was absolutely

carried through the senate of the United States in the little compass of *four hours*; the *three* readings of the bill being forced onward, one after another, with all the rapidity of guilt; and when the two or three really wise and practical statesmen who at that period happened to be in the senate, and who foresaw the ruinous consequences of that miserable measure, requested the government party to pause, until they could obtain some correct information as to its probable effects upon the mercantile and agricultural interests of the country, they were answered, that the American senate wanted no political information; that its collective wisdom was fully adequate to provide laws for promoting the welfare of the Union; and accordingly, the American senate, in its collective wisdom, *did*, in the space of four hours, take up, consider, and pass into a law, an act laying a *perpetual* embargo on all the commerce of the United States.

'Above all, the seat of government being fixed at Washington, gives full play and opportunity for the exercise of *Virginian* influence to acquire complete ascendency over the other portions of the Union. Virginia is the largest of all the United States: its laws, forbidding real property to be attached for debt; the custom of leaving the landed estates of the family to the eldest son, in hereditary succession; the power of voting in proportion to the number of negro slaves upon each plantation, (the slaves amounting to about half the population of the state;) the proprietary qualification of a considerable freehold required in every white voter; together with some other circumstances in their state, constitution, laws, and customs, all confer upon the Virginians very great political advantages, and enable them to act in a compact body, for the purpose of perpetuating their dominion over the middle and northern States, throughout which they encourage the prevalence of *democracy* by every means in their power, while they do not suffer it even to exist within the precincts of their own State: for, by excluding all freemen who have no freehold, from voting; by themselves possessing votes, according to the number of their slaves; by transmitting their landed property in hereditary succession; and by freeing themselves from the embarrassments attending the subjection of their lands to attachment for debt, the planters of Virginia have erected themselves into a *feudal aristocracy* of untitled and unblazoned peers, and manage their affairs so adroitly as to give laws to the rest of the Union.

'By the *esprit du corps*, which actuates every Virginian landholder, and by the constitutional policy which blends together the executive and legislative, and in some measure the judicial departments and functions of Virginia, that State is enabled to spread the web of influence over all the elections, as well state as federal, in the Union, so as to secure the appointment of proper personages, to be guided and directed by the master-hand of its leading politicians; whence the congress-men generally, and a majority of the state legislatures, have long been induced to vote and pass laws in conformity with the political views of their Virginian lords. Well might the Virginian landholders, therefore, so strenuously insist upon continuing the seat of government at Washington, lest their influence over Congress should be counteracted and defeated by the superior intelligence, activity, and virtue always to be found in large

and populous cities. Nay, it would not be so easy, after a while, to induce very unqualified men to sit in Congress, if the seat of government were fixed in any civilized place, and the members were constantly liable to be assailed for their incapacity by the superior sense and spirit of the inhabitants of the metropolis; and consequently a wiser order of beings would be selected to take upon themselves the very important charge of legislating for millions of their fellow-men.' pp. 145—8.

The Virginian aristocracy will, no doubt, make the best use they can, while it lasts, of this guardianship of the Republic which, it seems, they have assumed. And it may be difficult to guess the probable duration of the nonage of the ultramontane nations; but sooner or later, unquestionably, the western settlers will deem themselves to have attained to man's estate, and will make an effort to manage their own affairs; and perhaps, not their own affairs merely, but those also of their less robust and less numerous fellow citizens towards the east.

The actual results of those great experiments in government, which have been tried, and which are now in operation in America, deserve the particular attention of our political theorists. We make room for the following rather long quotation, on account of its pertinence to some popular opinions in this country.

'The frequent recurrence to the people, by the frequency of elections, is a radical imperfection which pervades *all* the American constitutions, both state and federal. It has a direct tendency to make the representatives *too local* in their policy, and to induce them rather to aim at pleasing their own immediate constituents than to advance the *general* good of the nation at large; a measure which sometimes requires an apparent sacrifice of the local interest of the peculiar district which they represent. When once seated in Congress, the members should recollect that they represent the United States as one great empire, and not merely the little district of any particular state, whether of Virginia, or of Rhode Island, of New York, or of Delaware. A *triennial* election is quite frequent enough for the general government of so extensive a country, and such a rapidly increasing population. This frequency of election, however, is praised as the consummation of political excellence, by many writers and speakers on the art of government; yet it seems to have an immediate tendency to throw great obstacles in the way of national improvement and prosperity. The elections, both of senators and representatives, as well in the general as in the state governments, recur too often, particularly of the lower branch of the legislature. South Carolina and Tennesse are the only two states in the Union whose representatives are elected for so long a term as two years; in Connecticut and Rhode-Island, the elections are *semi-annual*; in all the other states, yearly.

'The almost necessary consequence of these frequent elections is, that the representatives feel themselves *too dependent* upon the will of their constituents; whereas they ought to be left entirely free to exercise

the power delegated to them, at their own discretion, and to the best of their judgment, for the good of the country at large. The people also are incessantly exposed to corruption, amidst the perpetual intrigue and turmoil of frequently recurring elections; whence incapable members are too liable to be returned to the legislature. It is a notorious fact, that in many districts of the Union, unless a representative follows and obeys the current opinions, prejudices, and passions of the day, he will *not* be re-elected, owing to the running of the popular tide against him, whatever may be his other qualifications. Add to this, that in consequence of the short period of public service, it is not easy to investigate and annul spurious elections, before the session itself be at an end; whence there is a danger, that if a return can be obtained, no matter by what improper means, the irregular member, who takes his seat of course, shall hold it quite long enough to answer all *his* purposes of legislation. What is this in effect, but offering a high bounty by law, for the employment of electioneering intrigue and fraud, in order to obtain a return? Such a system, having an unavoidable tendency to bewilder and corrupt the people, and to induce them to elect unworthy representatives, almost ensures the production of a legislature, *not* the best qualified by talents, learning, wealth, probity, and character, to discharge so solemn and important a duty, as that of framing laws for the well-being of an extensive, powerful, and fast-growing commonwealth.

'A great part of every year, in every place throughout the Union, is literally consumed in cabals and intrigues, carried on between the candidates of the several parties and the people, in order to prepare and accomplish all the various manœuvres of electioneering tactics, which are put in constant requisition, by the frequent recurrence of elections for representatives, both of the separate and of the United States. Whence, a large portion of the time which the people ought to employ in productive industry, is expended in prosecuting the unprofitable trade of politics. The experience of history shews, that the democratic forms of government are also in themselves liable to these inconveniences; namely, that they are too tedious in coming to any public resolution, and seldom sufficiently alert and expeditious in carrying their resolutions into effect; that as various minds are successively employed, they are necessarily wavering and unsteady, and scarcely ever persevere to the accomplishment of the measures which they resolve to pursue; that they are often involved in factions, which expose the nation to be made the instrument, if not the victim, of foreign powers. Now, frequent elections cannot fail of rendering a government too dilatory in its resolves; because, under such circumstances, no prudent administration would ever venture upon any important national measure, until it had felt the pulse, not only of the legislature, but of the people also.

'The experience of history equally proves, that the great body of the people, in every country, are prone to be too much elated by temporary success, and too much dejected by occasional misfortune. This disposition alone renders them perpetually wavering in their opinions about affairs of state, and prevents the possibility of their ever long continuing steadily fixed to any one point. And as the House of Representatives is chosen

by the voice of the general people, a choice so often renewed, almost ensures the legislature to be as wavering and unsteady in their councils, as the people themselves are in their sentiments. And it being impossible to carry on the public affairs of the executive government without the concurrence of the lower house, the administration is always obliged to comply with the notions of the leading members of that house; and, consequently, obliged to change its measures as often as the populace change their minds. Whence, it is impossible to lay down, and steadily prosecute, any plan for the gradual development of the national resources, and the gradual growth of the country, in prosperity, wealth, power, and influence.

'Besides, in all democratic governments, faction is continually springing up from the delusions perpetually played off upon the collective wisdom of the multitude. While the essential principles of human nature remain the same, as they ever have been, there always will be, in every country, and under every possible form of government, many unquiet, turbulent, and unprincipled spirits, who can never be at rest, whether in or out of power. When in possession of the government, they require every one to submit entirely to their direction and control: in *words*, they profess to be the exclusive champions of liberty; in *action*, they are the veriest tyrants imaginable. When out of power, they are always working and intriguing against the government, without any regard to truth, justice, or common honesty, or the welfare of their country. In popular governments, where the election of representatives too frequently recurs, such pernicious men have too many opportunities of mischief, in working upon, deceiving, and corrupting the minds of the people, in order to inflame them against those who have the management of public affairs for the time being; and thus, eventually, are enabled to ripen the discontents of the deluded multitude into violent and seditious movements. Such are *some* of the evil consequences invariably resulting from the too frequent recurrence of elections, which also (it may be remarked) necessarily incapacitates the representative from acquiring an adequate acquaintance with the public business and real interests of his country, owing to the short duration of his term of service.

'There are likewise some other imperfections grafted into the system of election throughout the States, which deserve notice. The voting *by ballot*, instead of *viva voce*, is accounted a wonderful improvement; whereas it excludes the open, wholesome influence of talent and property at the elections; and encourages a perpetual course of intrigue and fraud, by enabling the cunning demagogue to impose upon the credulity of the weak and ignorant. Indeed, the frauds practised by the *substitution* of one set of ballots for another, in every electioneering campaign throughout the country, are in themselves innumerable and shameless; and the success of elections, generally, depends on the adroitness of intrigue exhibited by the more active political partizans.' pp. 116—120.

The American executive government is still compelled, like a galley-slave, to row in irons: it remains, with few amendments, under the disadvantageous bondage of those practical absurdi-

ties which were the first crude product of the early revolutionary agitation. The shallow, illiberal philosophy of Benjamin Franklin and Thomas Paine, is woven into all the institutions of the United States; and it is, perhaps, too congenial with the habits and sentiments of the people, to be soon thrown off or corrected. So long, however, as this vulgar and vulgarizing philosophy continues in credit, it must not only cripple the Government, but in great measure preclude from the national character all those elevated qualities which make the difference between a complete 'Poor Richard' and a true gentleman. Almost the whole system of American politics, especially what relates to its two great features, parsimony and popular jealousy, may be traced up to some of Franklin's showy maxims, which were so well adapted to tickle the ear of the populace by uniting in pithy apophthegms the pleasure of wit with the pleasure of axiomatic truth. Thus, for instance, what can be at once more sure and more pleasant than the saying, that no wise man will give twopence for what may be had for three half-pence? On the strength of so clever a canon, applicable as well to the State as to the shop,—the American people bless their own shrewdness as often as they recollect the excellent bargain they have made with their public servants, and that *they* have a three-penny president, a two-penny vice-president, and penny-farthing judges!

'It is deemed,' says Mr. Bristed, 'to be a marvellous improvement in the modern system of political economy, to mete out a meagre subsistence to the *public* servants of a country, and to calculate, to a single dollar, the exact amount of bodily and mental labour, for which a given salary is to be equivalent. Accordingly, there is not a sufficient stipend allowed to any American public officer, whether executive, or judicial, or ministerial, or naval, or military, to enable him to support the decent exterior of a gentleman. The President of the United States himself receives only a little more than *five* thousand pounds sterling a year; the Vice-President, and Secretary of State, about *one* thousand sterling per annum; and the inferior government officers, in due descending proportion. And the officers of the separate States are worse paid than those of the United States.

'This doctrine, also, is a theoretic illusion, and a practical evil; for in every civilized, opulent, and thriving society, a certain magnificence of expenditure is an indispensable part of official greatness; and, if the high places of the state do not afford sufficient means to maintain their possessor with due dignity, they are necessarily left to the acquisition of minds of an inferior order. Whence, the most important offices are likely to be filled by persons of subordinate talents; and men of genius, being virtually excluded from the helm of government, are tempted to oppose and disturb a system, which might, under a more liberal order of things, have relied upon them as its surest bulwarks of support; and, above all, this mistaken policy actually prevents the development of great talents on a large scale, by withholding all opportunities of national

exertion. So that in fact, this state parsimony is the worst of all possible state extravagance; inasmuch as it blights the growth of intellect, and squanders away the mind of the country.

'Mr. Thomas Paine, in his celebrated compendium of modern politics, called *The Rights of Man*, undertakes to demonstrate, that no free people, if they be wise, will ever give more than three thousand two hundred and fifty dollars a-year to their chief magistrate, whether called president or king; and he proceeds to prove how any nation might easily procure a discreet man, able to ride on horse-back, fully competent to discharge all the functions of executive government, for such a limited yearly stipend. It is however surmised, that the profound observations of Mr. Paine on the science of political economy, are not now quite in such good odour, either in the United States, or in France, as they were towards the close of the eighteenth century. It is necessary, in order to ensure the progressive power and permanent exaltation of a country, to affix large salaries to all the great offices of state, and to all those public situations to the discharge of whose functions it is for the common benefit that ambition should invite high talents.

'It is mere insanity to say, the people can get the work done for less money, and therefore they ought to give less. No doubt, a cobler, or a retail dealer in small wares, or an attorney without practice, will patriotically consent to take upon himself the burden of governing the country, in any one of the great executive departments of state, for a small stipend; because the wages of office, though comparatively low, afford a larger income than either of these enlightened politicians can derive from the profits of his individual profession. But the business of the nation will not be well done. Nay, even in a money point of view, the nation will be a loser by employing underlings at a small salary, to conduct the government; because such men will actually destroy more public property, in twelve months of mal-administration, by restraints on commerce, by bounties on manufactures, by crippling the growth of productive industry, and by numberless other political blunders, than would suffice to pay the most magnificent stipends to executive officers for a hundred years. And if we add to this the much higher considerations of the loss of national honour, and the degradation of national character, which an incapable administration always inflict upon their country, we cannot hesitate to pronounce, that the system of *under-paying* public officers has a direct tendency to ensure the perpetual weakness and disgrace of a community.' pp. 132—134.

'The consequences of this republican frugality, in *underpaying* our government officers, are, that the governors and judges of some of the States are actually employed in prosecuting some other calling in addition to that of discharging the functions of the executive and judicial; for instance, in keeping taverns, selling tenpenny nails, dealing in flour, and many similar employments, equally well adapted to the sciences of political philosophy and jurisprudence.' p. 500.

The better informed portion of the American people are, it seems, not ignorant of the disadvantages and the dangers connected with their *ultra*-democratic constitution.

'The distinguishing features of all the American constitutions, as they now stand, are, that they make every office *elective*, as contradistinguished from the *hereditary* tenures prevailing in monarchical and aristocratic forms of government; and also, that while they provide amply for the protection of personal liberty, and the property of individuals, which is, indeed, the only sure foundation of all good government, they do not sufficiently attend to promoting the two other great requisites of good government; namely, putting a strong and permanent disposable force into the hands of the executive, and developing the national mind on a great scale, by instituting and encouraging large and liberal systems of general instruction. In most other countries, the government is all, and the people nothing; in the United States, the people are all, and the government nothing.' pp. 205, 206.

'It is the more to be lamented, that the federal government should have been ever administered on democratic principles, because it is, in its essential conformation, *too weak* at once to balance the weight of the separate state sovereignties, to maintain its own steady dominion over all the portions of its immense Union, and to build up the nation at large, by certain steps, into a paramount power, influencing and controlling the greater potentates of the elder quarters of the globe. The great statesmen (led by Washington himself, and illumined by the transcendent genius of Hamilton) who framed the federal constitution, earnestly deprecated the notion of its being considered or conducted *as a democracy*. And many very elaborate and able arguments, founded on a careful induction from facts recorded in history, and resting on the basis of the most approved principles of political philosophy, were adduced to prove that the general government of the United States is *not* a democracy, but that care had been taken by the *General Convention*, which met at Philadelphia, in the year 1787, to infuse as much as existing circumstances would allow of the wisdom and energy of aristocracy, to temper and restrain the turbulence, the fluctuation, and the weakness of unbalanced democracy, which they emphatically declared to be the greatest misfortune that could be inflicted on any country.

'These illustrious sages and practical politicians knew full well, that an uncontrolled democracy had destroyed Athens, and Carthage, and Rome, and the Italian republics of the middle ages, and the United Provinces of Holland: to which melancholy muster-roll of perdition may now be added the dominion of revolutionary France. They, therefore, feared that the prevalence of an *unchecked* democracy throughout the United States, would consign to destruction the liberties, the wealth, the honour, the character, the happiness, the religion, the morals, the whole august fabric of public prosperity and private worth, which have, at some auspicious periods of their history, so peculiarly distinguished the national career of the confederated states of America.' pp. 207, 208.

Our Author pretty confidently anticipates that the regular progression of things will gradually introduce a system that shall 'place, and permanently fix, the helm of government in the 'hands of the men of talent and property, as the only safe and

'legitimate sources and guardians of all political power.' At present, he says, 'the general government of the United 'States'

'can never depend upon the *long-continued* support of the popular favour for enabling it to prosecute any permanent measures of enlarged and liberal policy. Being altogether a *representative republic*, it is obliged to exist too much by exciting and following the passions and prejudices of the multitude, to *control* and *regulate*; which is the bounden duty of every wise and upright government, since the ignorance and violence of the multitude have an invariable tendency to defeat the execution of every intelligent and long-sighted national scheme. If the American government oppose the hasty clamours of a misguided populace, the officers of that government will soon be converted, by dint of universal suffrage, into private citizens; and the Union is of course condemned to a perpetual oscillation of political movements.

'It is not in the ordinary course of human affairs for such a state of things to be *permanent*; and it is to be apprehended, that the present general government of the United States will either assume a *new form*, or (what is much more desirable) will retain its *name*, but gradually become more stable and efficient, by fixing its rule upon the broad and firm foundations of *property* and *talent*; and, by progressively augmenting the power of the executive, enable it to mould the feelings, habits, and manners of the people to its own growth in strength and influence; and thus render the national government secure at home and respectable abroad.' pp. 217, 218.

Wishing to avoid the appearance of joining in the vulgar outcry against America, we feel some difficulty in quoting from the latter portion of the volume before us, which treats of the literature, habits, manners, and character of the United States. Almost the whole of what Mr. Bristed says on these topics, is in a tone of disparagement. In fact, we suspect that a little ill-temper, or some wounded feeling, has influenced his representations. Finding his literary character and liberal acquirements rather lightly appreciated in the store-keeping Republic, he is impelled perhaps, by way of self-defence, to indulge in a little sarcasm. That America does not abound with writers and philosophers of the first class, is a fact which hardly needs be formally affirmed. But this acknowledged deficiency, inevitably resulting from the present condition of the country, by no means justifies the inference, hastily drawn from it, that the mass of the people are in a proportionate degree inferior to the correspondent ranks in England, or France, in point of general information or taste for intellectual pleasures. Our Author seems sometimes to affirm, and sometimes to deny such an inference; he, however, strenuously opposes the supposition of any national intellectual inferiority, and occupies himself in tracing the causes

of the acknowledged low condition of learning and science. Among these causes is, he says,

'to be particularly noticed, the unfortunate practice of entering upon active life at *too early* an age. Partly from the condition of society, and partly from the eager appetite for wealth, which especially characterizes all young and thinly-settled countries, divines, lawyers, physicians, and merchants, rush into the occupations of active life, almost before they reach that period which the wisdom of common law allots as the termination of infancy. Plunging so early into the minuter details of practical employment, prevents the due development of the intellectual faculties; and after a while renders the mind, from disuse, both unable and unwilling to direct its attention to the more abstracted pursuits of literature and science.

'There is a salutary adage in the old law books, which runs thus, "In juvene theologo conscientiæ detrimentum; in juvene legislatâ bursæ detrimentum; in juvene medico cæmeterii incrementum:" the consciences of his parishioners suffer by a young clergyman; the purse of his clients diminishes in the hands of a young lawyer; and the churchyard increases by the labours of a young physician. This adage, however, has *not* yet found its way into the United States, where the young people of all classes are precipitated into business during childhood.' pp. 313, 314.

'The consequences of this precocious publicity are, a superficial elementary education, a perpetual pruriency of prattle upon all subjects, without a due fathoming of the depths of any one of them, and an entailed disability of fully developing the understanding, which is narrowed in early life, by being prematurely absorbed in the minute but necessary details incident to every practical calling. Whence, with their due proportion of genius, in common with all other nations, and with the advantage of a more general diffusion of popular intelligence than is to be found in any other community, too many of our citizens, in *all* the learned professions, begin, continue, and end their career, on much narrower ground than their native capacity, properly unfolded by previous general information, would enable them to cover.' p. 315.

'Another obstacle to the growth of literature in the United States, arises from the great propensity to consume the talent of the country in the effusion of newspaper essays and political pamphlets, instead of concentrating it in the production of some regular, consecutive work. In consequence of these desultory intellectual habits, periodical journals, as Reviews and Magazines, seldom last long. The author can obtain little or no assistance from others in his literary efforts; the persons competent to aid him in such an undertaking being comparatively few throughout the Union, and those, for the most part, actively employed in some laborious calling; and it is not in the power of any one man, however gifted with talent, adorned with knowledge, and armed with industry, to execute, *alone*, a literary journal as it ought to be executed. Add to this, the universal vice of the United States, a perpetual craving after novelty. The charge which Demosthenes brought against his own

countrymen, that they were continually running about, and asking, "Is there any thing new?" is equally applicable to the Americans. This eternal restlessness and desire of change, pervade the whole structure of our society: the same man will start into life as a clergyman, then turn lawyer, next convert himself into a farmer and land-jobber, and, taking a seat in Congress, or some state legislature, by the way, end his days as a merchant and money-broker. The people are incessantly shifting their habitations, employments, views, and schemes: the residence of a servant does not average two months in each place; the abode of a whole household is generally changed once a year, and sometimes oftener; numerous families, that have been longer settled in the elder states of New-York, Connecticut, and Massachusetts, are continually migrating into Ohio, or the territories of Alabama, Illinois, and Mississippi; the executive, the legislators, the magistrates, and officers of all kinds, are changed biennially, or annually or half-yearly, according to the greater or less infusion of the restless spirit of democracy into our various forms of government.

'Such being the temper, disposition, and habits of the people, new periodical publications are continually starting up, receive a little eager, capricious encouragement, languish a brief space, and die, leaving the same sickly course to be run by a race of successors, equally sanguine and short-lived. It is doubtful, if any one of the best European journals, most distinguished for the magnificent display of genius and knowledge, were to issue from the American press, as a *native* production, whether it would reach the second year of its unsupported existence. Some years since, a very respectable body of men, in New-York, selected from all the three learned professions, started a periodical work, called "The American Review, and Magazine," which was ably conducted, and perished for want of patronage. The "Boston Anthology," supported by the labours of some of the best literary men of all callings in that town, some time after, shared the same fate. And, at a more recent period, the "American Review," edited by Mr. Walsh, was suffered to expire, notwithstanding the splendid talents and various erudition of its conductor.' pp. 316, 317.

The subject of domestic slavery, we must for the present pass over. With respect also to the state of religion in America, we can only make one or two quotations. Mr. Bristed, we confess, does not inspire us with that degree of confidence in his judgement, and candour, and discrimination, which would tempt our taking the occasion to hazard any observations on so weighty a matter.

'During the greater part of the *eighteenth* century, the kings and princes, the nobles and ambassadors, the politicians, writers, and people of almost every nation on the European continent, strove in wretched rivalry for a vile pre-eminence in the guilt of rejecting the Scriptures of God, and calumniating the religion of Christ. As the necessary consequence of this universal speculative unbelief, as universal a deluge of immorality, baseness, and corruption, private and public, national as

well as individual, flooded their foul and feculent streams of pollution over all the surface of continental Europe. And what has been the great practical commentary which Jehovah himself has given upon the impious text of this *new* philosophy? For the space of five-and-twenty years, every nominally Christian nation on the European continent has been wasted by fire, and sword, and pestilence; by famine, and internal broil, and foreign invasion; not a single country within the verge of continental European Christendom, has escaped the terrible lustration of human blood.

'And have these *United States* no cause of similar alarm? Cannot they read the same handwriting upon the wall, which declared to the kindred nations of Europe, that they had been weighed in the balance, and were found wanting? When the purer light of Christianity is corrupted and darkened in the eastern section of our Union, and the Revelation of God too generally rejected in the southern and western extremities of the Commonwealth, have we any right to expect that *this* country will escape those national visitations which the European continent has so abundantly reaped in a full harvest of agony and ruin? The late President Dwight declared, in 1812, that there were *three millions* of souls in the United States entirely destitute of all religious ordinances and worship. It is also asserted, by good authority, that in the southern and western States, societies exist, built on the model of the Transalpine clubs in Italy, and the atheistic assemblies of France and Germany, and, like them, incessantly labouring to root out every vestige of Christianity. So that, in the lapse of a few years, we are in danger of being overrun with unbaptized infidels, the most atrocious and remorseless banditti that infest and desolate human society.

'Indeed, many serious people doubt the permanence of the federal constitution, because in that national compact there is *no* reference to the Providence of God: "*We the people*," being the constitutional substitute of Jehovah. Of *national* religion we have not much to boast: a few of our state governments, particularly in New-England, and recently in New-York, do acknowledge God as the governor among the nations, and occasionally *recommend* (for they have no power to appoint) days to be set apart for general fasting, and prayer, and thanksgiving. But the greater number of the States declare it to be *unconstitutional* to refer to the Providence of God in any of their public acts; and *Virginia* carries this doctrine so far, as not to allow any *chaplain* to officiate in her state legislature; giving as a reason, by an overwhelming majority of her representatives, in December, 1817, that the constitution permits no one religious sect to have preference to any other; and therefore, as a chaplain must belong to *some* sect, it would be unconstitutional for the Virginian legislators to listen to his preaching or prayers.' pp. 393—5.

Our Author reports M. Talleyrand to have been particularly struck with the *calmness* in relation to Religion evidenced in the United States, so contrary to the zeal and enthusiasm displayed in England.

'No leader of any religious persuasion in the United States, however ardent may be his own zeal, and however vigorous and incessant his own

efforts, can induce his followers to labour to aggrandize that sect, with as much effectual exertion as he could, under the same circumstances, induce a similar body in Europe to co-operate with him. On the days of public worship, in this country, the individuals of the same family set out together; each goes to hear the minister of his own sect, and they afterwards return home to employ themselves, in common, in their domestic concerns. This diversity of religious opinion does not seem to produce any contradiction or discordance in their sentiments as to other things. Whence, if there happens to arrive here, from Europe, an ambitious sectary, eager to afford a triumph to his own particular tenets by inflaming the passions of men, so far from finding, as in other countries, multitudes disposed to enlist under his banners, and ready to second his violence, his very existence is scarcely perceived by his nearest neighbours; his individual enthusiasm is neither attractive, nor interesting, nor contagious; he inspires neither love, nor hatred, nor curiosity; but is suffered to die away into nothing, beneath the frozen pole of universal indifference.' pp. 406, 407.

We cannot subjoin the illustration which follows, without expressing our disgust at the flippancy of the terms in which it is conveyed. Dr. Priestley was a man much more worthy of pity, than of contempt.

'This was peculiarly exemplified in Dr. Priestley. This heresiarch and veteran trumpeter of sedition, had openly menaced the hierarchy of England and the British constitution with speedy destruction. His partisans followed him, eagerly and blindly, throughout all the numberless changes of his ever-shifting religious and political creeds; they poured out at his feet, their time, their property, their obedience, their acclamation; they enabled him to publish, and circulate widely, his pestilent heresies and malignant invectives against the church and government of England. He sate, like a demi-god, snuffing up the incense of adulation from the Socinian democrats of Great Britain. But how reversed the picture, when he exchanged an English for an American home! A meagre deputation of obscure clergymen in our city of New-York, welcomed him to the United States with an absurd speech, full of jacobin bombast and fustian. He afterward repaired to Philadelphia, where he preached a few frigorific sermons to thin and drowsy audiences; he then retired to Northumberland, in Pennsylvania, where he passed the remainder of his life in making small experiments amidst his alembics, crucibles, and retorts, for the result of which no one expressed the least interest; and he also occasionally ushered from the press religious and political pamphlets, which no one ever read. His death excited little, if any more sensation among the Pennsylvanian patriots, than they are wont to exhibit at the dissolution of a German farmer, or a German farmer's horse.' p. 407.

Whatever some of our readers may be disposed to think of the ensuing paragraph, we must just put it in their way.

'In the United States, every one follows, pretty much according to his own inclination, his religious opinions, and pursues with undivided

eagerness his temporal concerns. This apparent apathy perhaps arises partly from the universal equality of all religious denominations. In America, no form of worship is prescribed, no religious ordinances are established by law; whence, every individual is left at liberty to follow his own will; to neglect or cultivate religion as he sees fit. Almost all the ardour of the moment that is passing, is employed in devising the means of acquiring wealth, and promoting the success of the political party in which the active individuals are enrolled. Hence result a general calmness and composure in the American community, with regard to the personal feelings and universal diffusion of religion; and it *sometimes* happens that Jehovah himself is shouldered from the altar peculiarly dedicated to his solemn services, by the devotedness of the whole heart to the shrine of mammon, or to the pursuits and calculations of political intrigue.

'In the United States there is no national church established, no lay-patronage, no system of tithes. The people call and support their minister; few churches having sufficient funds to dispense with the necessity of contribution by the congregation. The law enforces the contract between the pastor and his flock, and requires the people to pay the stipulated salary so long as the clergyman preaches and performs his parochial duty, according to the agreement between him and his parishioners. In Massachusetts, Vermont, New-Hampshire, and Connecticut, the law requires each town to provide, by taxation, for the support of religious worship; but leaves it optional with every individual to choose his own sect. The general government has no power to interfere with or regulate the religion of the Union, and the States, generally, have not legislated further than to incorporate, with certain restrictions, such religious bodies as have applied for charters. In consequence of this entire indifference on the part of the state governments, full *one-third* of our whole population are destitute of all religious ordinances, and a much greater proportion in our southern and western districts. It is quite just and proper that no one sect should have any preference, either religious or political, over the others; but the state-governments ought, at least, to interfere so far as New-England has done, and enforce by law the maintenance of religious worship in every town, leaving the choice of his denomination to each individual.

'The not interfering at all is a culpable extreme one way, as the English system of an exclusive national church, shutting out the other sects from equal political privileges, is a mischievous extreme on the other.' pp. 407—9.

Mr. Bristed, however, afterwards affirms, that notwithstanding so large a portion of the population is altogether without religious ordinances, yet, of late, religion has been unquestionably gaining ground in the United States. Of this fact, he adds, the rapid spread of Sunday-Schools and of Missionary and Bible Societies, affords a most consolatory proof.

terval, a depreciation of thirty three per cent. The wages of carpenters, bricklayers, and other domestic artificers, declined, during the same period, from 247 pints of wheat to 116.

The depreciation of *husbandry* labour, then, the only kind of labour which till very lately has come under the supposed operation of the Poor Laws, has been a growing evil during the past seventy years. And yet, for a great part of that time, this country has enjoyed an unexampled degree of prosperity. Agriculture, in particular, has proved so profitable, notwithstanding all the burdens entailed upon the land, as to draw to itself an immense accession of capital. Our farmers have been growing rich, have actually risen as a class in the scale of society; while the landed aristocracy have been enabled to secure a vast augmentation of revenue. This progressive reduction of the wages of labour, which has proved a source of profit to the farmer, would seem to have been necessarily attended by a proportionate increase of suffering on the part of the labouring classes; but such has not been the case.

"Although the labourer's command over the necessaries and conveniences of life is very materially lessened, that unfavourable change has been so far counteracted by improved habits of living, that upon the whole his condition seems to be more tolerable than it was sixty or seventy years ago; for our registers of mortality, which afford a pretty accurate standard of the measure of suffering endured by the poor at different periods, decisively prove that the healthiness of the people is greatly increased. The improvement in this respect within the last century is indeed so astonishingly great, that it would appear quite incredible, had we not so much evidence on the subject, collected from such various quarters, and founded on different principles of computation, yet agreeing in the general result. The average number of deaths yearly within the limits of the London Bills of Mortality, exceeded in the reign of George I. 26,000:—of late years, notwithstanding the prodigious accession of inhabitants, it has not amounted to 20,000. From 1780 to 1784, the average number of deaths yearly entered in the Parish Registers of England and Wales, equalled 1-40th part of the population,—from 1804 to 1809 only 1-53d. It is hardly possible that this extraordinary change can arise from any inaccuracy in the registers;—for the omissions are likely to be fewer in later years, since a higher degree of importance has been attached to their correctness, than formerly. But if the omissions in early times were more numerous than at present, the rate of mortality was in fact still higher in comparison with later years than the above statements would indicate. It may be added that the registers not only shew a great decrease in the total number of deaths, they also indicate that those deaths take place on an average at a much later period of life; that a much smaller proportion die in infancy than formerly,—a much larger proportion attain to longevity." pp.13—15.

Mr. Barton remarks that there is no satisfactory way of accounting for this wonderful increase of healthiness, except by

e bears the Poor Laws assigned as the true reason of the present xcess and consequent depression of the population, is this ; that he *effect* has come upon us with the suddenness of an unexpect-d visitation of Providence, while the alleged *cause* of the evil s of about two hundred years standing. Twenty years ago, vho was there that dreamed of any such thing as a redundant opulation ? Twenty years ago, the Poor were taught that to narry, and even to marry young, was a meritorious act. The ery object of the Legislature, during the administration of Mr. Pitt, seemed to be to encourage marriage by the provisions and xemptions in favour of married men, which formed so conspi-uous a feature of his scheme of taxation. Whatever was the minister's intention, it is certain that those measures partook of he nature of a *bonus* upon marriage ; and it is impossible that heir tendency should have been overlooked, had an excess of opulation then been apprehended as an evil. And why was t not regarded in this light ? Clearly, because it was not then *elt* to be an evil ; because, in other words, this excess was not erceptible, or rather, it had no existence. Excess as mea-ured by employment, there was little or none. The con-lition of the mass of the people, in the manufacturing districts it least, was tolerably good ; the rate of wages in some instances igh, and, in almost every branch of industry, fully adequate to he increased dearness of provisions. It was in agricultural dis-tricts that the pressure of poverty was principally felt, owing to a depreciation of labour, or what comes to the same thing, a rise in the price of commodities greater than the rise in the wages of labour. The extent of the progressive reduction thus silently effected in the incomes of the agricultural labourer and artisan, it is difficult to measure with accuracy ; but Mr. Barton cannot be far from correctness in stating, that the actual expense of sub-sistence is now about three times greater than it was in the early or the middle part of the last century, while the wages of agricul-tural labourers, and of such common artificers as carpenters, bricklayers, plumbers, and masons, have within the same period barely doubled ; so that the recompense of their industry has de-creased one third.

' The workman receives for his day's toil, twice as large an amount in money as he received in the reign of George II., but he can purchase with that double amount, only two thirds of the quantity of goods. Wages, estimated in money, have risen a hundred per cent : estimated in commodities, they have fallen thirty three per cent.'

Estimated in pints of wheat, husbandry wages have, since 1750, been gradually falling. In 1751, money wages were 6*s.* per week ; in 1803, they were 11*s.* 5*d.* But at the former period, 6*s.* was equal to 96 pints of wheat ; at the latter period, 11*s.* 5*d.* was equal to only 63 pints : so that wages underwent in the in-

terval, a depreciation of thirty three per cent. The wages of carpenters, bricklayers, and other domestic artificers, declined, during the same period, from 247 pints of wheat to 116.

The depreciation of *husbandry* labour, then, the only kind of labour which till very lately has come under the supposed operation of the Poor Laws, has been a growing evil during the past seventy years. And yet, for a great part of that time, this country has enjoyed an unexampled degree of prosperity. Agriculture, in particular, has proved so profitable, notwithstanding all the burdens entailed upon the land, as to draw to itself an immense accession of capital. Our farmers have been growing rich, have actually risen as a class in the scale of society; while the landed aristocracy have been enabled to secure a vast augmentation of revenue. This progressive reduction of the wages of labour, which has proved a source of profit to the farmer, would seem to have been necessarily attended by a proportionate increase of suffering on the part of the labouring classes; but such has not been the case.

'Although the labourer's command over the necessaries and conveniences of life is very materially lessened, that unfavourable change has been so far counteracted by improved habits of living, that upon the whole his condition seems to be more tolerable than it was sixty or seventy years ago; for our registers of mortality, which afford a pretty accurate standard of the measure of suffering endured by the poor at different periods, decisively prove that the healthiness of the people is greatly increased. The improvement in this respect within the last century is indeed so astonishingly great, that it would appear quite incredible, had we not so much evidence on the subject, collected from such various quarters, and founded on different principles of computation, yet agreeing in the general result. The average number of deaths yearly within the limits of the London Bills of Mortality, exceeded in the reign of George I. 26,000:—of late years, notwithstanding the prodigious accession of inhabitants, it has not amounted to 20,000. From 1780 to 1784, the average number of deaths yearly entered in the Parish Registers of England and Wales, equalled 1-40th part of the population,—from 1804 to 1809 only 1-53d. It is hardly possible that this extraordinary change can arise from any inaccuracy in the registers; —for the omissions are likely to be fewer in later years, since a higher degree of importance has been attached to their correctness, than formerly. But if the omissions in early times were more numerous than at present, the rate of mortality was in fact still higher in comparison with later years than the above statements would indicate. It may be added that the registers not only shew a great decrease in the total number of deaths, they also indicate that those deaths take place on an average at a much later period of life; that a much smaller proportion die in infancy than formerly,—a much larger proportion attain to longevity.' pp.13—15.

Mr. Barton remarks that there is no satisfactory way of accounting for this wonderful increase of healthiness, except by

referring it to an improvement in the habits of the people; since the abatement of mortality is far from being most sensible in those diseases of which the mode of treatment has received the greatest improvement. The cause of this decided alteration in the health of the people of England, Dr. Heberden explicitly attributes to the improvements which have gradually taken place in all great towns, particularly with respect to cleanliness and ventilation. The cheapness of manufactured goods, owing to the perfection to which the use of machinery has been carried, by which means our lower classes generally are better clothed, while their clothing, being in itself less substantial, is more frequently renewed,—may be assigned as a further cause of the improved habits of the people in respect to decency and cleanliness, and of the consequent decrease of mortality.

To what cause soever the change is referrible, it is a fact, that the habits and the condition of the poor have been bettered, at the same time that the effective income of the industrious classes has suffered a vast reduction. And now what becomes of the charges so often brought against the poor, of increased extravagance and idleness? Mr. Barton cites the language of the First Report of the Commons' Committee on the Poor Laws, in which the necessities of the depressed population are ascribed to 'an abatement of those exertions on which, according to the nature of things, the welfare and happiness of mankind has been made to rest, accompanied by a growing indisposition to make provision in the season of health and vigour for the wants of sickness and old age;' and he then justly asks for the proof of the growth of these alleged vicious propensities:

'On what grounds is the accusation built? Every presumption surely is against it. Does the present state of the Savings Banks imply any backwardness on the part of the poor to make a reserve from their earnings against a day of want? Is any increasing carelessness of the future discoverable in the fact that nearly a million of our labouring population are members of Friendly Societies; associations formed by the poor themselves, generally without the aid, often without the countenance, of their superiors, for the express purpose of "making a provision in the season of health and vigour for the wants of sickness and old age?" The only evidence brought forward to prove the reality of this moral deterioration is the progressive growth of pauperism. If we ask why the number of poor increases, we are told that the people are less careful and industrious than formerly:—if we require proof that they *are* less careful and industrious, we are referred back to the spread of pauperism. But it is very clear that if the recompence of labour decline, the demands on parochial funds may increase without supposing any peculiar misconduct on the part of the applicants. When the ordinary rate of wages does not more than suffice for the decent maintenance of a wife and two children, those who have larger families can do no other than apply for relief. When

the price of bread in good years is so high as only just to allow the labourer to live on his earnings, it argues no extraordinary defect of care and forethought if he is in part supported by the public after a bad harvest. In fact it is admitted on all hands that this description of allowances, viz. allowances granted to able labourers in compensation of the deficiency of their earnings, has principally contributed to raise the amount of parochial taxation to its present height. It is not pretended that the relief granted to those reduced to indigence by their own misconduct, forms any considerable proportion of the burden; nor is there any reason to suppose that the number of paupers of this unworthy class has experienced any considerable increase. To the depreciation of labour, therefore, the growing pressure of pauperism in agricultural districts may be safely attributed, rather than to any unfavourable change in the moral character or habits of the labourer.' pp. 17—19.

But although this depreciation of country labour has hitherto been attended by mitigating circumstances which have prevented much of the misery that would otherwise have ensued, there is obviously a point at which the condition of the labourer must become intolerable, unless some remedy can be proposed that shall prevent any further depression. The great evil, the root of all the sufferings of the poor, is, the *low price of labour;* that is, of agricultural labour, the price of which is liable to none of those violent fluctuations which are inevitable in some branches of manufacturing industry, in consequence of a stagnation of trade. In such cases, the wages of the workmen often suffer a sudden and extreme depression, for which it would be ridiculous to assign as the cause a redundant population, and still more so to refer the excess of supply beyond demand to any other origin than the over stimulated power of production in the hands of the capitalists. There can be no question that the country is suffering at this moment from an excess of population: but how has this excess been produced? As to the manufacturing class of labourers, the answer is clearly this: either there is no longer capital sufficient to co-operate with the number of hands which were formerly demanded for the production of mercantile wealth, or there is no longer room for the operations of manufacturing capital. The unemployed poor may be viewed in much the same light as so much fixed capital, of which there has taken place throughout the country an abandonment to a great extent; but unfortunately, this species of fixed capital, the living machinery, cannot be put up to the hammer and sold for the materials. In agricultural districts, there also exists, confessedly, a redundant population, but we deny that this has arisen from the causes to which it is generally referred. Those writers whose object it is to throw the blame of all the present distresses on the Poor Laws, have taken it for granted that the existing excess has arisen from a growing increase of early or

improvident marriages. But it is highly remarkable that the proportion which the number of marriages yearly contracted bears to the whole population, has not increased since 1780. On the contrary, Mr. Barton shews that a *very considerable reduction* has taken place in the number of marriages, as measured by the number of persons marriageable, while there is reason to think that they take place at a later, instead of an earlier, period than formerly. 'The increased thoughtlessness 'and improvidence of the lower orders exist,' he remarks, 'only 'in our own imaginations.'

'The growth of our agricultural population arises *exclusively*, it will be seen, from the *improved healthiness of the labourer;* which, in its turn, arises from better habits of living, greater decency, cleanliness, and sobriety. And though the accession of numbers has undoubtedly contributed, by enlarging the supply of labour at market, to lower their effective earnings, and depress their condition, yet it cannot fail to give pleasure to every benevolent mind to discover that this disadvantageous change has its source in the melioration, not in the debasement of the moral character of the people.'

Mr. Barton, by the term exclusively, in the above reference, means, we apprehend, no more than exclusively of the alleged cause, the improvidence of the poor; or else he must be understood as speaking of the progressive increase of the population in itself considered; of its growth, not of its redundance; for to the latter circumstance, his language would not properly apply. With regard to the *growth* of our agricultural population, it is very remarkable, that whereas during the last thirty years of the last century, the number of births was greater in the agricultural than in the manufacturing counties, in the last thirty or forty years it was less by more than one half. Mr. Barton selects for the purpose of instituting this comparison, ten counties where the labouring classes are employed chiefly in husbandry; *viz.* Bedfordshire, Berkshire, Buckinghamshire, Cambridgeshire, Essex, Hertfordshire, Huntingdonshire, Norfolk, Sussex, and Essex; and seven manufacturing counties; *viz.* Cheshire, Lancashire, Leicestershire, Nottinghamshire, Staffordshire, Warwickshire, and the West Riding of Yorkshire. In the ten agricultural counties, the average number of births amounted, at the beginning of the eighteenth century, to 28,600, while those in the seven manufacturing counties, amounted to only 23,572. But in the years 1806—10, the proportion was so completely changed, that the numbers stood at 47,339 and 77,705: the births having more than trebled in the seven manufacturing counties, while, in the ten agricultural counties, they had not even doubled, in the course of the century. The rate of increase would not seem to have been greater in the latter instance, than the accumulation of capital and the exigencies of

the State have demanded, or at least have kept pace with. It cannot possibly have occasioned the progressive depreciation of labour which has been going on during the last seventy years, since that depreciation has, till very lately, been confined to the agricultural districts, and has not been sensibly felt in commercial towns, where the progress of population has been the quickest. Besides, the number of births in a county, forms but an imperfect criterion of the increase of its population. A very considerable proportion of the excess of births in agricultural counties, is destined to swell the growing population of manufacturing towns, and, in time of war, to replenish our army and navy. The number of *houses* in the ten counties above enumerated, has actually decreased during the last century to a very considerable extent: in the seven counties where manufacturing labour is chiefly in demand, the reverse is equally striking. Mr. Barton presents us the following statement.

	in 1690.	in 1801.
Bedford - - -	12,170	12,073
Berks - - - -	16,996	21,195
Bucks - - -	18,688	20,986
Cambridge - -	18,629	16,451
Essex - - - -	40,545	39,398
Hertford - - -	17,488	18,172
Huntingdon - -	8,713	6,976
Norfolk - - -	56,579	49,140
Suffolk - - -	47,537	32,805
Sussex - - -	23,451	25,093
	260,796	243,189
Decrease in 111 years		17,607
		260,796
Cheshire - - -	25,592	35,621
Lancashire - -	46,961	117,664
Leicestershire -	20,458	26,734
Nottinghamshire	17,818	26,153
Staffordshire - -	26,278	47,193
Warwickshire -	22,400	43,783
Yorkshire - -	121,052	174,857
	280,559	472,005
Increase in 111 years	191,446	
	472,005	

To reconcile these calculations with the fact of a considerable increase of births even in the agricultural districts, during the

same period, it is necessary to suppose that an increasing number of young persons have annually migrated from the country parishes to seek for more profitable employment in commercial towns. Such migrations are continually taking place, and they would, of course, be promoted by a brisk demand for manufacturing labour. Another circumstance requires to be taken into consideration. The number of persons in a family is found to be now somewhat greater than it was in 1700: at that time, it was only 4 1-12; at present it is very nearly five. On this computation, the number of persons in the ten counties,

in 1600 will be 1,061,917
in 1801 ——— 1,215,945

an increase in our agricultural population, of only fourteen per cent (notwithstanding the increase of births) in 112 years; *viz.* from 1688 to 1800. 'What then,' Mr. Barton asks, 'becomes 'of the doctrine which ascribes the depreciation of husbandry 'labour in modern times, to an excess of people?'

It will have been observed, that a decrease in the number of houses has not taken place in all the ten agricultural counties, but chiefly in Norfolk, Suffolk, Cambridgeshire, and Huntingdonshire. In Berkshire, Buckinghamshire, Hertfordshire, and Sussex, there has taken place a considerable increase, for which it might not be difficult to account, were we to examine the history of those counties, by the extension of manufacturing industry, the growth of particular towns, and, with regard to the last mentioned county, the increasing demand for houses on the sea coast. As no county has its whole surface occupied by agriculture, and as a very considerable proportion of the manufacturing counties, is devoted to husbandry, it is obviously impossible to come at any precise results with respect to the relative increase of the population in agricultural and in manufacturing districts. There is one circumstance, however, which ought not to be overlooked in inquiring into the causes of a redundant population, because it serves to explain, at least in some measure, the remarkable decrease of the number of houses in those counties in which the population is perhaps more entirely agricultural; we allude to the system of *large farms*, which has been so rapidly gaining ground during the latter part of the last century. The immense economy of labour which forms in the view of some writers the chief recommendation of this system, and the extensive use of machinery by which human labour has been still further superseded, have obviously tended to produce an excess of population quite irrespectively of an increase in the number of births. Houses and villages have vanished in consequence of the all-absorbing monopoly of large capitalists: in many districts, the work of depopulation has proceeded to a frightful extent. It is, indeed, still going forward.

The landed proprietors, looking only to the augmentation of their revenues, find it answer their purpose better, to throw two or three farms into one, and to look out for a tenant whose capital may enable him to cultivate the whole at a saving of expense that shall admit of his paying individually a higher rent than the two or three former tenants whom he displaces, could make up together. As the profits of tillage are lessened by the fall of prices, more and more arable land of inferior quality will be thrown out of cultivation. The quantity of land which has been laid down during the last few years, has been, in some counties, very considerable. This is a further step in the retrograde process by which an artificial excess in the population has been produced, that must inevitably augment the sum of pauperism. So long as the surplus labour of the country could find a market in the manufacturing towns, so long as there was commercial capital enough in active operation to absorb it, and the demand for the produce of manufacturing industry continued sufficient to keep all the vast machinery in motion, the gradual but not the less fatal consequences of agricultural monopoly, were not felt; the war, too, operating as a convenient drain for the redundant population, prevented our suffering the natural effects of this mischievous system. But now that the waste of human life is suspended, and our commerce is no longer adequate to take off the hands of the productive labourer the work he is able to furnish, and our towns are ready to disgorge back upon the country the population with which they have been glutted,—now, all at once, the effect has come upon us in the fearful shape of an excess of people, the cause of which is unperceived or denied. What has more directly contributed to produce that excess in agricultural counties, than the destruction of small farms and the boasted economy of human labour, which has alienated from the soil so large numbers of the peasantry?

The true cause of the depreciation of country labour, is, not an excess of population, but, Mr. Barton contends, *the general enhancement of the money price of commodities, unattended by an equal advance in the money price of labour.* This rise of prices is common to all European countries; it has originated in the increased productiveness of the American mines, occasioning a fall in the value of the precious metals, which form the standard of value.

'But the rise has been greater in England than in most other parts of the world, because the vast improvement of skill, and extensive use of machinery among our manufacturers, has enabled us to purchase the precious metals at a cheaper rate than other nations. If we, by twenty days' labour, can produce a piece of cloth which in France requires thirty days' labour, we can purchase gold and silver one third cheaper than the French.—Money, therefore, is one

third cheaper on one side of the channel than on the other; and with regard to those commodities which in their production do not admit of the application of the same improved skill and machinery,—which cost as much manual toil in one country as in the other,—they of course exchange for more gold or silver here than in France; that is, they are dearer.' pp. 53, 54.

The Writer then proceeds to shew how this dearness arising from an increased abundance of gold and silver, gradually spreads over the various productions of human industry. As the subject is highly interesting, and the passage is not susceptible of abridgement, we shall give it in his own words.

'In the first place, then, it is to be observed that the precious metals are brought into this country solely by the progress of commerce.—They arrive chiefly from Spain and Portugal, or their colonies, for in those colonies are comprised the most productive mines in the world. When a new vein of extraordinary fertility is discovered, a new demand is created for our goods, because the possessors of that vein have acquired new means wherewithal to purchase all kinds of conveniences and gratifications. Perhaps too, additional tools and implements are required from England for the working of the ore.—In return for the various commodities and implements thus exported, we receive of course remittances in gold or silver;—such remittances forming at once the most obvious, the most convenient, and the most profitable mode of repayment; inasmuch as those metals are at once the natural produce of the country whence they are sent, and as they may be brought over in increased quantity without very materially lessening their value; whereas if Buenos Ayres should send hither an extraordinary quantity of hides, or New Spain of indigo and tobacco, the supply of those commodities at market would exceed the demand, and they could not be disposed of except at a reduction of price.

'Thus the discovery of a new gold mine in Brazil causes an accession of demand for all articles of British manufacture suited to the Brazilian market. This accession of demand raises the price of those goods, and enhances the profits of the persons concerned in their production,—until the gradual transfer of capital from other employments, by creating an increased competition, again reduces those profits to the ordinary level.—In the mean time a new demand slowly and insensibly arises for all articles of home consumption, on the part of the various merchants, manufacturers, and artizans connected with the South American trade.—The increased gains of the commercial classes, the increased sum paid for wages in all these departments of industry, enable the workman as well as his employer to consume a greater quantity of all the necessaries and conveniences of life; and this new demand slowly raises the price of every commodity intended for domestic use.—It must not be supposed that all kinds of goods are immediately enhanced in value by an influx of the precious metals. It is only by a gradual process that those metals are distributed among the different classes of the community, and come to influence the price of all sorts of productions.—As by the operation of foreign commerce alone they are brought into the country, so it is

by the operation of internal trade alone that they are gradually diffused among the people. The different productions of industry successively rise as the demand for them is successively enlarged: exportable commodities rise first, because they are wanted by the possessors of the mines;—articles of domestic use rise afterwards, because they are wanted by the manufacturers. An abundance of money can only raise the value of any commodity in so far as it adds to the demand for that commodity: the farmer, when he carries his corn to market, does not inquire whether the productiveness of the mines is increasing or decreasing:—nor does any man consent to give an advanced price for a loaf of bread simply because he learns that fresh importations of specie have taken place. The ordinary transactions of life are not influenced by such fine-spun speculations. The seller obtains the most he can get; and the purchaser buys as cheap as he is able. The proportion borne by the effective demand at any particular time to the actual supply at market, is the sole cause which immediately regulates, in every case, the price of commodities;—it is only by altering the terms of this proportion that an abundance of the precious metals affects indirectly the value of the different productions of human industry;—it is only as those productions are in their turn sought for by an increased number of purchasers, that they participate in the general enhancement of prices.

'It will now be apparent, perhaps, why the wages of husbandry labour have not risen in proportion with the expense of subsistence. The superior rate of profit obtainable in commercial employments, while an influx of money is taking place, by drawing away all surplus capital from the land, prevents the cultivator from taking into pay an additional number of workmen, and so hinders the demand for labour from keeping pace, as it naturally ought to do, with the demand for the produce of labour. Were it not for this scarcity of capital, the increased consumption of food in the manufacturing districts would operate as a powerful stimulus on cultivation:—the farmer or proprietor of the soil would be induced by the high price of agricultural produce to raise a larger quantity, either by bringing new land under the plough, or by improving that already in tillage. A more abundant supply of provisions being thus brought to market, their price would be somewhat reduced; while on the other hand the necessity of employing an additional number of hands in carrying into effect the newly undertaken improvements, would somewhat enhance the rate of wages:—so that between one and the other an equilibrium would be restored between the price of labour and the expense of subsistence.' But when capital is scarce, and money hardly obtainable at the legal rate of interest, few persons are willing to lend upon a security so little transferable as landed property; or, as it is often expressively termed, to *lock up* money on mortgage. However much, therefore, the cultivator of the soil may be tempted by the high price of corn to enlarge the sphere of his operations, he is for the most part compelled to restrict those operations within the limited scope of his own capital; and his projected improvements are necessarily laid aside. The extra hands which he would have employed in those improvements remaining unoccupied, the supply of disposeable

labour in the market is not lessened, and of course the rate of wages does not rise. The additional sum which a bushel of corn obtains in the market, instead of being equally divided between the labourer and his employer, falls exclusively to the share of the latter.

'It is not till the level is in some measure restored between agricultural profits and commercial profits, that husbandry labour begins to advance. When corn sells so high as to raise the gains of the grower to an equality with those of the manufacturer, or the foreign merchant, a portion of capital may be drawn back to the cultivation of the soil; this will necessarily create a new demand for country labour, and enhance its value. It is to be observed, however, that the rise of wages thus slowly brought about, by no means compensates for the rise of provisions: — it follows only at a long interval, and in a much inferior degree. An influx of money, therefore, always enriches the farmer, while it depresses the condition of the labourer: — a new division of the produce of industry takes place, to the advantage of the employer, and the loss of this workman. Nor is it only in agriculture that this change becomes sensible. In all departments of industry, unconnected with foreign trade, the same operation may be traced: thus the condition of common artificers, — bricklayers, carpenters, masons, plumbers, and the like, — is affected by a fall in the value of money just in the same manner with the condition of the country labourer. The same observation may be extended to some branches of manufacture, where the article produced is destined entirely for home consumption: — thus the wages of the silk weavers in Spitalfields, and of the shawl weavers at Norwich, have not, if I am rightly informed, advanced in equal proportion with the expense of subsistence.' pp. 55—60.

That the depreciation of labour as measured by commodities, (for the money price has not fallen,) has arisen from the depreciated value of the circulating medium, is not a novel opinion: Mr. Barton has, however, succeeded in throwing a stronger light upon the fact. He shews that the fluctuations of wages during three centuries, from the reign of Henry VII. to the present day, (a period comprising three remarkable changes in the value of money,) agree perfectly with the theory; that in 1495, previously to the discovery of the American mines, a labourer earned *per* week a sum equal in value to 199 pints of wheat; that during the sixteenth century, when the influx of the precious metals quadrupled the prices of commodities, the earnings of the labourer fell to 82 pints of wheat; and in 1610, they had further declined to 46 pints, at about which rate they continued in the middle of the seventeenth century. From this era, the annual produce of the mines having ceased to increase, while the extension of commerce and the growth of luxury required annually an additional supply, the price of corn began to decline, continuing to fall progressively till the middle of the last century. During the same period, husbandry wages consequently advanced from 48

to 96 pints of wheat *per* week; that is, were exactly doubled in the course of a century, notwithstanding the Poor Laws had been all that time in full operation. Since 1750, the value of money has again fallen, and husbandry wages have been reduced from 96 to 63 pints of wheat *per* week. There can be no doubt, we think, that this view of the subject is correct; and the labouring class is not the only one which is suffering from the effects of the depreciated value of money. Still, it requires to be more fully explained, how it comes to pass that wages have not in a more proportionate degree participated in the general advancement of prices. It is easy to understand that the value of labour should be the last thing to accommodate itself to the altered value of money; but its continued and excessive depreciation during a period distinguished by so very considerable an augmentation of the agricultural capital of the country, is a fact which would seem to demand some further explanation.

Mr. Barton will not admit that the employer of labour has any control over the rate of wages, or that the mischievous system of making up the wages of the labourer by parish allowances, has had any effect in keeping down the price of labour. He argues thus:

'Let us suppose that while fifteen shillings per week is the natural price of labour, (that is, the price it would bear if no parochial relief existed,) an attempt be made by the cultivators of land to reduce it to twelve shillings per week;—making up the deficiency from the poor rates. Fifteen shillings per week being a fair price, of course leaves a fair profit to the master; twelve shillings per week must therefore leave him an extraordinary profit. It is then his interest to buy as much of this cheap labour as he can get; just as a low price tempts purchasers in all other cases. True, he pays more in poor rates than formerly, if he pays less in wages. But the saving is all his own, the expense he divides with his neighbours. Whether he employ ten workmen, or only eight, makes not a shilling difference in the amount of his rate. He has then clearly an interest to add to the number of hands in his employ. But as all his neighbours have an equal interest in doing the same thing, competition will quickly raise wages again to their former level. If indeed a conspiracy to depress the price of labour were formed at once in all parts of the kingdom, by farmers universally agreeing not to bid against one another, then undoubtedly they might dictate their own terms to their workmen. But this is just as chimerical as the notion of a conspiracy to raise the price of corn. When individual interest comes into competition with the interest of some hundred thousand other persons, of whom a vast majority are unknown even by name to each other, it requires no profound skill in the science of human nature to determine what will be the result. On the other hand, it is clear that nothing short of a *national* conspiracy would suffice for carrying such a scheme into effect. For if the agriculturists of any particular parish should make the attempt, what is to prevent their labourers from seeking

work elsewhere? In the adjoining parishes the rate of wages is fifteen shillings per week, without any parochial allowance; in this it is twelve shillings per week with a parochial allowance. But this allowance is not given indiscriminately, and in equal proportions, to all. Men with large families receive more; men with small families less; single men none at all. Is it to be believed, then, that any single man, or any married man whose wages and allowance amount together to less than fifteen shillings per week, will continue in such unprofitable employment, when he may obtain a full rate of earnings without difficulty in the next village? The framers of the plot would quickly be left with no other labourers than those burdened with large families; that is to say, those whose allowances more than compensate for the reduction of wages. Thus, instead of gain, such a scheme would be attended with certain loss.' pp. 45, 46.

Had the fallacies contained in this chain of reasoning been less obvious, we should nevertheless, from our knowledge of facts, have felt assured that the Writer, in this instance, has been misled by his eagerness to make his theory explain every thing. But there is clearly more than one flaw in his argument. The quantity of labour which a cultivator of the land is able to purchase, does not depend, as this representation of the case would make it appear, altogether on its cheapness, or on the profits it would yield, but on the amount of capital which he has to employ. The cheapness of labour would, it is true, put it in his power to purchase more of it; for instance, a depreciation of wages from 15*s.* to 12*s.* *per* week, would allow of his employing five men where he now employs four; but he could go no further. It would, however, by no means follow from his being able to purchase a larger quantity of labour than before, that it must be his interest to take on a single additional hand; much less 'to buy as much of this cheap labour as he can get.' There are some farmers, (it is admitted the number is small,) whose consideration for their labourers induces them constantly to employ as many as the land can possibly require, and more than they derive any *immediate* profit from employing. Now, let a further depreciation of labour take place to the greatest extent conceivable, and it will not be the interest of such persons to purchase any more of it. The fact is, that, not the high price of labour, (for how can the present wages of labour be termed high, inadequate as they universally are to the labourer's maintenance?) but the pressure of taxation in all its varieties of tithe, rate, indirect taxes, and assessment, added to a high rent, prevent the farmer, in nine cases out of ten, from employing as many regular hands as he otherwise would do, leading him to refrain from such occasional operations as are not of pressing necessity. While, therefore, the same motive which induces him to economise labour, is constantly prompting his endeavours to obtain it for the lowest wages possible, the greater

cheapness of labour would not, under existing circumstances, induce him to employ more hands than he finds absolutely requisite; and the quantity of labour which is absolutely requisite, how high soever be the rate of wages, he does and must purchase. In the present state of our population, it is next to ridiculous to suppose that the cultivators of the land could by any possibility *buy up* the cheap labour that should be in the market, so as to raise wages by their competition. But instances of their controlling the rate of wages, by bargaining with the labourer that his wages shall be made up a specific sum out of the Poor's rate, are too notorious to require any proof of the fact. The labourer, Mr. Barton says, would not accept of twelve shillings *per* week on the condition of having it made up fifteen shillings by a parish allowance, if in a neighbouring parish he could obtain wages equal to the whole amount. We believe that there are hundreds of labourers who would care little how the fifteen shillings were made up to them, could they but secure the receipt of the sum. But the case is, that the labourer sells his labour for the highest price he can get for it, because he finds it difficult to get any work at all, and because, whatever wages may be paid in the neighbouring parish, that parish has too many hands already. He is in the condition of a trader in an over-stocked market, who is glad to part with his commodities at any price. Now it is utterly impossible that husbandry wages should have been forced down to the miserable pittance which is the nominal price of labour in some districts, had it not been for the systematic misapplication of the Poor's rate, which has been so often adverted to in Parliamentary and other documents as the chief source of the alarming increase of the rate itself. Parish allowances do, in fact, 'form a part of 'the price of labour,' and Mr. Barton's reasons for believing to the contrary could avail him nothing, were they as strong as they are nugatory. For this enormous abuse, we can imagine no other remedy than enacting that no labourer in the receipt of wages shall be entitled to any parish allowance whatsoever. Far better would it be for the poorer class themselves, and far better for the country, if the whole labouring population of a parish were distributed into labourers in full pay, and paupers wholly dependent on the parochial fund for their maintenance, than, as is now so often the case, to have the greater part subsisting half on low wages and half on the rate.

We fully agree with the present Writer, that it is not the Poor Laws in themselves considered,—that is, it is not the natural operation of the Poor Laws, which has led to the present excessive depreciation of agricultural labour, either by promoting habits of improvidence in the Poor, or by stimulating in any other way the increase of the population. 'A political economist

'writing in the reign of George the Second, might,' he justly remarks, 'have maintained that the Poor Laws tend to *raise* 'the recompense of industry, and have appealed, in support of 'his opinion, to the undeviating experience of two centuries and 'a half.' Only seventy years ago, the country gentlemen were loudly complaining of an increasing want of husbandmen and day-labourers, of 'the excessive and increasing prices of work-'men' and 'of the impossibility of procuring a sufficient number 'at any price.' But agreeing thus far with the Writer, we see no necessity for shutting our eyes to the notorious fact, that, the wages of agricultural labour having been previously depreciated to the utmost by a fall in the value of money, the present abuse of the Poor's rate has been operating so as to produce a still further depression; or for denying that the excess of population which the stagnation of trade, the cessation of war, and the progress of agricultural improvement, have thrown upon the country, is a chief cause of its present calamitous predicament.

Mr. Barton's last section is devoted to the consideration and proposal of 'Remedies;' a most cheering but too often delusive title! Many of the proposed remedies have already passed under our notice in a former article; and we need not again go over the ground, by pointing out the mischievous tendency of some which have received a high and dangerous sanction. 'We must 'never forget,' says the present Writer, 'that the low rate of 'wages is the root of the mischief.' In a qualified sense, this is true; and if so, the evil would seem to admit of being remedied only in one of the following ways: either, by lessening the supply of labour; or by an adequate permanent extension of the demand for labour; or by fixing a minimum price as the wages of labour; or, lastly, the money price remaining the same, by a fall in the price of commodities equal to the previous rise occasioned by the depreciation of the standard of value, which would of course restore wages to their just and natural level. The inefficiency, not to say folly, of many well-meant schemes for bettering the condition of the poor, consists in their having no tendency eventually to benefit the labourer in any one of these ways. So far as temporary employment can be furnished to those who are out of work, without prejudice to the regular, hard-working labourer, it is true benevolence to adopt this method of relieving their necessities; but whatever plan of this description falls short of ultimately increasing the permanent demand for labour, can have no pretensions to any higher character than a mere expedient to gain time, till, by some undreamed of means, the vessel of the state shall right itself. To the plan of fixing a minimum price for husbandry labour, there exist strong objections and almost invincible prejudices. Into the force of the one and the reasonableness of the

other, we shall not at this time enter, being quite ready to admit that, upon abstract principles, such an interference on the part of the legislature is to be deprecated, although in a highly taxed and over-legislated country, the application of those principles becomes a matter of no small perplexity. As to any improvement in the state of things that might arise from an enhancement of the value of money, that would in all probability be defeated, so far as regards the labouring classes, by the existing practice of mixing relief with wages, and at all events would slowly and partially benefit the existing population. The 'new 'plan' proposed by the present Writer, has for its object to reduce the *supply* of labour, and we shall lay it before our readers in his own words.

'Having, in the first place, determined how long the period of marriage ought to be deferred, in order to reduce the supply of labour to the desired extent, and to raise wages to their due level with the cost of subsistence,—we must endeavour to find motives sufficiently powerful to induce the labourer to make such a sacrifice of his inclinations; and in the mean time we must continue to provide for his necessities, until the enhanced price of labour enable him to dispense with extraneous support. With regard to the age of marriage, I should estimate that a delay of two years would in due time effectually raise wages as high as the warmest friend of the Poor could desire. For within two years, each marriage, on an average, produces one birth; and as the whole average number of births which a marriage yields is only four, it follows that an additional two years passed in celibacy by every couple would reduce the whole number of births one fourth, and of course ultimately diminish the population in like proportion. It remains then to contrive means for persuading the Poor to defer the time of their marriage each two years. But before considering what inducements may best move them to this end, it may be proper to observe, that some little difficulty arises in ascertaining whether the marriage of any particular couple is really deferred by prudential considerations or not, inasmuch as it depends on the secret inclinations of the parties, of which it is difficult to obtain any visible indication. Thus if we were to offer a reward to all who put off their marriage to a certain age, many would receive the reward who did not deserve it, because they might not have married earlier had no reward been offered; and on the contrary some might be deprived of the reward to whom it was justly due, inasmuch as they may have formed attachments while very young. It seems better, therefore, to measure the prudence of a match by the sum of money saved before marriage, rather than by the time of life at which it takes place.

'Suppose then we ascertain, by careful inquiry and observation, how much ought to be required from an agricultural labourer, in order to compel him to defer marrying two years. Something more than the amount of two years' savings would probably be necessary for this purpose, because it is likely that a young man may begin to lay by part of his earnings, before he has absolutely determined on marry-

ing. It is very difficult, or rather impossible, at present, to say what sum might adequately answer the intended purpose; but the point would soon be determined by a little attention, with a few trials. If I were to hazard a conjecture, I should apprehend that fifty pounds might form a proper medium. Suppose then that on a labourer's depositing this sum, (certified to be the produce of his own industry,) in a Savings' Bank, at the time of his marriage, or previous to that event, we grant him certain advantages, such as on the whole may afford him most gratification at the smallest expense. This might be done either by making a certain addition in money to the deposit — or by the promise of certain future allowances to his widow and children, if he should leave any at his death;—or by presenting him with a cow, and permitting him to rent three or four acres of land on reasonable terms;—or by allowing him the use of a cottage and garden for life, rent free;—or in any other way that may appear most eligible; the fifty pounds still remaining his property, and at his own disposal. Or if it should be thought best to strike at once at the root of the evils of the Parochial system, the fifty pounds might be paid into the hands of commissioners appointed for that purpose, they engaging in return to make certain stipulated allowances to the labourer, equal to, or rather exceeding those at present made by parishes, in lieu of all parochial relief: these allowances, being then the *property* of the Poor, acquired by equitable purchase, (though indeed at a price far below their real value) would not tend to abridge their pride of independence, nor would they produce those injurious moral effects which arise from the uncertain measure of parochial relief. The commissioners should be chosen by a majority of the proprietors of real property in each parish, and should have power to demand, from time to time, of the overseers of the poor, a certain proportion, (suppose two thirds) of the allowances granted to the depositors. Perhaps, however, the cow would be found the most attractive; for visible and tangible objects act with far the greatest force on rude and uncultivated minds. Mr. Malthus has remarked how "fascinating" the "vision" of such an animal is to a labouring man.—It would be a standing and walking monument of good conduct;—something to rouse the ambition of all the young men, and excite the admiration of all the young women in the parish, whenever they happened to pass by. It matters not, however, which of these modifications of the plan be adopted, except in so far as one may prove more easy of execution, or more operative on the minds of the labouring classes than another. The principle is the same in them all It is, by inducing the Poor to save before marriage, to compel them indirectly to defer the period of its celebration. To gain time is the chief end in view; the money saved forms only an incidental advantage. The principle of the measure must not therefore be confounded with that of a Savings Bank, or a Friendly Society. In those institutions a labourer deposits his savings either before marriage, or after, as he pleases; they have therefore no tendency to prolong the time of celibacy, to check population, or to raise wages, except in so far as they tend generally to encourage habits of prudence and forethought, and these habits may indirectly lead to

increased caution in contracting matrimonial engagements. I am not disposed to deny or underrate these advantages; but it is needless to say that the preceding scheme holds out inducements far more powerful, and more direct, for delaying the period of marriage. By placing before the eyes of the young unmarried labourer a certain, moderate, and defined object of attainment, we should animate him to the exertion of his utmost industry and self-denial. The goal would be always distinctly in view: and he would be disposed to listen to the voice of prudence, when he could calculate precisely the extent of the sacrifice it required of him. It would of course be proper to provide that a child born before marriage should debar the parties from the benefit of the plan; otherwise we should run a risk of injuring morals, without effecting the object we have in view. But I entertain not the slightest doubt that such an arrangement would lessen, instead of increasing, the number of illegitimate births. A habit of looking to future consequences, once thoroughly implanted in the minds of the Poor, would render the breach of chastity as uncommon among women of the lower, as among those of the middle classes of society. And so far from early marriages proving a safeguard of virtue, universal experience shews that in those countries where matrimonial connexions are earliest formed, the greatest depravity of morals prevails.' pp. 94, 95.

With regard to Savings Banks, Mr. Barton is quite aware of their useful operation, but he denies that they are adequate to counteract the spread of Pauperism. 'How,' he asks, 'are the 'labouring poor to save, when their utmost industry and eco-'nomy are only just sufficient to supply them with the neces-'saries of life?' The few agricultural labourers who have it in their power to save a part of their earnings, do it, he affirms, with no view of rendering themselves independent of parochial aid, but for the purpose of securing to themselves a few additional comforts over and above what they derive from that source. For proof of this he appeals to the managers of Savings Banks.

'I ask them whether, out of the small number of labourers in husbandry, who become depositors, many do not express an anxious wish that their wealth should be kept secret from the world, lest they should be deprived on that account of the allowances enjoyed by their neighbours? I have myself been Acting Trustee of a Savings Bank more than seven years, and I never met with a single instance of a labourer whose object in saving was to render himself independent of parish relief.'

The principle of Mr. Barton's plan is excellent, inasmuch as it holds out 'a bounty on forbearance' instead of 'a penalty on 'imprudence.' 'Punishment,' he justly remarks, 'where the 'offender is unconscious of any fault, degenerates from moral 'retribution into simple hostility.' Yet most of the suggestions of political writers, which have had for their object to check the tide

of population, have been of this character. He is right, too, in stating that a dread of future consequences is not found to be very influential on any but cultivated minds. Few rogues are deterred from the commission of crime by the fear of the gallows, while the infinitely smaller chance of a capital prize in the State Lottery, acting directly on the imagination, leads thousands every day to throw away their money in the vain hope of obtaining wealth. As an illustration of the superior force of a stimulus applied to the hopes instead of the brute fears of the lower classes, we shall mention a very singular fact which occurred in one of the above-named ten agricultural counties. There were in the workhouse of Abbot's Langley, in the county of Herts, a blind man, and a woman who had lost an arm: the man was between forty and fifty, the woman about ten years younger. Whether it arose from their fellowship in suffering, or from some other mysterious cause of sympathy, so it was, that these two individuals fell in love with each other, or at least were induced to strike the mutual bargain of matrimony. Theirs was not an early marriage, assuredly, but Mr. Malthus would have termed it a most improvident one, although it did not threaten to add very alarmingly to the excess of our population. The resolution, however, which the worthy pair adopted, was far more remarkable than their venturing upon marriage: it was no other than to leave the workhouse, and to sally forth, with two eyes and three arms between them, to begin the world afresh. Having procured a donkey, they set up as itinerant carriers and factors to the villages within a given circuit, and it was their practice to attend all the neighbouring markets for the purpose of executing the errands with which they were entrusted. The man's blindness and honesty procured him a sufficient share of patronage from the farmers and gentry, to answer his purpose, while his wife, by whom, like his betters, he was content to be led, contrived, with her one arm, by the help of the mutilated member, to do her part as a needle-woman; nor must the donkey be denied his share of praise for the important service he rendered as the third in this interesting trio. In this manner our heroic pair of *ci-devant* paupers not only succeeded in rescuing themselves from the dreary asylum of the workhouse, but obtained a comfortable and independent maintenance. For several years they carried on their trade; for how many, our informant could not state, as he subsequently removed from the neighbourhood. Had Mr. Wordsworth been resident at Abbot's Langley, the old man, and his wife, and his donkey, would infallibly have been immortalized. As it is, this brief record is likely to form their only memorial. Such a fact, even though it were a solitary instance, may well be admitted as a proof of the greater exertions which the poor are likely to make with a

definite object of attainment before them, than with only the prudential check of contingent evil.

Mr. Barton's plan, under some modification or other, would certainly seem to deserve a trial: it is at least free from the objections which lie against most of the proposed remedies. To be effective, however, it must be pursued in concurrence with other measures to which we have already adverted,—with a complete reform in the prevailing practice of mixing up parish allowance with wages, with an abandonment of the fiscal policy which perpetuates the state lottery and multiplies the ale-houses, and with a watchful attention to the details of parochial administration. The state of our commerce and our manufactures is, however, too intimately connected with that of our agricultural population, to admit of our hoping for any very decided improvement, till the wages of manufacturing labour shall have again risen to the level of the means of subsistence, and the farmer shall have to contribute to the support of only the agricultural poor. 'To those who deem the virtue and happiness of 'the people the only object worthy of a Statesman's or a 'Patriot's concern, not one word,' says the present Writer, 'needs be said on the desirableness of raising the labourer from 'misery and humiliation, by equalizing the price of labour with 'the expense of subsistence.'

'In thus ameliorating the condition of the industrious part of the community, we should not only prevent much immediate suffering, but a foundation would be laid for higher and more lasting benefits. In instilling into their hearts the important lesson, that self-denial is the road to enjoyment; in awakening their faculties from the torpor of indolent despair; in quickening their sensibilities into healthful activity; the minds of the poor would be prepared for receiving those deep and solemn impressions of religious truth, which can no more be implanted in minds stunted and enfeebled by the continual pressure of want, rendered callous by the degradations of pauperism, than the blossoms of India can expand in the wastes of Lapland. When just raised above servile poverty, the condition of the labourer is, perhaps, of all others, best calculated for moral and religious improvement; because removed from the influence of those innumerable temptations of idleness and vanity, which form the principal sources of folly and vice in the higher classes of society. These are "*the poor of this world*," by whom, it is declared, the blessings of the gospel are most readily embraced. Far otherwise is the case with those unhappy beings, in whom all elevated principle, all gentle affections, have been crushed by the rude grasp of abject and dependent wretchedness. Hopeless of breaking the spell that binds them to the ground, they drive away by force every intruding thought of the future, and abandon themselves with brutal unthinkingness to the gratifications of the moment. Not only are their apprehensions too gross to conceive that fine sympathy with moral excellence, which is the foun-

dation of a Christian's love for his Creator; but even more direct and palpable motives,—the expectation of future reward and punishment,—have no firm hold on their coarse and half-formed understandings. To them the present alone seems real,—the future is a dream. Unused to make provision for to-morrow, how should they think of making provision for eternity? A regard, therefore, for the everlasting welfare of our fellow-creatures, no less than for their present enjoyments, should prompt us to devise means for raising the income of the labourer to a level with his necessities.' pp. 101—3.

Art. V. *Historical Documents and Reflections on the Government of Holland.* By Louis Bonaparte, ex-King of Holland. In three Volumes. 8vo. pp. 1260. London. 1820.

WERE we professed politicians, and anxious to distinguish ourselves in the department of controversy which belongs to that troubled and troublesome character, we could not desire a finer opportunity than that which is afforded us by the present work, of flourishing on either side of the question: by dexterous management, in the way of selection and preterition, we could easily make it minister either to the triumph of the inimitable policy of the powers that have been and that be, or to the ample justification of the awful denunciations and prophetic warnings of the disinterested contemners of unattainable distinction. Happily, however, we are under no temptation thus to alembicate a very simple and plain matter; and when we shall have furnished our readers with the means of ascertaining the quantity of information which they may expect to derive from the perusal of these volumes, we shall not only have finished our own task, but we shall, probably, have also relieved them from any necessity of purchasing a book slenderly fraught with original matter, and unnecessarily expensive in its mode of publication. We shall not embarrass ourselves with any doubts as to the genuineness of the composition: we take it in its apparent character, as the *plaidoyer* of an amiable and honourable man, who, having been placed in a situation of great responsibility, and involved in circumstances of extreme difficulty, is desirous of proving to the world that he discharged his trust fairly; and that, in his abandonment of his post, he betrayed neither weakness nor pusillanimity, but yielded to an influence and a compulsion to which he had no means of opposing an effectual resistance. In one point of view, indeed, this may be deemed a very important document, inasmuch as it clearly demonstrates that the internal calamities of nations are owing, not to the absence of talent, but to the want of simple integrity in those who administer their government. It presents to us the example of a man somewhat feeble-minded and of defective energy, but animated by a sincere and steady anxiety to find

and follow the path of duty, raised to the sovereignty of a state in most inauspicious times, and proving manifestly that but for the interposition of an overwhelming force from without, every domestic embarrassment would have been completely cleared away. Louis Bonaparte found his people active, but enthralled; independent in feeling, but subservient to a superior and immoveable power; oppressed by debt and by exaction, and restless under a bondage which they were equally unable to bear or to reject. In addition to this sufficiently injurious state of things, he soon became aware that he was himself held forth but as a mask to deeper schemes; that, although ostensibly given as the pledge of favourable intentions, he was in reality designed as the mere engine of unprincipled and oppressive rapacity. Abler men than Louis must inevitably have failed in the attempt to bear up against this complication of ills; and he may be excused for betraying signs of entire incompetency to the management of a realm in so fearful a crisis; yet it is but just to concede to him the praise of pure intentions and of views generally correct. As far as appears on the face of the transactions in which he was engaged, he seems to have maintained an even and conscientious course, and to have borne off an untainted character and the regrets of his subjects.

Louis, however, shines rather more as a sovereign than as a book-maker, and, we have no doubt, made a more dignified appearance before his legislative assembly, than he now does before a critical bench. We have so much in these volumes that has been previously and more correctly told, and so much that illustrates nothing, and is altogether unworthy of any other custody than that of the newspapers, where it may be still referred to; besides a number of official papers and *exposés* of which the results only would have been amply sufficient; that if we could suppose the Collector to have been in league with his bookseller, we should be able to account for his management, without being under the necessity of referring it to want of mental dexterity. Louis Bonaparte has not unfrequently reminded us of Richard Cromwell; but the latter had a shrewder motive for the preservation of the addresses and harangues which had been showered upon him in the season of his prosperity, whereas Louis seems in all simplicity to take them as genuine expressions of attachment, and carefully records them in his volumes for the edification of his reader. His French prejudices, too, lead him into downright absurdities: for instance, he tells us, that in the battle of Corunna, the English were defeated, though, if this were true, Soult would have been condemned to death or degradation for suffering them to embark. Junot, too, is highly praised for concluding the convention of Cintra, although he is affirmed to have gained the victory in

the conflict of Vimeira:—why then did he not follow it up by compelling the British troops to return to their ships, instead of signing an instrument which, however advantageous its terms, was still neither more nor less than a capitulation? The loss of the battle of the Nile is attributed to the erroneous judgement of Brueys, and it is intimated that Villeneuve would, if the command had been in his hands, 'have prevented the tragical ca-'tastrophe'!!—Without further anticipation, we shall now proceed to notice the main points of the work.

Louis shews considerable anxiety to establish the nobility of his family, and produces documents to prove that the name, though he does not distinctly connect it with his own immediate relatives, was once illustrious in rank, character, and office. The following anecdote, however, appears to involve something like an inconsistency.

'As to the nobility of the Bonaparte family, whatever libellers may pretend, it is very ancient, and well identified in the annals of Italy. It is said, that when the marriage of Napoleon with the Archduchess Maria Louisa was about to take place, the French Emperor, in answer to some remonstrances on the subject, observed, *I should not enter into this alliance, if I did not know that her origin is as noble as my own.* A collection of documents, extracted from the archives of different towns of Italy, was then presented to the Emperor Napoleon, from which it appeared that the Bonapartes, at a very remote period, were lords of Treviso. Napoleon threw it into the fire, energetically observing, "I wish my nobility to commence only with myself, and to hold all my titles from the French people."'

The Bonapartes are represented as actuated by a spirit of indignant patriotism in their emigration from Corsica. 'When 'Paoli,' writes their present Historian, 'the Corsican com-'mander, violated his oath, and delivered the island into the 'hands of the English, the Bonapartes chose to see their houses 'set on fire, their estates laid waste, and to sacrifice their for-'tune, rather than enter into any alliance with the enemies of 'their country.' Misrepresentations so gross as these, make us extremely sceptical as to the good faith of their Author. Why the English, rather than the French, were the 'enemies' of Corsica, it might puzzle a wiser head than that of Louis to point out: the fact is simply, that in the struggle of parties, the Bonapartes sided with the French, and were no losers by their election. No notice whatever is taken of the patronage of Marbœuf, nor of the subsequent connexion of Napoleon with Paoli. The whole of the statements relating to the early career of Napoleon, are in the same strain, and we feel no disposition to waste our time in citing or criticising them. Still more injudicious than this, are the pains taken by Louis to prove that he is a man of infinite courage: he describes himself as, in mere

boyhood, interposing between his brother and the artillery of the enemy, and as declining on another occasion to shelter himself from a fierce cannonade. But the finest specimen of profound and pathetic absurdity in the whole book, is to be found in the following anecdote. At about the age of seventeen, he accompanied Napoleon to Paris, and

'found in that immense capital, the innovations and disorders which always follow political convulsions. He reached the capital a few days after the disturbances of the 23d of May; and the misfortunes which he witnessed, naturally filled him with apprehension lest fortune might one day abandon his brother. Every general was at that time exposed to the risk of losing his life, if unsuccessful; neither courage nor talent were in that case of any avail. They had scarcely reached the place destined for their residence near the Place de la Victoire, when Louis threw himself into an easy-chair and seeming to wake out of an anxious train of thought, he exclaimed, with a profound sigh and a prophetic tone—*Here we are then, at Paris!* The sententious tone, meditative air, involuntary emotion, and absence of mind, with which these words were uttered, astonished his brother and Junot, who happened to be present. On being asked the cause of the deep sigh and exclamation, he answered, that he was himself ignorant of it.'

During part of Napoleon's Italian campaigns, Louis was in the army; and he relates sundry instances of his own valour and skill at this period, attributing to himself, moreover, a main share in the victory of Rivoli. He engaged, after the treaty of Campo Formio, in an honourable amour with a young lady, who was the schoolfellow of his sister; but his brother, when informed of the affair, sent him from Paris to take part in the Egyptian expedition. His notes of that eventful transaction contain nothing striking, excepting the narrative of the affecting attachment of young Casabianca to his father, which is told for the fiftieth time, but with such variations from the received accounts, as materially lessen the interest and probability of the story. Passing over the intermediate and unimportant details, we shall cite a few particulars respecting his marriage with Hortensia, the daughter of Josephine, which took place when he was two and twenty years of age. Our readers are aware that strange reports have been circulated, respecting the intimacy of Napoleon with his daughter-in-law; these are treated by Louis as 'calumnies and absurd 'stories.' He resisted this matrimonial arrangement for a long time; but

'one evening when there was a ball at Malmaison, his sister-in-law (Josephine) took him apart, his brother joined them, and, after a long conference, they obtained from him his consent. The day for the ceremony was fixed, and on the 4th of January, 1802, the contract, the civil marriage, and the religious ceremony took place * * * * * *. Louis became a husband * * * * * *. Never was there a more gloomy

ceremony; never had husband and wife a stronger presentiment of all the horrors of a forced and ill-suited marriage * * * * * * * * *. Before the ceremony, during the benediction, and ever afterwards, they both equally and constantly felt, that they were not suited for each other. * * * * *. From the 4th of January, 1802, down to the month of September, 1807, when they finally parted from each other, they remained together in all not more than four months, and that at three separate periods, with long intervals between; but they had three children, whom they loved with equal affection.'

These circumstances are, no doubt, stated, in order to remove the suspicions which have attached to the legitimacy of the children; we question whether they will have the desired effect.

The death of the Duke d' Enghien, one of the three fatal errors of Napoleon, is averred to have been the result of intrigue: the Consul, it is said, was ' perfidiously and rapidly drawn' into concurrence; and he is described as having been ' for several ' days, melancholy, absent, and extremely slovenly.' During the Austrian war of 1805, Louis held the command of the garrison of Paris, and he bestows much commendation on himself for the ability which he displayed in that office. It was at this time, and in consequence of events connected with this campaign, that the attention of Napoleon was called to Holland. The wavering and imbecile conduct of Prussia towards France in the war which terminated with the battle of Austerlitz, had exasperated without intimidating the French leader; but he felt, at the same time, that if the partial demonstrations which were made, or supposed to be made, on the Dutch frontier, had been converted into a direct invasion, Holland would, probably, have fallen; and its occupation by a hostile force, would have been inconceivably embarrassing, if not disastrous, in the actual circumstances of the French Empire. To prevent the recurrence of a similar hazard, Napoleon adopted a summary and decided policy: he determined on the virtual annexation of Holland to his dominions, though, to save appearances, he affected to leave the Dutch independent, and to guarantee to them the enjoyment of their institutions, under the administration of a monarch chosen by him, but approved by them. It was clearly the intention of the Emperor, to convert Holland into a strong military post, well fortified and garrisoned, with as little trouble and expense to France as possible: the Dutch were to be compelled to maintain a large army, and an effective fleet, without any regard whatever to their pecuniary or territorial means, for the three fold purpose of covering France in that quarter, of securing a formidable position in advance against Prussia and the Empire, and of excluding England both from military occupation and from commercial intercourse. After much negotiation with the Dutch, and some real or affected reluctance on the part of Louis, who at last consented because

he was in a state of '*moral spasm*,' Napoleon, on the 5th of June, 1806, caused his brother to be proclaimed King of Holland; and the present work diligently records the speeches made on that occasion, although it is admitted that the address of the Emperor was not perfectly correct in its allusion to facts. Louis was escorted to his kingdom by several French officers, who attended him, as he says, on his own invitation; it appears, however, that, with the exception of two, they were little better than spies on his conduct, and their principal amusement seems to have consisted in quizzing every thing that was Dutch. Before the newly-made monarch set out for his dominions, he gave, if he states the matter truly, a very signal proof of his simplicity, by pressing his brother for the payment of a debt due from France to Holland. It is unnecessary to say that the application was made in vain. When near the frontier, he assumed the Batavian cockade, and he is careful to inform us that he wept on putting aside the French colours.

The first steps taken by Louis appear to have been suggested by wisdom and pure intention; but he ventured a little too soon on the business of reform, by abolishing certain illegal fees exacted by French consuls from all vessels either entering or leaving the harbours of the country: this was rough-handling a delicate matter, and he probably felt the consequences severely in the effect produced by the reports forwarded to France by those selfish and exasperated gentry. He began very early to revolve in his mind the scheme of a new constitution, which would, no doubt, had it been brought 'to the world's light,' have been a masterpiece, since it was to be 'of the most simple description, 'suited to the taste of the nation, and, though monarchical, in en-'tire conformity' to the 'habits' and 'taste' of a republican people. Its excellence, too, will be further illustrated by the depth and originality of the following speculations.

'The supreme head of the administration should communicate his spirit and his will to all its branches. This unity of movement is the principal advantage of monarchy. *The whole of the instructions necessary in a monarchy, may be comprised in two words!* With respect to the King, he ought to have a decided will of his own in all affairs, and to see that they all concur to one end, namely, the independence and safety of the state, and the independence, safety, and prosperity of individuals, and to cause his orders and his decisions to be executed without failure or evasion. As for the ministers or agents, they ought to follow the wishes and sentiments of the King, and never to lose sight of that object for a moment.'

This, he seems to think, is not much unlike the general principle of the English monarchy. We can, certainly, have no kind of objection to the harmless speculations of a foreign gentleman who thinks himself as well qualified to make constitutions

as the Abbé Sieyes; but we really wish that Continental writers were not quite so fond of dissertating on the institutions of England. Their blunders in this way are absolutely excruciating. Louis, moreover, with, we are persuaded, the best intentions possible, was a meddler; nothing escaped his restless eye, and he either regulated, or intended to regulate, a host of little matters which are much better left to self-adjustment. For instance, he was a dabbler in physic: at an early period of manhood, in consequence of various accidents, he had injured different parts of his frame, and was subject to a 'slow and extraordinary dis-'ease,' for which he had tried all sorts of nostrums, and visited different medicinal baths in France and Germany, but all in vain; and he became both a valetudinarian, and, we imagine, a confirmed quack. On the subject of medicine he is prodigiously deep, and describes projected plans of compulsory regimen in all cases even of ordinary disease, in 'houses of convalescence,' established by authority. It was also the grave intention of this modern Solon, to prevent marriages between 'mutilated, de-'formed, and ricketty persons,' and to ship off to the colonies all such miserable individuals, in company with all children of 'a defective conformation.' As an appendage to this transcendent scheme for punishing by privations and exile, the visitations of God, he would have interdicted 'the long residence of de-'formed foreigners in the kingdom.' Another weak invention was to have set on foot a kind of 'holy alliance' between European powers, for the extirpation of venereal diseases, the yellow fever, and the small pox. Among his regal cares, the dykes occasioned him many an anxious thought; and we find it solemnly, and with full detail, recorded, that when the inhabitants of two districts brought their litigation before him,—one party requesting permission to raise a dyke which the sea threatened to overflow, and the other contending that if the sea was repelled there, it must rise above the dykes of Amsterdam,—Louis, although 'very much embarrassed,' and deserted by his engineers, who 'durst not answer with sincerity,' yet, with exemplary firmness, and with an acuteness which would have done honour even to that most exquisite of justiciaries, the governor of Barataria, decreed—that both dykes should be raised!

In all the major departments of government, Louis and his ministers seem to have been guided by a sound discretion and a steady rectitude of purpose. The finances were much in disorder, and they took the only effectual method of restoration, by vigorous reductions in the different branches of public expenditure. Little was done for the improvement of the navy, but considerable pains seem to have been taken to place the army in an effective condition: the conscription was disavowed, but a significant reservation was made in the introduction of the phrase,

'extreme necessity.' In the mean time, the correspondence between Louis and Napoleon, began very early to betray symptoms of variance. The one complained of difficulties, and expressed his anxiety to adjust the affairs of his government on a moderate and salutary scale; the other urged a more summary policy, recommended a virtual bankruptcy in the reduction of the interest of the national debt, pressed the imposition of the conscription, and insisted on the maintenance, by Holland, of an army of 50,000 men, and a fleet of 20 sail of the line. The Prussian war called the Batavian troops into action, but little was done by them, excepting in the way of diversion. The following letter, written to Louis by his brother, previously to the campaign of Jena, will shew the distinctness of his anticipations, and the decision of his plans.

'You will make a useful diversion at Wesel, where I request you to assemble your army, augmented by French troops. This army will take the name of army of the North. You will manage matters so as to induce a belief, that it is much stronger than it really is. If the Prussians show themselves in Holland, and allow themselves to be deceived, they are ruined. If they do not adopt this course, they are still ruined. Whilst they suppose that I am establishing my line of operations parallel to them and the Rhine, I have already calculated that in a few hours after the declaration, they cannot prevent me from outflanking their left, and advancing a greater force against it than they can oppose to me, and than is necessary for its destruction. When their line is once broken, all their efforts to afford assistance to their left will operate against themselves. Separated and cut off in their march, they will fall successively into my lines. The results are incalculable. Perhaps I shall be at Berlin in less than six weeks. My army is stronger than that of the Prussians, and though they should even beat me at first, they would immediately find me in the centre with a hundred thousand fresh troops.'

Louis explicitly denies that he was fettered by any previous compact when he accepted the crown of Holland; but he admits that he very soon became aware of his brother's intention to displace him whenever it should suit his convenience. He kept his post, however, and endeavoured to steer an even course between the despotism of his brother, and the interests of Holland, without being able to accomplish his object in satisfying both the parties concerned. The Berlin decrees added to his embarrassment. He employs several pages in reasoning, with more acuteness than is quite habitual to him, on their injurious effects both on the moral character and on the commercial interests of the Continent and of England. Although compelled to impose additional restraints on traffic, he refused to sequestrate English property, and held sacred that of the Prince of Orange.

In January, 1807, a dreadful explosion of gunpowder shattered great part of Leyden, and the humane activity of Louis

was conspicuously exerted on this occasion. The principal canal of the city was choaked, and its quays covered with ruins; eight hundred houses were either destroyed or damaged, and a considerable number of individuals perished. Every practical measure was then and subsequently adopted for the relief of the inhabitants, who were exempted from certain taxes during the space of ten years. The finances of the state were still the great object of anxiety to the king and his ministers, and they seem to have exhausted every effort of economy, and all the resources of fiscal regulation, to supply their deficiency. It is in these great features of his reign, that Louis appears to the greatest advantage: he seems to have been deeply in earnest, and to have availed himself with exemplary assiduity of every means of acquiring information. The legislative body seems to have been perfectly aware of his honest and intense desire to promote the prosperity of his kingdom, and to have been quite satisfied of the wisdom of his measures. A number of minor changes, in general judicious, were gradually introduced; and the Hollanders seem to have attached themselves cordially to the amiable individual who had been placed over them. Surrounded, on one occasion, by the people of a small town, he told them, that he hoped the Dutch would one day forget that he was not born in Holland. 'We have entirely forgotten it since 'the affair of Leyden'—was the immediate reply.—In May, he lost his eldest child; shortly after, he visited the Pyrenees, partly for the re-establishment of his health, which had been injured by the climate of Holland, and partly that he might for a season relieve himself from the sight of the severe sufferings occasioned by the destruction of commerce. In September, he returned to the Hague.

In his summary of foreign transactions, Louis mentions the Copenhagen expedition under Lords Cathcart and Gambier, and introduces the following comments, honourable to his feelings, and, we believe, in accordance with his general character.

'Thus concluded this expedition, astonishing in an age styled enlightened. It is impossible to justify it; and by setting this example of immorality, abuse of power, false and unjust policy, France and Europe were confirmed in the pernicious system of indulging in every thing that passion and hatred deemed advantageous to them; a system, of which, alas! we have long reaped the bitter fruits, without perceiving our error, and without being disposed to alter it.'

Our readers would scarcely thank us for a critical analysis of the remaining materials of these volumes: they afford various illustrations of the kind and honourable nature of Louis, while they also display a restlessness of disposition which prompted him to mix himself with every thing that was going forward.

He seems to have been always actively employed, and to have felt uneasy because he could not be at once king and minister, commander and subaltern. He created a new order of knighthood; changed, with much bustle and procession, his residence, first, to Utrecht, and then to Amsterdam; founded a royal Institution of Arts and Sciences, and recommended the adoption of a new system of weights and measures. In the beginning of 1809, the dykes of a large district gave way, and Louis, as usual, hastened to the spot, and urged in person the necessary exertions. The narration of this event, contains some of the best description in the whole work. The finances still remained in the same shattered and nearly hopeless condition; and scheme after scheme was tried and failed. A large portion of the volumes is filled with the statements and calculations which were made and published from time to time. But matters at length approached their crisis. Various circumstances had successively transpired, all tending to convince Louis that his brother had no intention of suffering him to remain in his present situation; and the disastrous affair of Walcheren, afforded an opportunity for accumulating a large French force within the frontier of Holland. In this part of his history, Louis does not shew himself to advantage: he talks largely and absurdly of his disposition to resist, intimates that he was inclined to call in the aid of England, and even goes so far as to describe arrangements for defending the lines of Amsterdam. In the beginning of 1810, he was in Paris, where he had suffered himself to be enticed, as he says, against his own judgement, and in submission to the opinion of his council. Here he was detained as a kind of prisoner at large, and was treated with studied harshness by Napoleon in order to induce his abdication; but at length, in April, he was permitted to depart, on his signing the well-known treaty which made important cessions of Dutch territory, and left the rest of Holland under the control, and entirely at the mercy, of France. Only a few weeks after his return, however, Louis received a letter from his brother, the length of which prevents our inserting it, containing a strange mixture of stern and contemptuous reproof with affected moderation. Whatever may be the view which it gives of the policy of Napoleon, it clearly shews the weak and temporizing character of Louis: it points out to him the inconsistency of his conduct with the system which had been dictated to him, and with the purposes for which he had been placed on the throne of Holland; and it proves that he had entirely overrated his own resources, when he imagined himself equal to the complicated task of evading the stern and unrelaxing scrutiny of his brother, and of fixing himself permanently in his kingdom, by complying as far as possible with the wisdom and feelings of the nation. He

was compelled to resign his crown, after a little empty vapouring about resistance; and the instrument by which he endeavoured to convey it to his son, was treated with contempt. In the fallen fortunes of Napoleon, Louis made some demonstrations toward the resumption of his rank; but his efforts met with no encouragement in any quarter. The remainder of his story is principally occupied with his changes of residence; and it concludes with an eulogistic summary of his general views and feelings.

On the whole, it is a pity that Louis Bonaparte should have felt ambitious to distinguish himself as a writer. His character previously stood fair in the general sentiment, and though it will not be lessened, we are not aware that it will be much elevated by the publication of these volumes. As a king, 'he bore his faculties so meekly,' and stood 'so clear in his 'great office,' that he deserves the highest praise. On more than one occasion, he was reproached for his humanity; and when he suppressed a riot by a simple explanation, it was made matter of accusation against him, that he did not hang up fifty of the rioters. As a political character, we have every reason to believe him to be without reproach; but as an author, we have no urgent wish to cultivate any more intimate acquaintance with him.

Art. VI. *Horæ Homileticæ;* or Discourses (in the form of Skeletons) upon the Whole Scriptures. By the Rev. C. Simeon, M.A. Fellow of King's College, Cambridge. Eleven Volumes, 8vo. London. 1819 and 1820.

THE name of the Author of this voluminous production, has long been, with us, a pledge of that which is sound in doctrine, respectable in talent, and useful in tendency. To the influence of his high character and unremitted exertions in the peculiarly important sphere allotted him, we ascribe, in a higher degree than to any other individual, the progress of evangelical sentiments among the clergy of the Established Church. Although not a Professor of Divinity in the University of which he is so bright an ornament, yet, to his instructions and advice, as well as to his writings, many hundreds of the younger clergy are ready, we doubt not, to acknowledge themselves indebted for the most valuable assistance they ever received in preparing for the duties of the sacred office. For the purpose of directing and facilitating their discharge of the arduous engagements of the pulpit, in the early stage of their ministry, the work before us is particularly designed. It is intended 'to supply a 'regular series of Discourses on the most important parts of 'the whole Volume of Scripture; and to adapt those Discourses,

'is no friend to systematizers in theology.' 'He has endea-
'voured to derive from the Scriptures alone his views of religion;
'and to them it is his wish to adhere, with scrupulous fidelity;
'never wresting any portion of the word of God to favour a par-
'ticular opinion, but giving to every part of it that sense which
'it seems to him to have been designed by its Great Author to con-
'vey.'—'He feels it impossible to repeat too often, or avow too
'distinctly, that it is an invariable rule with him to endeavour to
'give to every portion of the word of God its full and proper
'force, without considering one moment what scheme it favours,
'or whose system it is likely to advance.' To endeavour care-
fully to ascertain, and boldly and honestly to avow, unfettered by system, that which appears to be the true meaning of the word of God, is unquestionably the duty of every minister of Christ: at the same time, if that which appears to be the true meaning of a passage of Scripture, *seems* to be at variance with the system of doctrine which we firmly believe, after due investigation, to be the system of the inspired writers, it is highly important and requisite to explain the principles on which, while there *seems* to be a discordance, there is really a consistency and a harmony. We admit that the writers of Scripture have not taken pains to exhibit that consistency which really exists in all the parts of the system of Divine truth; and Mr. Simeon seems to infer from the absence of such attempts on the part of the inspired writers, that the preacher of the gospel may be excused from undertaking the task of reconciling apparently opposite statements. In many of his discourses, therefore, he discovers less solicitude on this head than we could have wished he should discover. The conciseness of expression requisite for the Book of Inspiration, will itself account for the absence of those explanatory and cautionary statements which, in a discourse whose express object is to elucidate Scripture, should not be altogether omitted.

The theological sentiments conveyed throughout the whole of these volumes, we need scarcely say, are decidedly Evangelical. The doctrines of the gospel are exhibited in their practical bearing, and the duties of Christianity are enforced from Evangelical principles. It has been the object of the Author to guard against what he designates, not unaptly, 'an Ultra-Evangelical taste,
'which overlooks in many passages the *practical* lessons they
'were intended to convey, and detects in them only the leading
'doctrines of the gospel;' which perverts the Scripture 'so as
'to make it refer to Christ and his salvation, when no such object
'appears to have been in the contemplation of the inspired
'writer.'

For a distinct view of the Author's sentiments on the leading points of Evangelical religion, we are referred, in the Preface, to four discourses, entitled, "An Appeal to men of Wisdom and

subjects, whether doctrinal or practical, which comes home to every man's business and bosom. The great end of preaching is constantly kept in view by Mr. Simeon, and his object is, not to entertain, nor merely to inform his hearers, but to impress, to convince, to persuade. There is a tone of feeling and a spirit of animation pervading the whole series of discourses, which we cannot but highly appreciate. His appeals to the conscience are pointed and fervid, and well deserve the imitation of all who would make real usefulness to the souls of men the grand object of their ministry.

If the advantages now specified may accrue to all classes of those who preach the gospel of Christ, from the use of the volumes under consideration, they have undoubtedly the strongest claim on the attention of the younger order of the *Clergy;* and as for *their* benefit they were especially designed, it is by their adaptation to this end that the merit of the work should be estimated. Tried by this test, we are prepared to appreciate very highly its value, and we doubt not that the wish of the excellent and revered Author will be fully gratified—'that this 'labour of love will be regarded by his brethren in the ministry, 'not as an act of presumption, but as an humble and affectionate 'attempt to render their entrance on their holy and honourable 'calling more easy, and their prosecution of it more useful.'

We think it would have been still more useful, had there been afforded greater assistance in ascertaining the precise meaning of difficult texts, by the aids of legitimate and judicious criticism. The biblical student who is anxious to determine the true and literal import of passages on which criticism has been often expended, and obscurities still remain, will not receive all that assistance in the elucidation of Scripture, which in such a work, and from such an author, he might perhaps expect. It is true that the discourses are *Homiletical* and therefore not *Critical;* still, as they are intended for the edification of ordinary assemblies, not in the first instance, but as modified and amplified by the preacher who avails himself of their aid, *that* aid would have been additionally valuable, had it more frequently presented to him the result of critical researches, and in some instances detailed at greater length the process of inquiry and examination by which the mind of the Author had arrived at the specified result. Such remarks, if not incorporated with the discourse, might have been, with rich advantage, introduced in the form of notes, either at the foot of the page, or at the conclusion of the discourse.

The principles of interpretation on which Mr. Simeon proceeds, in explaining the Sacred Scriptures, are, in general, such as we cordially approve. We concur with him most unreservedly in the views expressed in his Preface, when he states, that he

'is no friend to systematizers in theology.' 'He has endea-
'voured to derive from the Scriptures alone his views of religion;
'and to them it is his wish to adhere, with scrupulous fidelity;
'never wresting any portion of the word of God to favour a par-
'ticular opinion, but giving to every part of it that sense which
'it seems to him to have been designed by its Great Author to con-
'vey.'—'He feels it impossible to repeat too often, or avow too
'distinctly, that it is an invariable rule with him to endeavour to
'give to every portion of the word of God its full and proper
'force, without considering one moment what scheme it favours,
'or whose system it is likely to advance.' To endeavour care-
fully to ascertain, and boldly and honestly to avow, unfettered by system, that which appears to be the true meaning of the word of God, is unquestionably the duty of every minister of Christ: at the same time, if that which appears to be the true meaning of a passage of Scripture, *seems* to be at variance with the system of doctrine which we firmly believe, after due investigation, to be the system of the inspired writers, it is highly important and requisite to explain the principles on which, while there *seems* to be a discordance, there is really a consistency and a harmony. We admit that the writers of Scripture have not taken pains to exhibit that consistency which really exists in all the parts of the system of Divine truth; and Mr. Simeon seems to infer from the absence of such attempts on the part of the inspired writers, that the preacher of the gospel may be excused from undertaking the task of reconciling apparently opposite statements. In many of his discourses, therefore, he discovers less solicitude on this head than we could have wished he should discover. The conciseness of expression requisite for the Book of Inspiration, will itself account for the absence of those explanatory and cautionary statements which, in a discourse whose express object is to elucidate Scripture, should not be altogether omitted.

The theological sentiments conveyed throughout the whole of these volumes, we need scarcely say, are decidedly Evangelical. The doctrines of the gospel are exhibited in their practical bearing, and the duties of Christianity are enforced from Evangelical principles. It has been the object of the Author to guard against what he designates, not unaptly, 'an Ultra-Evangelical taste,
'which overlooks in many passages the *practical* lessons they
'were intended to convey, and detects in them only the leading
'doctrines of the gospel;' which perverts the Scripture 'so as
'to make it refer to Christ and his salvation, when no such object
'appears to have been in the contemplation of the inspired
'writer.'

For a distinct view of the Author's sentiments on the leading points of Evangelical religion, we are referred, in the Preface, to four discourses, entitled, "An Appeal to men of Wisdom and

"Candour," delivered before the University of Cambridge. That discourses so replete with Scriptural truth, and pervaded by so much of the spirit of Christianity, should be preached before such an auditory, cannot but be a cause of rejoicing to those who love the Gospel, and whose hearts' desire it is, that in our seats of learning, the genuine religion of the Bible should ever receive the homage of literature and science. The text adopted as a kind of motto for these Sermons, is, 1 Cor. x. 15. "I speak as to "wise men; judge ye what I say." In the first discourse, Mr. Simeon maintains,

'I. That the Gospel approves itself to all who are truly wise:—

'Both as a *Revelation*, standing on a basis that is immoveable, and as a *Remedy*, exactly suited to the necessities of fallen man.

'II. That it is the duty of every man to exercise his judgment in relation to it:—

'To form a judgment with care—

'To exercise it with candour—and,

'To implore of God the enlightening and sanctifying influences of his Spirit.'

In the second discourse, Mr. Simeon ably exhibits the corruption, of human nature, and appeals in confirmation of his statement, to the Holy Scriptures, to the Articles and Homilies of the Church of England, and to the convictions and experience of his hearers.

The third discourse treats on the doctrine of the New Birth. The Preacher commences the discussion by disclaiming the sentiments imputed, by many, to those who maintain the essential difference between Baptism and Regeneration. He states with clearness and energy the doctrine of Scripture; and then proceeds to point out what it is in the views of his opponents, which he disapproves. In one passage, he has the following expression:

'If by the term *regeneration* they meant an introduction into a new *state*, in which the baptized persons have a right and title to all the blessings of salvation, we should have no controversy with them.'

Seldom are any expressions of Mr. Simeon's wanting in perspicuity. In this instance, however, we find it difficult to understand precisely his meaning. If his words were to be taken in their full extent of meaning, it appears to us that the controversy to which he refers, would indeed be at an end, but it would be terminated by his yielding the main point in dispute to his opponents. For, if it be granted that baptized persons are, by the act of baptism, introduced into a state in which they have a *right and title*, not merely to the external privileges of Christianity, but *to all the blessings of salvation*, then they may *claim* those blessings as their *right*;—then they are, in reality, the *heirs* of salvation;—then the Catechism is correct in representing chil-

dren, as, by the ordinance of baptism, made 'members of Christ, 'children of God, and inheritors of the kingdom of heaven.' Anxious to ascertain in what sense Mr. Simeon understands this language of the Catechism, we turned to his discourses on the 'Excellency of the Liturgy,' and, in the second of them, found the following passage.

'There are two things to be noticed, in reference to this subject; the *term*, Regeneration, and the *thing*. The *term* occurs but twice in the Scriptures: in one place, it refers to baptism, and is distinguished from the renewing of the Holy Ghost; which, however, is represented as attendant on it: and, in the other place, it has a totally distinct meaning unconnected with the subject. Now, the *term* they (the Reformers) use as the Scripture uses it; and the *thing* they require as strongly as any person can require it. They do not give us any reason to imagine that an adult person can be saved, without experiencing all that modern Divines have included in the term Regeneration; on the contrary, they do, both there, and throughout the whole Liturgy, insist upon the necessity of a radical change both of heart and life. Here, then, the only question is, not whether a baptized person can be saved by that ordinance, without sanctification, but *whether God does always accompany the sign with the thing signified?* Here is certainly room for difference of opinion: but it cannot be positively decided in the negative; because we cannot know, or even judge, respecting it, in any instance whatever, except by the fruits that follow: and, therefore, in all fairness, *it may be considered only as a doubtful point.*'

That it is a doubtful point *at the time* of the baptism of a child, whether the child is, or ever will be, a subject of regenerating grace, we readily acknowledge; but this acknowledgment proceeds on the fact, that many who have been baptized, have never, in their subsequent lives, given evidence of regeneration, but, on the other hand, have given continued evidence of unregeneracy. This acknowledgment, then, with this admission of the fact on which it is founded, amounts to a *decision in the negative* on the question proposed: for, if some have been baptized whose lives prove that they are not regenerated, then it is certain that *God does not always* accompany the sign with the thing signified.

While, however, an attempt to explain and vindicate the language of the Catechism and the Liturgy, may have occasioned, in some of the statements of Mr. Simeon, a degree of ambiguity, not to say of inaccuracy, we are happy to state that in the discourse before us, as well as in the general strain of his whole performance, the nature and the necessity of regeneration are exhibited with equal clearness and force. In the conclusion of the discourse, the Preacher introduces a very striking comparison of the tendencies of the two opposite doctrines, in point of sobriety, in point of practical efficacy, and in reference to their final issue.

The fourth discourse in the series, is devoted to the doctrine of Justification by Faith.

After an introduction, in which the nature of Justification is explained, Mr. Simeon inquires,

'I. What is the true way of salvation? and examines the testimony of the moral law, of the ceremonial law, of the Prophets, of the Lord Jesus Christ himself, and of his Apostles; he inquires also, what was the way in which the most eminent saints of old were justified, and what is the way marked out in the authentic records of the Church of England.

'II. What evidence we have that this is the only true way?

'The evidence is deduced from two considerations:—

'1. This alone accords with the character given of the true gospel.

'Since this alone magnifies the grace of God, cuts off all occasion for boasting, and secures the performance of good works.

'2. This alone is suited to our condition as fallen sinners.'

Under this head, the Preacher judiciously exposes the subterfuges of sinners, and then concludes with an animated, faithful, and affectionate appeal to his hearers.

In the interpretation of the types and ceremonies of the levitical priesthood, to which Mr. Simeon devotes a considerable number of discourses, there is displayed much judicious discrimination, blended with great spirituality of mind, and a happy facility in suggesting considerations with a view to the purposes of practical improvement. We by no means regard Mr. Simeon as a writer addicted to fanciful interpretations of Scripture; and yet, we must acknowledge that, in some instances, the exercise of ingenuity in conjecturing the spiritual import of Mosaic rites, oversteps, in our judgement, the limits imposed on the expositor of Scripture, by just canons of interpretation. An instance of this occurs in the discourse on the purification of the leper, founded on Lev. xiv. 4—9. We quote the following remarks.

'Two birds were to be taken; one of which was to be killed over a vessel of spring water; and the other, dipped in the bloody water, was to be let loose. Some interpret this as signifying, that Christ should die for us, and that the sinner, dipped, as it were, in his blood, should be liberated from sin and death, and be enabled to soar above this lower world, both in heart and life. But we apprehend that both the birds equally designate Christ. And, inasmuch as the living bird was dipped in the blood of that which was killed, this intimated, that all that Christ should do for us, after his resurrection, was founded upon the atonement which he had offered; by which he obtained a right to justify us, and to send us his Holy Spirit, and to save us with an everlasting salvation. As for the cedar-wood, the scarlet wool, and the hyssop, which were also dipped in the bloody water, and used in sprinkling the leper, we forbear to specify the spiritual import of each, because it must rest on mere conjecture, and will not prove satisfactory after all.'

We perfectly concur in the last of these remarks, and feel inclined to extend its reference to the interpretation by which it is preceded. Another expositor, if equally ingenious, and equally spiritual, might propose another interpretation not destitute of probability. Who, then, shall decide on their respective claims?

We think Mr. Simeon greatly excels in many of his discourses on historical passages in the Old Testament. We have noticed many of them which are in a high degree interesting, instructive, and edifying. Our readers may regard the following as a specimen of the judicious manner in which many important and difficult passages are illustrated and improved. The discourse is the 50th in the series. The text is Exod. vii. 3. "I will harden "Pharoah's heart." We present to our readers the introduction, which is appropriate, and the plan, which is judicious.

'As there are in the works of creation many things which exceed the narrow limits of human understanding, so are there many things incomprehensible to us, both in the works of providence and of grace. It is not, however, necessary, that, because we cannot fully comprehend these mysteries, we should never fix our attention at all upon them: as far as they are revealed, the consideration of them is highly proper; only, where we are so liable to err, our steps must be proportionably cautious, and our inquiries be conducted with the greater humility. In particular, the deepest reverence becomes us while we contemplate the subject before us. We ought not, on the one hand, to indulge a proud and captious spirit that shall banish the subject altogether, nor, on the other hand, to make our assertions upon it with a bold, unhallowed confidence. Desirous of avoiding either extreme, we shall endeavour to *explain* and *vindicate* the conduct of God, as it is stated in the text:

'I. To explain it—

'We are not to imagine that God infused any evil principle into the heart of Pharoah: *this* God never did, nor ever will do, to any of his creatures. What he did, may be comprehended in three particulars.

'1. He left Pharoah to the influence of his own corruptions.

'2. He suffered such events to concur as should give scope for the exercise of those corruptions.

'3. He gave Satan permission to exert his influence over him.

'When once we have learned what was the true nature of God's agency, and how far it was concerned in the hardening of Pharoah's heart, we shall be at no loss,

'II. To vindicate it.

'We must never forget that God's ways and thoughts are infinitely above ours; and that whether we approve of them or not, "he will never give account of them to us:" yet, constituted as we are, we feel a satisfaction in being able to discern their suitableness to the divine character. Of the dispensation, then, which we are considering, we may say,

'1. It was *righteous*, as it respected the individual himself.

'2. It was *merciful*, as it respected the universe at large.

'It has shewn us the extreme depravity of the human heart—our need of divine grace—the danger of fighting against God—and the obligations we lie under to God, for the long-suffering he has already exercised towards us.'

Under each of the particulars specified, there is more or less of appropriate illustration, and the whole is followed by an applicatory address.

In a considerable number of discourses, interspersed throughout these volumes, Mr. Simeon has proved himself an able and zealous advocate for the efforts which are now made with a view to the conversion of the Jews. As many of these discourses are given at length, and appear to be the result of much thought and reflection, we will present to our readers an analysis of one of them, in the very words of the Author: and they may regard it as a specimen of the neatness, perspicuity, and accuracy of arrangement which characterize the work as a whole.

The text is Rom. xv. 26 and 27.; and the discourse is entitled, "Christians Debtors to the Jews." The Preacher considers

'I. Our obligations to the Jews—

'1. To the Patriarchs—

Abraham—for the covenant of grace—and for a display of faith—
Isaac and Jacob—for illustrating a life of faith.

'2. To the Prophets—

Moses—for the law { 1. Moral } a schoolmaster—
{ 2. Ceremonial } a rule—

All the Prophets—for a chain of prophecy—

'3. To the Apostles—

For so full an account of Christ—
For their zeal, in risking life for us—
For their example—of highest virtues—

'4. To the Lord Jesus Christ—

He did not { obtain the covenant—but ratified it—
{ foretell—but accomplish—
{ risk life—but laid it down—

'II. The return we should make them—

'1. Endeavour to secure the salvation which the Jews of former ages have handed down to us—

It would requite them ill to neglect it—
And would greatly aggravate our guilt—
Our duty then is,

To trust in Christ—
To follow the counsels and example of { Patriarchs—
{ Prophets—
{ Apostles—

'2. Endeavour to make the Jews of this and future ages partakers of the blessings which we derived from their fathers—

'*Objection*—We owe nothing to them—

'*Answer*—We do, as the bereaved children of our blessed benefactor.
'*Query*—How are we to do it?
'*Answer*—As their fathers did for us; use all active self-denying exertions—
'*Objection*—'Tis in vain—they are hardened.
'*Answer*—Whose fault is that? Ours—
'*Objection*—The time is not come—
'*Answer*—Who is authorized to say so? We affirm that it is come.—
'1. God is awakening an attention to the world—in bibles—missions, &c.
'2. He has stirred up attention to the Jews—
'3. He has excited an expectation of the Messiah, here and on the Continent.—
'4. He has given success already—
Some pious—and studious, preparing—
Success great, considering the efforts—
Ergo, it is come.
But if it were not so, our duty is the same—
We call you, then, not to be generous, but just—Pay your debts—
Think what arrears are due—
Let all the means in our power be used—
But let us, in the first place, give up our ownselves to the Lord; 2 Cor. viii. 5.—
Then may we hope for most success, when we can say, "Come and I will go also." Zech. viii. 21.'

The general outline of every discourse is printed in a larger type than the subordinate particulars and the amplification, so as to present to the eye, in the clearest manner, and almost at a glance, the leading divisions of the sermon. The whole number of discourses which occupy the eleven volumes, is 1221, making the average length of the sermons somewhat less than five pages, and requiring about a quarter of an hour to read aloud. They are thus adapted to the convenience of families, and may usefully be read at the hour of family devotion, according to the suggestion of the Author. They are arranged in the order of the books of Scripture, which is the most convenient plan for the purposes of reference; and the work is the more valuable because a great variety of texts are selected by the Author, which are not very frequently chosen as the basis of discourses from the pulpit. Some idea of the extent and variety of the subjects embraced, and of the wide field of Scripture truth over which the reader is conducted, may be formed by the most brief and general statement of the contents of the several volumes.

Vol. I. contains 98 Discourses, commencing with the book of Genesis, and terminating with that of Leviticus. Vol. II. contains discourses from number 99 to 220, commencing with

the book of Numbers, and sending with the Second Book of Samuel. Vol. III.—1 Kings to Job.—221—330. Vol. IV. contains 109 Discourses on texts selected from the Psalms. Vol. V. Prov. to Isaiah.—441—546. Vol. VI. completes the series on the Old Testament, making the whole number 654. The remaining five Volumes are occupied with discourses founded on the New Testament. Vol. VII. Matth. to Luke, 655—796.

Vol. VIII. John to Acts, 797—901.

Vol. IX. Rom. to Gal. 902—1015.

Vol. X. Eph. to Heb. 1016—1135.

Vol. XI. James to Rev. 1136—1221.

The whole is followed by very ample and convenient indexes; including not only an index to the texts, but also one to the subjects.

The general impression which this extensive and valuable work has produced upon our minds, is decidedly and strongly in favour of the piety, the talents, and the assiduity of the Author. He has performed a task of Herculean labour, and which but few, we think, besides himself, could have accomplished, or at least could have accomplished with equal judgement and success. It is the result of thought, reflection, and devotion, exercised on a vast variety of important subjects, by a mind well trained and disciplined for the employment. It is the produce of the laborious cultivation and unremitted diligence of many years. Nor will "the labour be in vain in the Lord." It has been undertaken and prosecuted, we are well persuaded, with a pure and earnest desire to promote the cause of Scriptural truth and vital Christianity; and we trust it will long continue, by the blessing of God, to answer the intended purpose, to a degree even more than commensurate with the expectations of the revered Author.

Art. VII. *The Fall of Jerusalem.* A Dramatic Poem. By the Rev. H. H. Milman. New Edition. 8vo. pp. 167. Price 8s. 6d. London, 1820.

IT may be affirmed without a solecism, that the Stage has been the ruin of the Drama. In the days of our elder dramatists, the Stage was the nurse of Poetry, but the nurse has finished by overlaying her charge. Our modern playwrights are any thing but poets, and our modern poets are for the most part, every thing but dramatists. We have, indeed, in a distinguished female writer, one brilliant exception: Miss Baillie's tragedies, though often all the worse for the attempt to adapt them to representation, contain much poetry of the highest order. There are also, Coleridge's "Remorse" and Neale's "Mustapha," productions richly partaking of the spirit of our early writers, and for this very reason not likely to succeed as acted plays. But the slight construction and diffuse style of

modern poetry, are uncongenial with the severe laws of dramatic writing. A ready rhymer might strike off two or three dozen cantos of cantering narrative in the time that it would occupy to frame a tolerable tragedy; and series after series of tales, might be got up with less expense of patient and laborious meditation. We will not say that the difficulties of dramatic poetry supply the sole reason why it has been so rarely attempted. Probably it is felt, that an *unacted* play is of all productions the least attractive to general readers, carrying on the face of it a sort of presumption against its merits; while even the critic is too apt to judge of it by the fallacious and injurious test of theatric propriety. With many persons, too, dramatic poetry lies under a broad stigma arising from the bad company it has so long kept, from which not even the great name of the Author of Comus and Sampson Agonistes is sufficient to redeem it. But we will confess, that we have long wished to have one of the noblest species of literature rescued from the neglect into which, owing to these circumstances, it has so long fallen. Deprecating as we do the Stage with all its inseparable abominations, on the score of its influence upon the taste as well as the morals of the people, we yet regard the Drama as poetry in perhaps its most perfect form; and for this reason are anxious that, as the parties in question, the Stage and Poetry, have been so long virtually separated, a divorce should be pronounced, in order that each may be at liberty to maintain its separate state, without the courtiers of the Dramatic Muse being confounded with the apologists for the Theatre.

The difficulty of writing a good tragedy,—of the extent of which difficulty few persons who have not made the trial are competent judges,—must nevertheless be admitted to constitute one reason that the thing has not been more frequently attempted by writers who have succeeded in almost every other kind of poetry. We have little doubt that Sir Walter Scott, for instance, could, if he chose to take the requisite pains, frame a very amusing comedy; but we doubt whether his talents are exactly of that order which would justify his venturing on the higher walk we are alluding to. Lord Byron has written a beautiful poem in the dramatic form, under the title of Manfred; but for reasons already given in our review of his Lordship's works, we are still left to question his being able to exert the plastic powers of a master of the drama. Mr. Southey's Roderick the Goth is confessedly a grand conception, but whether even Mr. Southey could write a tragedy, we will not pretend to say. It will not for a moment be supposed that we would affect to rank the talents of Mr. Milman above those of the poets we have referred to; but certainly, to have succeeded so well in this difficult and rarely trodden walk of poetry, implies the pos-

session of no ordinary share of ability,—chiefly, perhaps, a comprehensiveness of mind which does not always fall to the lot of more vigorous genius, and a power of conception much superior to the skill displayed in the execution of his verse. The present poem is not the first dramatic production for which the public are indebted to its Author. Mr. Milman's "Fazio," was a splendid promise of future excellence, and, as a play, quite equal to those which we have enumerated at the commencement of this article. Although very far from a faultless production, it contains passages of the most exquisite pathos, and makes a very strong impression upon the feelings. This was followed by a narrative poem which we have done the Author injustice in having so long deferred to notice, but which has not been in general considered as likely to gain popularity. The better chosen subject of The Fall of Jerusalem, not less than the form into which the poem is cast, will recommend it more extensively to the favourable notice it so well deserves.

The subject is one which it is surprising no former poet should have pre-occupied, and the illustration of which it is in strict consistency with the clerical character sustained by the present Author, to make the chief business of the poem. It has been, he says, his object, 'to shew the full completion of pro-'phecy in this great event.'

'Nor do I conceive,' it is added, 'that the public mind (should this poem merit attention) can be directed to so striking and so incontestible an evidence of the Christian faith without advantage. Those whom duty might not induce to compare the long narrative of Josephus with the Scriptural prediction of the "Abomination of Desolation," may be tempted by the embellishments of poetic language, and the interest of a dramatic fable.'

It is well to have a noble object in view in the lighter exertions of one's faculties: it is well that all our pursuits should bear the stamp of one simple purpose that shall redeem even the most trivial from insignificance. It is this which sanctifies the character of the poet; this has encircled with a halo of moral grandeur the laureated brow of the Author of Paradise Lost; and the absence of this high moral aim, or, in some cases, the flagrant prostitution of transcendent talent to an infernal aim, has reflected contempt or degradation on too large a proportion of our literature. Mr. Milman is apparently aware of the fearful responsibility which a clergyman more peculiarly lies under with respect to the employment of his *leisure*; and assuredly, his own leisure has been in this instance as honourably as it has been elegantly employed. The drama before us, it is perhaps needless to premise, was neither written with a view to public representation, 'nor can be adapted to it without being 'entirely remodelled and rewritten.' We have, indeed, had a

recent instance of a clergyman writing expressly for the theatre; in which case, all that we can say is, that we should probably see reason to prefer his plays to his sermons; but from the disgraceful incongruity of such conduct, Mr. Milman stands most perfectly clear. There is nothing in his poem which in the least militates against his being a sound divine or an exemplary parish minister: we hope that he will prove himself both.

This poem is not divided into Acts, but is supposed to comprise a period of about thirty-six hours, into which space are compressed, by an allowable exercise of the poetical license, events which occupied a much longer interval. The characters consist of the Roman Emperor and his council of chiefs; Simon, the Assassin, and John, the Tyrant, the leaders of the two hostile factions of Pharisees and Sadducees; Eleazar, the Zealot; Amariah, Son of John; Abiram, a false Prophet; Javan, a Christian, by birth a Jew; Miriam and Salone, daughters of Simon; and a few subordinate personages. It opens with a conference between Titus and his attendants, in which the order is given for completing that very night the circuit of the wall, by which the besieged were cut off from all possibility of escape. The scene is then changed to the Fountain of Siloe, where Miriam, the heroic Christian daughter of Simon, is expecting, at the appointed hour, her lover with the secret supplies by which, in the midst of the horrors of famine, she ministers nourishment to her father. Javan urges her to flee: she answers, 'My father!'

> '*Javan.* 'Miriam! is not thy father
> (Oh, that such flowers should bloom on such a stock!)
> The curse of Israel? even his common name
> Simon the Assassin! of the bloody men
> That hold their iron sway within yon city,
> The bloodiest.
> '*Miriam.* Oh cease! I pray thee cease!
> Javan! I know that all men hate my father;
> Javan! I fear that all should hate my father;
> And therefore, Javan, must his daughter's love,
> Her dutiful, her deep, her fervent love,
> Make up to his forlorn and desolate heart
> The forfeited affections of his kind.
> Is't not so written in our law? And He
> We worship, came not to destroy the Law.
> Then let men rain their curses, let the storm
> Of human hate beat on his rugged trunk,
> I will cling to him, starve, die, bear the scoffs
> Of men upon my scattered bones, with him.'
> '*Jav.* Oh, Miriam! what a fatal art hast thou
> Of winding thought, word, act, to thy sole purpose;
> The enamouring one even now too much enamoured!

I must admire thee more for so denying
Than I had dared if thou hadst fondly granted.
Thou dost devote thyself to utterest peril,
And me to deepest anguish; yet even now
Thou art lovelier to me in thy cold severity,
Flying me, leaving me without a joy,
Without a hope on earth, without thyself;
Thou art lovelier now than if thy yielding soul
Had smiled on me a passionate consent.
Go! for I see thy parting homeward look,
Go in thy beauty! like a setting star,
The last in all the thick and moonless heavens,
O'er the lone traveller in the trackless desert.
Go! if this dark and miserable earth
Do jealously refuse us place for meeting,
There is a heaven for those who trust in Christ.
Farewell!——'

The interview between the two sisters which follows, serves bring out the character of Salone, in which the infatuated l and enthusiasm of Simon are finely tempered by the softer its of womanly feeling. She has long suspected her sister of stacy, and threatens her with proclaiming it, but relents from influence of affection. Simon enters, and describes to his ghters, very unnecessarily, and not very naturally, an act of cious cruelty of which he had just been guilty in snatching ay some food from the famishing children of a miserable ther. When Miriam is left alone, she vents her feelings in following beautiful Hymn.

'Oh Thou! thou who canst melt the heart of stone,
And make the desert of the cruel breast
A paradise of soft and gentle thoughts!
Ah! will it ever be, that thou wilt visit
The darkness of my father's soul? Thou knowest
In what strong bondage Zeal and ancient Faith,
Passion and stubborn Custom, and fierce Pride,
Hold th' heart of man. Thou knowest, Merciful!
Thou knowest all things, and dost ever turn
Thine eye of pity on our guilty nature.

'For thou wert born of woman! thou didst come,
Oh Holiest! to this world of sin and gloom,
Not in thy dread omnipotent array;
And not by thunders strew'd
Was thy tempestuous road;
Not indignation burnt before thee on thy way.
But thee, a soft and naked child,
Thy mother undefiled,
In the rude manger laid to rest
From off her virgin breast.

'The heavens were not commanded to prepare
A gorgeous canopy of golden air;
Nor stoop'd their lamps th' enthroned fires on high:
A single silent star
Came wandering from afar,
Gliding uncheck'd and calm along the liquid sky;
The Eastern Sages leading on
As at a kingly throne,
To lay their gold and odours sweet
Before thy infant feet.

'The Earth and Ocean were not hush'd to hear
Bright harmony from every starry sphere;
Nor at thy presence brake the voice of song
From all the cherub choirs,
And seraph's burning lyres,
Pour'd thro' the host of heaven the charmed clouds along.
One angel troop the strain began,
Of all the race of man
By simple shepherds heard alone,
The soft Hosanna's tone.

'And when thou didst depart, no car of flame
To bear thee hence in lambent radiance came;
Nor visible Angels mourn'd with drooping plumes:
Nor didst thou mount on high
From fatal Calvary
With all thine own redeem'd outbursting from their tombs.
For thou didst bear away from earth
But one of human birth,
The dying felon by thy side, to be
In Paradise with thee.

'Nor o'er thy cross the clouds of vengeance brake;
A little while the conscious earth did shake
At that foul deed by her fierce children done;
A few dim hours of day
The world in darkness lay;
Then bask'd in bright repose beneath the cloudless sun:
While thou didst sleep beneath the tomb,
Consenting to thy doom;
Ere yet the white-robed Angel shone
Upon the sealed stone.

'And when thou didst arise, thou didst not stand
With Devastation in thy red right hand,
Plaguing the guilty city's murtherous crew;
But thou didst haste to meet
Thy mother's coming feet,
And bear the words of peace unto the faithful few.
Then calmly, slowly didst thou rise
Into thy native skies,
Thy human form dissolved on high
In its own radiancy.'

The next scene is the house of Simon at day-break. Simon alone is discoursing with himself on the mysterious delay of the supernatural interposition which he still expects for the deliverance of the besieged city, when he is joined by John, Eleazar, the High Priest, and Amariah. A violent altercation takes place between the rival chiefs, which is allayed by the mediation of the High Priest, just as 'the Gentile horn' demands a parley. The scene changes to the Walls of the City. The pacific offers of Titus are for the last time scornfully rejected by the infatuated Jews; and a javelin from the hand of Amariah, aimed at Joseph, is given as their reply to the Jew's address to his countrymen. From the conversation of the two sisters in the ensuing scene, we gather that the attack has re-commenced, and that the besiegers have made a sortie. In the evening, the assembled chiefs, discomfited, and enraged at what they deem the cowardice of their troops, vent in mutual reproaches the bitterness of their feelings. Simon rehearses the crimes of the licentious Sadducee, whom he denounces as the chief cause of all their calamities. John's reply to the 'lying and injurious Pharisee,' is in the true spirit of infidel bravado.

'Oh! impotent and miserable arguer!
Will he that values not the stake as boldly
Confront the peril as the man that feels
His all upon the hazard? Men of Galilee,
The cup of life hath sparkled to our lips,
And we have drain'd its tide of love and joy,
Till our veins almost burst with o'erwrought rapture.
And well we know, that generous cup, once dash'd,
Shall never mantle more to the cold lips
Of the earth-bound dead. And therefore do we fight
For life as for a mistress, that being lost,
Is lost for ever. To be what we are,
Is all we hope or pray for; think ye, then,
That we shall tamely yield the contest up,
And calmly acquiesce in our extinction?
We know that there stands yawning at our feet
The gulf, where dark Annihilation dwells
With Solitude, her sister; and we fix
Our stedfast footing on the perilous verge,
And grapple to the last with the fierce foe
That seeks to plunge us down; and where's the strength
That can subdue despair?—For the other charge,
We look not, Simon, to the sky, nor pray
For sightless and impalpable messengers
To spare us the proud peril of the war.
Ourselves are our own Angels! we implore not
Or supernatural or spiritual aid;
We have our own good arms, that God hath given us,
And valiant hearts to wield those mighty arms.'

Their strife is again suspended by the voice of the High Priest, who announces that on that very morning he had overheard with horror a prayer pronounced in the sanctuary to the Crucified Man of Nazareth, and demands the unknown victim. Salone is on the point of betraying her sister, when Abiram, the false prophet, breaks in, and announces it to be the will of Heaven, that, in order to terminate all civil discord, Amariah, the son of John, should immediately marry Salone, the daughter of the Pharisee. The chiefs bow to the decision. Mr. Milman justifies the introduction of this incident at such a crisis, by the Divine declaration, that up to the very last day of the destruction of Jerusalem, there should be marrying and giving in marriage. Perhaps it is not more difficult to reconcile one's mind to the probability of a marriage being consummated under such circumstances, than to believe many of the recorded instances of the marvellous infatuation exhibited by these devoted heirs of an invoked, ineffable vengeance. The poetical use which is made of it in the sequel, will at all events excuse to the reader its introduction. The speech of John on the occasion is meant to be characteristic, but it is rather too violently so, considering that it was uttered in the very face of Famine. Simon's exhibits all the credulity of fanaticism.

'*John.* Now if there be enough of generous food,
A cup of wine in all the wasted city,
We'll have a jocund revel.
'*Simon.* Prophet Abiram,
I have a question for thy secret ear.
Thou man, whose eyes are purged from earthly film,
Seest thou no further down the tide of time?
Beyond this bridal, nothing?—Answer me!
For it should seem this designated union
Of two so noble, this conspiring blood
Of Israel's chiefs, portends some glorious fruit
To ripen in the deep futurity.
'*Abir.* Simon, what meanest thou?
'*Sim.* The Hope of Israel!
Shall it not dawn from darkness? Oh! begot
In Judah's hour of peril, and conceived
In her extreme of agony, what birth
So meet and fitting for the great Discomfiter?
'*Abir.* A light falls on me.
'*Sim.* Prophet! what shall dye
The robe of purple with so bright a grain
As Roman blood? Before our gates are met
The lords of empire, and our walls may laugh
Their siege to scorn, even till the BRANCH be grown
That's not yet planted—Yea, the wrested sceptre
Of earth, the sole dominion—Back, Abiram,
To thy prophetic cave—kneel, fast, pray, weep;

And thou shalt bless us with far nobler tidings,
And we will kiss thy feet, thou Harbinger
Of Judah's glory.—Now lead on the Bridal.'

Another interview takes place between Miriam and Javan, and the dialogue is relieved by some stanzas in which Javan apostrophizes the guilty city. The scene then changes to the streets of Jerusalem at night. Jews are represented as meeting in the utmost consternation at the supernatural prodigies which they severally describe as having occurred. In the midst of these fearful relations, the bridal song of Amariah and Salone is heard at a distance, the chorus of which is introduced at intervals, while the voice of the Son of Hananiah, denouncing woe on the fated city, heightens the terrible contrast. Here again, a highly poetical effect is obtained at the expense of a palpable but allowable deviation from strict probability. All at length is hushed in sleep; Miriam alone wakes to weep over the city that is to know no tomorrow, and her soliloquy, which is interrupted by the shouts of the Roman army at their onset, prepare the reader for the ensuing scene, in which a chorus of Jews with Simon himself, are seen rushing to the Temple, resolved to save it or perish within its hallowed precincts. Again Miriam is introduced, holding conversation with an old man who has overheard her name the Crucified One: conscience-stricken, the hoary infidel owns his reluctant belief in the Christ as now appearing girt with vengeance, but dies in obstinate impenitence. There is a great deal of beauty and propriety in this incident. She then meets with her sister, Salone, who has received her death-wound from her husband, to prevent her falling into the hands of the Romans. Her delirious upbraidings of the Christian Miriam, to whose envy she madly attributes her being robbed of Amariah, are very natural and affecting. Salone expires, and Miriam is borne off by a soldier. Simon then appears before the front of the Temple, still incredulous of its fate, and insanely clinging to the hope that a miraculous deliverance is at hand; and when bound by the Roman soldiers at the command of Titus, he answers their taunts, on their telling him to burst his fetters, with

'Fool, 'tis not yet the hour.'

At length, the shrieks of those who perish in the flames that are destroying the Temple, leave him no longer scope for doubting; and as he is led off, he exclaims:

'A moment, Romans.
Is't then thy will, Almighty Lord of Israel,
That this thy Temple be a heap of ashes?
Is't then thy will, that I, thy chosen Captain,
Put on the raiment of captivity?

By Abraham, our father! by the Twelve,
The Patriarch sons of Jacob! by the Law,
In thunder spoken! by the untouch'd Ark!
By David and the Anointed race of Kings!
By great Elias, and the gifted Prophets!
I here demand a sign.
'Tis there—I see it
The fire that rends the Veil!
We are then of thee
Abandon'd—not abandon'd of ourselves.
Heap woes upon us, scatter us abroad,
Earth's scorn and hissing; to the race of men
A loathsome proverb; spurn'd by every foot,
And curs'd by every tongue; our heritage
And birthright bondage; and our very brows
Bearing, like Cain's, the outcast mark of hate:
Israel will still be Israel, still will boast
Her fallen temple, her departed glory;
And, wrapt in conscious righteousness, defy
Earth's utmost hate, and answer scorn with scorn.'

With this speech the drama ought perhaps to have closed, but
the Hymn which is assigned to Javan, who re-appears with
iriam in the concluding scene. He, it seems, was the soldier
10 bore her off; and he has now brought her to the Fountain
Siloe, where he discovers himself. From that endeared spot,
ey witness the conflagration of the Temple; and a transition is
naturally made to the destruction of the more glorious Tem-
e of the Universe.

'Even thus amid thy pride and luxury,
Oh Earth! shall that last coming burst on thee,
That secret coming of the Son of Man.
When all the cherub-throning clouds shall shine,
Irradiate with his bright advancing sign:
When that Great Husbandman shall wave his fan,
Sweeping, like chaff, thy wealth and pomp away:
Still to the noontide of that nightless day,
Shalt thou thy wonted dissolute course maintain.
Along the busy mart and crowded street,
The buyer and the seller still shall meet,
And marriage feasts begin their jocund strain:
Still to the pouring out the Cup of Woe;
Till Earth, a drunkard, reeling to and fro,
And mountains molten by his burning feet,
And Heaven his presence own, all red with furnace heat.
The hundred-gated Cities then,
The Towers and Temples, nam'd of men
Eternal, and the Thrones of Kings;
The gilded Summer Palaces,
The courtly bowers of love and ease
Where still the Bird of Pleasure sings;

Ask ye the destiny of them?
Go gaze on fallen Jerusalem.
Yea, mightier names are in the fatal roll;
'Gainst earth and heaven God's standard is unfurl'd,
The skies are shrivell'd like a burning scroll,
And the vast common doom ensepulchres the world.

'Oh! who shall then survive?
Oh! who shall stand and live?
When all that hath been, is no more:
When for the round earth hung in air,
With all its constellations fair
In the sky's azure canopy;
When for the breathing Earth, and sparkling Sea,
Is but a fiery deluge without shore,
Heaving along the abyss profound and dark,
A fiery deluge, and without an Ark.

'Lord of all power, when thou art there alone
On thy eternal fiery-wheeled throne,
That in its high meridian noon
Needs not the perished sun nor moon:
When thou art there in thy presiding state,
Wide-sceptred Monarch o'er the realm of doom:
When from the sea-depths, from earth's darkest womb,
The dead of all the ages round thee wait:
And when the tribes of wickedness are strewn
Like forest leaves in the autumn of thine ire:
Faithful and True! thou still wilt save thine own!
The Saints shall dwell within th' unharming fire,
Each white robe spotless, blooming every palm.
Even safe as we, by this still fountain side,
So shall the Church, thy bright and mystic Bride,
Sit on the stormy gulf a halcyon bird of calm.
Yes, 'mid yon angry and destroying signs,
O'er us the rainbow of thy mercy shines,
We hail, we bless the covenant of its beam,
Almighty to avenge, Almightiest to redeem.'

Abundant nonsense has been uttered, in echo of Dr. Johnson's superficial condemnation of devotional poetry: as if the highest topics were not the best adapted to the highest style of language; as if, too, the language which the Divine Spirit has condescended to employ in a very large proportion of the volume of Inspiration, was not the language of poetry! It is not the fault of the subject, that excellence in lyrical productions of a sacred character has been so rarely attained. Mr. Milman's talents are, assuredly, of no inferior order, but they appear to the greatest advantage when employed on these sublimest of all themes.

The dramatic merit of the poem is very considerable. The character of Simon is strongly conceived, and ably developed,

and on him the eye rests as the centre figure of the groupe. The Author, we suspect, designed that Miriam should engross the chief place in the reader's interest as the heroine of the tale; but that of her father stands out in the boldest relief, and we think that, had it been made still more prominent, had a larger portion of the drama been assigned to him as the chief historic personage, it would have redounded to the credit of our Author's judgement. Miss Baillie would, we make no doubt, have succeeded by this means in considerably heightening the dramatic effect of the poem, while its tragic interest might very advantageously have been deepened by bringing more distinctly before the reader, the horrors of the siege. But Mr. Milman has apparently aimed at exciting in the mind emotions of a more tranquilly pensive, and perhaps more elevated character; consulting in this choice, not more his taste than the competent range of his own peculiar powers. Of those powers, it is unnecessary to add, we think very highly; and we have no doubt that the extracts we have given from the poem now under consideration, will lead our readers adequately to appreciate them.

Art. VIII. *Exhortation to an Early Attendance upon, and Becoming Behaviour in, Religious Assemblies.* By J. Renals, Author of the "Sick Man's Assistant." 8vo. pp. 28. Price 1s. Kettering, 1819.

THIS is a very homely and familiar, but exceedingly well-meant pastoral exhortation, on a subject which requires plainness of speech, and which is but too often overlooked. The points recommended to the reader as the matter of self inquiry, are attending public worship in good time; entering the house of God with seriousness, and as silently as possible; proper conduct during the time of prayer; taking heed how we hear; and becoming deportment at the close of worship. We should imagine that this address, if printed in a cheaper form, might be circulated with advantage among many Dissenting congregations in the country.

Art. IX. *Village Sermons*; or Short and Plain Discourses, for the Use of Families, Schools, and Religious Societies. By George Burder. Vol. VIII. containing Ten Sermons; to which are added, One Hundred Collects, or Short Prayers, adapted to the whole Set of Discourses; with some General Prayers for Families, Schools, &c. 12mo. pp. 192. London. 1820.

THIS volume is designed to complete the series of highly acceptable and useful village sermons for which the public are indebted to the venerable Author. It contains Sermons 91 to 100, which are on the following subjects: 'The Happy Believer:' Luke i. 45. 'The Doctrine of Providence practically improved:' Luke xii. 7. 'Wisdom, Righteousness, Sanctification, and Redemption, derived from Christ.' 1 Cor. i. 30. 'Samson's Riddle:' Judges xiv. 14. 'The profitable Journey:' Numbers x. 29. 'The Water and the Blood:' 1 John v. 6. 'Jesus Christ, the object of Faith, of Love, and of Joy:' 1 Peter i. 8. 'Sin odious to God:' Jerem. xliv. 4. 'God incomprehensible:' Job xi. 7. 'The Great Harvest:' Matt. xiii. 39.—Of the general style and merit of these sermons, it is superfluous for us to pronounce any opinion, after they have so extensively recommended themselves, both to clergymen within the Establishment, and lay-teachers not of the Established Church, as some of the very best adapted in all respects, but especially in point of plainness, to the minds of a village preacher's audience. Their fitness for this purpose is not a matter for critical decision: it can be ascertained only upon trial by the reader. And no one who has not made the trial, can, we will venture to say, be aware of the extreme difficulty of accommodating the phraseology of religious addresses to the feelings and capacities of the lower classes, so that it shall lay hold of their attention, or, as Dr. Chalmers would say, effect a conveyance of the truth into their minds. Admirably simple as these discourses are, and free, for the most part, from those theological technicalities which are so frequently to be heard from Dissenting pulpits, but to which we should always prefer a flight in the original Greek, as equally conducive to edification,—still, even in reading many passages of these aloud, there will occur expressions which, in addressing many congregations, the reader will feel it adviseable to simplify, in order to bring down the idea to the comprehension of children and servants. To be simple and intelligible is the first thing: it is not, however, every thing. Some preachers have been for rejecting the most essential doctrines of the Gospel from their sermons, because, as they imagine, those subjects do not comport with the requisite plainness of practical preaching. We need not inform our readers, that this cold, negative simplicity, with its inseparable qualities, baldness of style, and flatness of manner, is not the simplicity which these Sermons display. They are richly imbued

with doctrinal truth as connected with the wants and feelings of the heart, or what is termed experience; while there is so much judgement displayed in the exhibition of Scripture doctrines, that numbers of clerical functionaries who shudder at Calvinism, have, we believe, availed themselves of the Author's neat and portable volumes for their Sunday's duty, with entire satisfaction. And, as Sermons, they are also *interesting*. This is a great matter, especially in addresses which are to be read under all the disadvantages attendant upon reading the composition of another; disadvantages which constitute the material difference between speaking and reading a speech,—preaching and reading a sermon. It must not be concealed that there is a great deal of what is termed *par excellence* preaching, preaching without notes, which is very far from interesting: it is orthodox, academical, logical, but dry; or it is dry and vapid, without being either logical, academical, or characteristically orthodox.

Robert Robinson used to say, that the old women of his congregation taught him how to preach, by the questions they would put to him in their cottages. We believe that it is in the cottage, rather than in the academy, that the art of preaching is to be studied. Not that an uneducated man is likely to be on that account the more simple or the more interesting preacher. So far from it, that the best educated are often, in their style of address, the most plain, the most intelligible. There is a dignified familiarity of manner which marks the well-bred mind. But although the materials of public teaching must be obtained by means of study, the best mode of efficiently conveying instruction, is to be learned only by intercourse with those whom we wish to benefit. If we had more exemplary pastors, we should have more efficient preachers.

But we are insensibly straying into discussions foreign from our present purpose. We have only to add, with regard to the Collects which form about a third of the present volume, that they may be serviceable as specimens of the manner in which it seems always desirable to advert, in the concluding prayer, to the subject and leading ideas of the preceding discourse; and we recommend their adoption to those persons whose long continued habits of adhering to a form of prayer, renders such assistance indispensable. But the term Collect, which seems to point out for what class they are primarily designed, may perhaps suggest a disadvantageous comparison. Praying and writing prayers, are processes of thought still more dissimilar than preaching and writing sermons; and this may be the reason why, as we think, the Author's Sermons are superior to his Collects. Mr. Burder is not, we apprehend, much in the habit of writing prayers. And rather than hear recited the most finished composition, who would not hear a good man, although in but indifferent language, pray?

Art. X. *A Letter to the Editor of the Quarterly Review.* By William Parnell, Esq. M. P. Third Edition. 8vo. pp. 32. Dublin. 1820.

IT is not our province to interfere between Authors and their Reviewers; but those of our readers who felt any interest excited by the extracts we gave from the tale of Maurice and Berghetta in our Number for September last, will thank us for recommending to their attention the additional information relative to the affairs of Ireland, contained in this Letter of its subsequently avowed Author. At the time we read and formed our judgement of the work, we had obtained no information of its Author, and were therefore under the necessity of passing sentence upon its merits, without that due regard to the Author's party and private sentiments, secret history, and trade connexions, which the modern policy of reviewing dictates. It is not the first occasion on which we have had to lament the humble and retired station which we occupy, on account of its precluding our being aware of half the private reasons which, on an Author's *entré*, should regulate the manner of our receiving him. We had no suspicion, for instance, till we saw the article on Maurice and Berghetta in the Quarterly Review, what a mistake we had made in bestowing that commendation on the anonymous performance, which, *prima facie*, it seemed to deserve. Its Author belongs to the Parliamentary party termed the Opposition, and it is well known that all the *talent* of the country is engrossed by the other side, the Masters of the Quarterly Review and its Editor! How could Mr. Parnell think of writing a tale about Ireland, without dedicating it to Lord Castlereagh?

As to what he says of the article in which his work was despatched, that it was 'written with some misrepresentation, 'some virulence, and a little vulgarity;' it may be so. And it may be true that, as he says, 'the Quarterly Review has the 'interests of political party more at heart than those of liter-'ature.' We will not dispute either assertion. But when he adds his opinion, that 'if the Editor of the Quarterly Review 'would carefully free its pages from these faults, it would be a 'publication creditable to the age,' we must tell him, that he does not understand these matters, or he would never have put such an *if*. The Editor has no more power to keep that Journal free from such faults, than we have inclination to be guilty of them.

Art. XI. SELECT LITERARY INFORMATION.

*** *Gentlemen and Publishers who have works in the press, will oblige the Conductors of the* Eclectic Review, *by sending information (post paid) of the subject, extent, and probable price of such works; which they may depend upon being communicated to the public, if consistent with its plan.*

In the Press, Memoirs of the Life, Writings, and Religious Connexions of the Rev. John Owen, D. D. sometime Dean of Christ Church, and Vice Chancellor of Oxford; comprising also Notices of the leading events of his times, of the state of religion and religious parties, and of the most celebrated of his Contemporaries, &c. By the Rev. William Orme, Perth. To be handsomely printed in one volume 8vo. with a fine Portrait of Dr. Owen.

Shortly will be published, Outlines of Midwifery, developing its principles and practice. By J. T. Conquest, M. D. F. L. S. &c.

In the press, Immortality; a Poem: To which is added, The Pastor.

In the press, The Constitution, Order, and Discipline of a New Testament Church. By John Chamberlain, Missionary in India.

In the press, History of Intolerance; with observations on the unreasonableness and injustice of Persecution, and on the equity and wisdom of unrestricted religious Liberty. By Thos. Clarke.

Dawson Turner, Esq. will soon publish, an Account of a Tour in Normandy, chiefly for investigating its architectural antiquities, in two royal octavo volumes, illustrated by numerous engravings.

Mr. C. Mills, author of the History of the Crusades, has in the press, Travels in Europe during the Pontificate of Leo the Tenth.

Prince Hoare, Esq. is printing, in a quarto volume, Memoirs of Granville Sharp, Esq.; with Observations on Mr. Sharp's Biblical Criticisms. By the Bishop of St. David.

Mr. Keats, author of Endymion, has a volume of Poems in the press.

The Rev. H. K. Bonney will publish, in the course of the summer, Historic Notices in reference to Fotheringhay, in an octavo volume, with engravings by Storer.

Memoirs of the Rev. Mark Wilks, late of Norwich, by his Daughter, is printing in a duodecimo volume.

The Rev. F. Hodgson has in the press, Sacred Leisure, a collection of poems, in a small volume.

Dr. J. G. Smith is preparing a work on Medical Jurisprudence, for the direction of counsel and witnesses, in questions that require the testimony of medical practitioners.

Mr. James Savage is preparing a new edition of the late Dr. Toulmin's History of Taunton, which will contain all the additions made by the author, and be continued by the editor to the present time.

In the press,

Letters from Mrs. Delany, Widow of Doctor Patrick Delany, to Mrs. Frances Hamilton, from the year 1779, to the year 1788, comprising many unpublished and interesting Anecdotes of their late Majesties and the Royal Family. Now first printed from the original manuscripts. 8vo.

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Letters written during a Tour through Normandy, Brittany, and other parts of France, in 1818; including local and historical descriptions, with remarks on the manners and character of the people. By Mrs. Charles Stothard. With numerous engravings, after drawings by Charles Stothard, F. S. A.

Letters written for the Post and not for the Press, will shortly appear in post 8vo.

Preparing for the press, Royal Coronation Claims, a Comic Poem. By J. Bisset, Esq.

Art. XII. LIST OF WORKS RECENTLY PUBLISHED.

AGRICULTURE.

A Report made to the Workington Agricultural Society. By the President, J. C. Curwen, Esq. M.P. 8vo. 5s.—This work contains a view of the present state of agriculture, and of the improvements that have taken place since the last report.

FINE ARTS.

Retsch's Series of Outlines to Goethe's Tragedy of Faust, engraved from the originals, by Henry Moses. Demy 4to. 14s. Imperial 4to. with proof impressions, 1l. 1s.—An Analysis of the Tragedy of Faust, in Illustration of the Outlines, and printed uniform with them, may be had separately. 6s. Large paper, 8s.

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A Geological Map of England, coloured, accompanied by a Memoir; to which is added, an Alphabetical Index to the Hills, and a List of the Hills arranged according to Counties. By G. B. Greenough, Esq F.R.S. F.L.S. President of the Geological Society. On six sheets, 6l. 6s.; or 7l. 10s. mounted, either on rollers or in a case.—The Memoir may be had separate, in 4to. price 5s. sewed.

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A Narrative of the late Political and Military Events in British India, under the administration of the Marquess of Hastings. By Henry T. Princep, Esq. of the Hon. East India Company's Civil Service, Bengal. With maps, plans, and views. 4to. 2l. 10s.

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THE

ECLECTIC REVIEW

FOR AUGUST, 1820.

Art. I. *The History of Java.* By Thomas Stamford Raffles, Esq. late Lieut.-Governor of that Island and its Dependencies, F. R. S. and A. S. Member of the Asiatic Society at Calcutta, &c. &c. 2 Vols. with a Map and Plates. 4to. pp. about 1100, Price 6*l.* 6*s.* London 1817.

THIS work displays a liberal, enlightened spirit, and comprehensive observation; and exhibits a great variety of interesting facts. Its obvious fault is, that it is much too long. According to any reasonable scale formed on the immense multiplicity and accumulation of our rapidly increasing geographical information, nothing that *is* known of Java, and probably nothing that *can* be known, can fairly claim to stand forward in the breadth of eleven hundred close quarto pages. At least, such an extent of writing was not due, we think, till the work could have furnished a concise descriptive survey of the whole Island, an account of whatever is most remarkable in its antiquities, and a display of what is most peculiar and important in each department of its natural history. Some allowance may very justly be claimed for the peculiar interest felt by the Author in an island over which he had so worthily and beneficially exercised the office of governor, and for his desire to have the concerns which he had administered, and his system of administering them, placed fully under the public judgement. If he wished also to assist that judgement, by accurate authenticated information, to decide on the wisdom of the policy which had surrendered back the Island to the dominion which had never done it any good before, and from the effects of which the unfortunate barbarians were beginning to give some signs of the possibility of being saved by such a course of measures as he was adopting,—that too was an object to claim some exemption from a rigorous limitation of space. But after every fair allowance, the work is still much too large. It appears so especially when we recollect that Java is now no longer an object of any *direct* concern to this country. Had it remained in our possession, to become another large pro-

vince of the Eastern empire, and an additional source of good or evil to this nation, there might have been a plea for feeling some difficulty in determining *what* particulars of information should be accounted too insignificant for admission. In that case, the minute and prolix details of an official and statistical cast with which the work is too heavily loaded, might have been, as thus brought together and put in print, of great service to the persons subsequently administering the government of the Island; and of some use here at home, for informing the more vigilant part of the nation what this great Eastern province might be and ought to be under the British dominion, and aiding their detections and remonstrances if the conduct of affairs there should go wrong. But now, Java is gone out of *our* map, and merely stands in that of the wide world, like Cuba, or any other remote dependency of a foreign sovereignty.

Our Author's Introduction deduces the history of the possession of the Island by the Dutch, and displays its utter worthlessness, to them as well as to itself, during that long period of occupancy. Now that they have it again, it is probable they will be particularly scrupulous that their restored government shall not reflect, by improvement and contrast, any disgrace on the character of the old management. And our Author will have to hear, at his station on the neighbouring island of Sumatra, how the good which had begun to spring and unfold itself so hopefully under his beneficent care, has perished under the rival but cooperating malignities of Paganism, Mahomedanism, and Dutch policy.

We are not saying this from any indignant feeling at the loss of Java by this country. If that event is to be regretted, it is on account of the ill fated inhabitants. For as to our acquisition of large portions of new territory in the East, we have learnt to regard such aggrandizements with sentiments of almost unmingled dread. The long story of acquisitions there, has been such a sad account of wars, of waste of the national strength, and of all manner of corruptions both abroad and at home, that a good patriot would be glad to wait through a very long interval of improving wisdom and virtue, before one acre more of Asiatic earth should be added to the British dominions.

If any thing in the East might have been coveted as a possession, on account of its physical recommendations, it would have been Java, according to the description given of it by its late intelligent Governor, and by those friends and agents, especially Dr. Horsfield, who employed years of assiduous attention in surveying and examining it. In vegetable productions it is exceedingly rich. They are of a diversity appropriate to several distinct climates.

'Between the tops of the mountains and the sea shore, Java may be considered as possessing at least six distinct climates, each furnish-

ing a copious indigenous botany; while the productions of every region in the world may find a congenial spot somewhere in the island.'

'The soil in Java is for the most part rich, and remarkable for its depth; probably owing to the exclusively volcanic constitution of the country, and the constant accession of new mould, which is washed down the side of its numerous mountains. It has the character of being in a high degree richer than the ordinary soil of the Malayan countries in general, particularly of Sumatra and the Malayan peninsula. The best soil resembles the richest garden-mould of Europe; and whenever it can be exposed to the inundation necessary for the rice crop, requires no manure, and will bear, without impoverishment, one heavy and one light crop in the year. The general character of the soil is that of extraordinary fertility.'

The opinion commonly entertained in this country of the insalubrity of Java, has been very much formed from what is so notorious of that great sepulchre, Batavia; a spot selected as if for the very purpose of affording the greatest facility to the visits, or rather of providing for the constant abode, of pestilence and death. To whatever nature had already done to render the place noxious, the Dutch governors thought it necessary to add sundry adjustments and regulations tending to the shortening of life. Their conduct had the appearance of a curious compromise between vicious taste and moral policy: they had not conscience enough to abstain from intemperance and other wicked habits, but they would avoid the large accumulation of guilt by making the duration of their profligacy very short. Of course no question occurred to them whether this might not be adding something of the nature of suicide to the account. Among the Dutch records, there was found evidence that the total amount of deaths in the city of Batavia, though comparatively but a small place, from the year 1730 to 1752, was, in twenty-two years, more than a million.

'To those who are acquainted with the manner in which the affairs of the Dutch East-India Company were managed abroad, there will perhaps be no difficulty in laying rather at the door of the colonists, than of the nation, the crime of maintaining a commercial monopoly, at such a dreadful expense of lives as resulted from confining the European population within the narrow walls of this unhealthy city. That the sacrifice was made for that object, or to speak more correctly, under that pretext, for the private interests of the colonists who were entrusted with its details, can scarcely be doubted. From the moment the walls of the city were demolished, the draw-bridges let down, and free egress and ingress to and from the country was permitted, the population began to migrate to a more healthy spot, and they had not to go above one or two miles beyond the precincts, before they found themselves in a different climate. But this indulgence, as it gave the inhabitants a purer air, so it gave them a clearer insight into the resources of the country, and notions of a freer commerce,

which, of all things, it was the object of the local government and its officers to limit or suppress.

'Necessity might have first determined the choice of the spot for the European capital; but a perseverance in the policy of confining the European population within its walls, after so many direful warnings of its insalubrity, cannot but lead to the inference, that either the monopoly of the trade was considered a greater object to the nation than the lives of the inhabitants, or that the more liberal views of the government were defeated by the weakness or corruption of its agents.'

It is acknowledged that many parts of the northern coast of the Island, which is generally very low, and much polluted with swamps, are incurably unhealthy. But a retreat inland, upon the ground gradually and gently rising towards the central mountains, gains a sensible alteration for the better at almost every league.

'The great elevation of its interior affords the rare advantage, that from the sea shore up to the tops of the mountains, there is, almost from the one end of the island to the other, a regular diminution of the temperature, at the rate of two or three degrees of Fahrenheit for every ten miles. The general inference which has been drawn by professional men, from the experience which the occupation of Java by the British has afforded, is, that with the exception of the town of Batavia, and some parts of the northern coast, the island of Java stands on a level, in point of salubrity, with the healthiest parts of British India, or of any tropical country in the world.'

The structure and aspect of the Island are rendered very remarkable by a grand range of mountains, running nearly along the middle, through almost its whole length. They are not a continuous ridge, but have distinct bases, and rise majestically in a conical form, to the noble elevation of from five to eleven or twelve thousand feet. They are pronounced to be (as indeed the whole Island) of volcanic origin. Several of them may be considered as in a state of activity, as almost constantly throwing out smoke: and there are eruptions on comparatively recent record; one so late as the year 1800. A long and exceedingly interesting extract is inserted from a paper by Dr. Horsfield in the Batavian Transactions, in which he describes several volcanoes which he examined himself, descending into the craters, one of which appears a most gloomy and magnificent scene in his excellent description. The history of one of the volcanoes he visited, and intended to visit with minuter inspection, is, that having formerly been one of the largest in the Island, it literally sank, for the greatest part, into the earth, in 1772.

'The account which has remained of this event asserts, that near midnight, between the 11th and 12th of August, there was observed about the mountain an uncommonly luminous cloud, by which it appeared to be completely enveloped. The inhabitants as well about

the foot as on the declivities of the mountain, alarmed by this appearance, betook themselves to flight; but before they could all save themselves, the mountain began to give way, and the greatest part of it actually *fell in*, and disappeared in the earth. At the same time a tremendous noise was heard, resembling the discharge of the heaviest cannon. Immense quantities of volcanic substances, which were thrown out at the same time and spread in every direction, propagated the effects of the explosion through the space of many miles. It is estimated that an extent of ground, of the mountain itself and its immediate environs, fifteen miles long and full six broad, was by this commotion swallowed up in the bowels of the earth.—Forty villages and about 3000 of the inhabitants perished.'

There is added from the same Transactions, an account of an eruption of the Tomboro mountain, in Sumbawa, an island considerably to the eastward of Java, in the year 1815. The magnitude of the phenomena of this eruption, and the prodigious distance to which they extended, would seem to characterise it as one of the most tremendous that can ever have happened on the globe; greatly surpassing, as our Author justly asserts, any thing recorded of the power and violence of Etna.

'This eruption,' he says, 'extended perceptible evidence of its existence to a circumference of a thousand miles from its centre, by tremulous motions and the report of explosions; while within the range of its more immediate activity, embracing a space of three hundred miles around it, it produced the most astonishing effects, and excited the most alarming apprehensions. On Java, at the distance of three hundred miles, it seemed to be awfully present. The sky was overcast at noon-day with clouds of ashes, the sun was enveloped in an atmosphere whose "palpable" density he was unable to penetrate; showers of ashes covered the houses, the streets, and the fields, to the depth of several inches; and amid this darkness, explosions were heard at intervals.'

It is mentioned, that the sound was heard at a place so far westward in Sumatra as to be at a distance of nearly a thousand miles from the volcano. It is unnecessary to say, that much of the island of Sumbawa itself was dreadfully ruined and desolated.

Notwithstanding the extent to which cultivation has been carried in many districts of Java, large portions, it seems, are still covered with primeval forests, affording excellent timber. The most valuable of these is the teak. The Dutch, in their solicitude that the supply of this timber might not fail, formed extensive plantations of the tree. But it is stated, that it flourishes less, and affords worse timber, as thus carefully cultivated, and in a good soil, than in its wild growth in the worst soil. 'The 'tree is slender and erect. It shoots up with considerable 'vigour and rapidity, but its expansion is slow, and it is many 'years in arriving at maturity. Under favourable circumstances,

'a growth of from twenty to twenty-five years, affords a tree, 'having about twelve inches diameter at the base. It requires 'at least a century to attain its perfection; but for common pur- 'poses it is usually felled when between thirty and fifty years old.' —It is not a little strange that, as far as information has yet been obtained, this valuable tree, so plentiful in Java, is not to be found on the peninsula of Malacca, or on Sumatra.

The mortification which some of our readers may possibly feel at having that most stimulant and captivating story of the Upas proved to be but a fable, will be somewhat alleviated by the information that there are, nevertheless, one or two vegetables in Java of very mortal malignity,—of a power which would have appeared delightfully direful, if the imagination had not previously been so highly excited by the fell magnificence of the pretended Upas. A tree named *anchar*, and a large winding shrub called *chetik*, afford, in a juice resembling milk, drawn from the bark of the one, and in a decoction of the balm of the root of the other, a poison almost as quickly destructive to life, as the gum from the Upas was described to be in the mendacious story of Foersch. A description is given, by Dr. Horsfield, of both these productions, in which a mortal virulence, the very spirit of death, assumes the attractive exterior of verdure and bloom. They perfectly keep the peace, it appears, with the rest of the vegetable tribe, which flourish in their close vicinity, forming a complete reverse of that blasted waste, which was described as attesting, to a great distance on all sides, the noxious effluvia of the Upas. The natives long since found out so excellent an ally for the work of death as lurked within these plants, and went to their wars with arrows dipped in the poison. The preparation from the *chetik* is the more intensely virulent. The two poisons attack the vital system in very different modes. Both are illustrated by the recorded results of a number of experiments on animals, several of which died in a very few minutes after the puncture by which the virus was introduced into the system.

The animal kingdom maintains its rivalry with these honours of the vegetable one, in twenty kinds of serpents reputed poisonous. There are also rhinoceroses, tigers, leopards, crocodiles, and some inferior animals of the hostile character. These warlike species do not appear to be of quite so formidable magnitude as the corresponding ones of Bengal. The invaluable buffalo is the set-off to this account of infesters and destroyers. A great variety of animals are enumerated; but the descriptive notices in both this and the vegetable department are brief, because a systematic and comprehensive work on the natural history of Java is preparing by Dr. Horsfield, whose accuracy of obser-

vation and clearness of statement, are strongly evinced in the extracts given in the present work from papers written by him.

The people of Java come within our Author's province of observation and description. In common with the inhabitants of the whole Indian Archipelago, from Sumatra on the west, to Celebes on the east, they are pronounced to bear in their features the marks of a Tartar origin, though the dates and track of their progress from the North to these regions of the Equator are lost to history. If time could have equally obliterated from their persons the indications of their having ever been derived thence at all, it might have been much in favour of the race, in point of appearance. For their national visage, according to the description here given, and accompanied by excellent delineation from the pencil of Mr. Daniell, exhibits a most unfortunate edition and version of the countenances which smiled and bloomed in the garden of Eden;—if we may admit any presumption what those countenances were, from the most graceful and dignified forms in which the human visage has been subsequently displayed in living nature or in the works of art.

This general sameness of the race has been modified by time, locality, and circumstances, into the three great national distinctions, of the Malayus, Bugis, and Javans. The last of these, that is to say the people of Java, are represented as having the precedence in the better qualities and the improvements of human nature, and as approaching near to a state of civilization. This is deemed to have been the result of the greater fertility of the soil of Java, in consequence of which the population became more numerous, the inhabitants were withheld from the roving piratical habits to which the other nations were given, and the visits of more enlightened strangers were directed by preference to this Island; all which contributed to a greater improvement in arts, a more regulated mode of life, and a somewhat milder cast of character and manners, than had been created among the kindred barbarians of the other great islands on the right hand and the left.—'The Bugis, however,' says our Author, 'may lay claim to the most originality of character.'

The Javans are a slender race, and below the middle stature. Deformity, excepting that which is inherent in their race, is said to be very rare among them.

'The countenance is mild, placid, and thoughtful, and easily expresses respect, gaiety, earnestness, indifference, bashfulness, or anxiety. In complexion, the Javans, as well as the other eastern islanders, may be considered rather as a yellow than as a copper-coloured or black race. Their standard of beauty in this respect, is a "virgin gold "colour:" except perhaps in some few districts in the mountainous parts of the country, where a ruddy tinge is occasioned by the cli-

mate, they want the degree of red requisite to give them a copperish hue.

'A considerable difference exists in person and features between the higher and lower classes; more indeed than seems attributable to difference of employment and treatment. The features and limbs of the chiefs are more delicate, and approach more nearly to those of the inhabitants of western India; while those of the common people retain more marked traces of the stock from which the islands were originally peopled.'

The appearance of the women, at least of the inferior class, is said to be more disadvantageous than that of the men. This is partly ascribed to the severe hardship of their relative condition; for, after the true barbarian model, they are doomed to the slavery of carrying heavy burdens, and labouring in the field under the oppressive heat of the climate. So iniquitous and degrading a circumstance in the social economy, harmonizes but ill, it may be thought, with such a moral temperament as should be implied in the former part of the following description:

'In manners the Javans are easy and courteous, and respectful even to timidity; they have a great sense of propriety, and are never rude or abrupt. In their deportment they are pliant and graceful, the people of condition carrying with them a considerable air of fashion, and receiving the gaze of the curious without being at all disconcerted. In their delivery they are in general very circumspect and even slow, though not deficient in animation when necessary.'

A table is exhibited of the population of Java and the small neighbouring island of Madura, according to a census taken by the British government in the year 1815. It marks the different local sections, and other distinctions and distributions, and gives a grand total of 4,615,270; which is an average population rather exceeding a hundred to a square mile: of this number, three millions are in the provinces immediately subject to European authority, and upwards of a million and a half in the provinces of the native princes. What are called the Native Provinces, comprehend about a fourth part of the Island, and include some of its richest districts. They lie on the southern side of the eastern part of the Island; and are divided between two native sovereigns, the one of whom is denominated the 'Emperor of Java,' residing in his capital *Sura-kerta*, the other 'the Sultan,' whose capital is *Yugya-kerta*. It is not a mockery to call these places capitals, as the former is estimated to contain 105,000 inhabitants, and the latter no great number less. These provinces received a great accession of population, by the emigration into them of multitudes of families who forsook their native places of residence and property to escape from the barbarous dominion of the Dutch, whose intolerable exactions and pernicious policy reduced many portions of the Island,

which had once been populous and flourishing, to the state comparatively of a desert. One province is mentioned as having in 1750, (a short time before the Dutch acquired an ascendancy there,) upwards of eighty thousand souls; which number was reduced, in 1811, to eight thousand. In several provinces, both of the mountainous interior and toward the coast, there are observed ' extensive tracts, nay, whole districts, exhibiting the ' traces of former cultivation, but now lying waste, and over- ' grown with long rank grass.' During the short period of the British government, many families emigrated back again into the districts they had abandoned. They know the road for a new self-transportation, should the Dutch governors resume the old system.

Our Author enumerates the modes of oppression by which the people were partly frightened away, and partly destroyed. There was a constant military conscription, to keep up the number of the force which unhealthy garrison-stations, and great hardship and severity, were continually consuming.

' The conscripts raised in the provinces were usually sent to the metropolis by water; and though the distance be but short between any two points of the island, a mortality, similar to that of a slave-ship in the middle passage, took place on board these receptacles of reluctant recruits. They were generally confined in the stocks till their arrival at Batavia; and it is calculated that for every man that entered the army and performed the duties of a soldier, several lives were lost. Besides the supply of the army, one half of the male population of the country was constantly held in readiness for other public services; and thus a great portion of the effective hands were taken from their families, and detained at a distance from home, in labours which broke their spirit and exhausted their strength.'

It is calculated that during the administration of Marshal Daendels, at least ten thousand workmen perished in the construction of public roads. There were the forced transport of government stores, forced deliveries of the produce of cultivation, and the endless diversity of exaction and vexation which could be exercised by a government destitute of all principle, humanity, or sound policy, free from restraint or accountableness, and acting the relentless despot, not only as a whole, but in each individual member and agent.

That the effect of such a system was not still more glaringly manifest in a reduction of the population, is accounted for in a number of interesting statements and observations. The exceeding fertility of the soil, affording sustenance with the greatest facility and in the greatest plenty, rendering the support of a family a matter of perfect ease, rendering every increase of the family, after a very few years, a real addition to its strength and resources, and thus promoting marriage universally and in very

early life,—this grand cause, combined with the healthiness and safety of the agricultural life, maintained a constant powerful counterbalance to the destructive effect of the government. The males commonly marry as early as the age of sixteen; the women at thirteen or fourteen, and sometimes even at nine or ten. There is the most easy license for divorce, and separations and new connexions seem to be but among the ordinary occurrences of society. This facility of change is a satisfactory substitute to the people for the privilege of polygamy, which is confined to the sovereign and the chiefs. The most remarkable circumstance in the affair is, that it does not, according to our Author, occasion any abandonment or neglect of the children of the preceding marriage. They are always considered, he says, as a kind of property well worth taking care of. The cost of their support is a perfectly trifling consideration, where every thing wanted to eat is poured out in boundless profusion by the soil and the trees; and after a very short childhood they become useful, the females as well as the males, in rural occupation. It is said that though these matrimonial connexions are so precarious, they have the effect of preventing licentiousness, while they last. 'The nuptial tie,' says our Author, 'is rather brittle than loose.' Marriage is so nearly universal that 'an unmarried man past 'twenty is seldom to be met with.' There is no injunction of celibacy on the priesthood, or any other order. The number of children to a family, however, is not in general large. As in other nations, the proportion between the males and females is very near an equality, the collective amount of the former, as given in the table of population, being 2,268,180, of the latter 2,347,090. The term of life is not much shorter than in the best climates of Europe. A very considerable number of persons attain the age of seventy or eighty.

Detachments from various other nations, especially from China, have established themselves in the Island, and are increasing. It is stated, there are nearly a hundred thousand Chinese, partly descendants from former settlers, and partly adventurers who arrive every year, without money or resources, but soon acquire property by their industry and their superiority to the Javans in intelligence and craft. Of the commerce of the country, they are said to be 'the life and soul.' They are farmers of the revenue in the native provinces, and formerly were so throughout the Island. They remain distinct from the natives, and are in many points allowed to be governed by their own laws.

The native Javans are never reduced to slavery. In order to furnish a class of beings to exist in that capacity, to the number of 30,000, the merchants have had recourse to the islands Bali and Celebes.

'These slaves are the property of Europeans and Chinese alone: the native chiefs never require the services of slaves, or engage in the traffic of slavery. The Mahometan laws, which regulate their civil condition, and permit this abomination in all its extent, are modified by the milder prejudices and more humane temper of the country. The Dutch, who, like us, valued themselves on their political liberty, are here the great promoters of civil servitude, and carried with them into their eastern empire the Roman law regarding slavery in all its extent and rigour. But although they adopted principles that admitted of the most cruel and wanton treatment of slaves, I would not be understood to say that they carried these principles into common practice. The contrary was almost universally the case, and the condition of slaves on Java, where they were employed principally in domestic offices, formed a complete contrast to the state of those employed in the West-India plantations.'

The Author enumerates the judicious measures and regulations which were devised by the British local government for the abolition of the traffic, and the gradual improvement of the condition of the slaves; and which were beginning to go into effect, when the emancipation of the Dutch in Europe from a foreign tyranny, happened so opportunely for the trade and the absolute ownership of the Eastern slave-dealers and slaveholders.

An amusing description is given of the various parts of the Javan economy of life, beginning with the structure of their houses. It was quite necessary that something should be told of their substance and make, if the terms of the rate of their cost were not to be suspected by our English people to conceal some dark enigma under the plainest, barest pecuniary denominations. And even after all explanation, our builders and carpenters may be allowed to feel some puzzle and amazement at hearing, that the materials and architecture of a habitation for a peasant cost from five to ten shillings English money, that the house of a petty chief, (call him a 'squire,) stands in from thirty-five to forty shillings, and that 'the largest class of houses' (or mansions) 'in which the chiefs and nobles reside,' absorb the sum of from ten to fifteen pounds sterling. The cottages are never found detached and solitary.

'They always unite to form villages of greater or less extent, according to the fertility of the neighbouring plain, abundance of stream, or other accidental circumstances. In some provinces the usual number of inhabitants in a village is about two hundred, in others less than fifty.'

In the first establishment of such a village, each cottager secures to himself a small piece of ground for a garden or plantation, which he cultivates with assiduous care, and of which the produce is absolutely his own, and exempted from contribution

or burden. A most essential part of this cultivation is, to raise trees which may afford both fruit and shade.

'The villages thus become completely screened from the rays of a scorching sun, and are so buried amid the foliage of a luxuriant vegetation, that at a small distance no appearance of a human dwelling can be discovered, and the residence of a numerous society appears only a verdant grove, or a clump of evergreens. Nothing can exceed the beauty or the interest, which such detached masses of verdure, scattered over the face of the country, and indicating each the abode of a collection of happy peasantry, add to scenery otherwise rich, whether viewed on the sides of the mountains, in the narrow vales, or on the extensive plains. In the last case, before the grain is planted, and during the season of irrigation, when the rice fields are inundated, they appear like so many small islands rising out of the water.'

All the large towns, even the capitals, are formed on the same plan. The metropolis of the chief native government, with more than 100,000 inhabitants, 'may be termed an assem-'blage or group of numerous villages, rather than what in Eu-'ropean countries would be called a town or city.' The villages, whether large or small, are fenced in by strong hedges of *bámbu*, and other quick growing plants.

When the people of a village become too numerous to be supported by the appropriated pieces of ground, if there be, as there generally is, unoccupied land in the neighbourhood, 'a 'new village is thrown out at some distance, which during its 'infancy remains under the charge, and on the responsibility, 'of the parent village; but in time obtains a constitution of its 'own, and in its turn becomes the parent of others.'

'Every village forms a community within itself, having each its village officers and priest, whose habitations are as superior to those of the others as their functions are more exalted. To complete the establishment in most large villages, a temple is appropriated for religious worship. Here is found that simple form of patriarchal administration, which so forcibly strikes the imagination of the civilized inhabitants of this quarter of the world, and which has so long been the theme of interest and curiosity to those who have visited the Indian continent.'

It might be added, that very few of those European admirers of these verdant, picturesque, and primitive scenes, have had any faculty for the perception of that which blasted their beauty,—of the true quality and deadly effect of that Occupant of these sylvan clusters of abodes, whose presence was indicated by the 'temple' rising among them. In the eyes of many of these beholders, the people's reverent approaches to this temple, to prostrate their bodies and spirits in awe of the demon of an execrable superstition, was an additional circumstance of captivation in the spectacle!

To be well dressed is more an object of ambition to the Javans, than to the people of Western India. And among the chiefs, this object requires some imported articles, such as chintzes, velvets, and broad-cloths, in addition to the home manufactures. Still, the main part of the clothing of the people in general, and even of the higher classes, is from the produce and workmanship of the Island.

'It is part of the domestic economy, that the women of the family should provide the men with the cloths necessary for their apparel; and from the first consort of the sovereign, to the wife of the lowest peasant, the same rule is observed. In every cottage there is a spinning-wheel and loom; and in all ranks a man is accustomed to pride himself on the beauty of a cloth woven either by his wife, mistress, or daughter.'

With a general adherence, in the most essential points, to the national costume, there are great varieties of dress, according to ranks, occasions, and individual taste, and there is no reluctance to adopt some conformities to European modes. One article, the symbol of enmity, violence, and resistance, is indispensable to complete the apparel of every man of every class, namely, the *kris* or dagger. And the form of this seems to have been, beyond all other things in the country, the subject of fancy, fashion, and etiquette. It is quite wonderful to see, as figured in the plates, the number of shapes into which this tool of mischief, this stabbing implement, has been diversified: wonderful, we mean, that fancy *could* devise so many shapes; for it is not at all so that invention should do its best on so interesting a subject. Killing one another, we all know, has ever been the most glorious and extolled employment of human beings; and it was therefore natural enough that the instruments of that noblest operation should have been regarded with interest and favour enough to excite the utmost efforts of thought and genius, to modify them into every form of supposed beauty.

We think the Author has occupied much more room with the minute description of the dress of these people than the subject deserved. Such details never enable the reader to form any distinct image of the attired figure, even if he should take the trouble to attempt it; and in the present instance, he would have been quite content with a very brief written addition to the information conveyed directly to the eye by the fine prints with which Mr. Daniell has adorned the book. There is one part, however, of the description of personal exhibition which we are disposed to transcribe, as shewing these people's notion of the artificial modification requisite to bring what nature has already done for them, up to the standard of perfect beauty.

'In common with the Sumatrans, and other inhabitants of the Archipelago and southern part of the peninsula, both sexes, of all

ranks, have the custom of blackening and filing the teeth, it being considered as disgraceful to allow them to remain "white like a dog's." The operation is performed when the children are about eight or nine years old, and is a very painful one. The object is to make the front teeth concave, and by filing away the enamel, to render them better adapted for receiving the black dye. This extraordinary and barbarous custom tends to destroy the teeth at an early age, and with the use of tobacco, *siri*, and lime, which are continually chewed, generally greatly disfigures the mouth. The Javans, however, do not file away the teeth so much as is usual with some of the other islanders; nor do they set them in gold, as is the case with the Sumatrans.'

In the victualling part of their economy, if we may so call it, the Javans, excepting a very partial conformity to the restrictive institutions of Mahomedanism, have free scope to indulge their taste. And with rice (as throughout the greater part of Asia) for the grand basis of subsistence, they have a great variety of edibles, condiments, and cookery. Their fine soil and climate throw plenty and diversity around them, and, says our Author, 'they seem by no means inclined to reject the bounties of Pro-'vidence: they are always willing to partake of a hearty meal, 'and have seldom occasion to make a scanty one. Yet among 'them a glutton is a term of reproach, and to be notoriously fond 'of good living, is sufficient to attach this epithet to any one.' They are hospitable in a very high degree. In the matter of drinking, they are pronounced to be a sober nation; though the Europeans, that is the Christians, have taken great pains to corrupt, in this respect, the chiefs, and in some cases with too much success. A considerable number of the people have been seduced into the use of opium, which they eat in one mode of preparation, and smoke in another; and which is described as producing a fatal effect on their health, and sometimes a still more malignant one on their character and actions, impelling them to a desperate sacrifice of every personal and social interest, and infuriating them to the most horrible atrocities of revenge and cruelty. 'The use of opium, however,' says our Author, 'though carried 'to a considerable extent, is still reckoned disgraceful, and per-'sons addicted to it are looked upon as abandoned characters, 'and despised accordingly.'

The Javans are so decidedly an agricultural people, that the proportion of them so employed, as compared with those occupied in all the other branches of industry, is calculated to be, on the general average, not less than three and a half, or four, to one.

'To the crop the mechanic looks immediately for his wages, the soldier for his pay, the magistrate for his salary, the priest for his stipend, and the government for its tribute. The wealth of a province or village is measured by the extent and fertility of its land, its facili-

ties for rice irrigation, and the number of its buffaloes. When government wishes to raise supplies from particular districts, it does not inquire how many dollars or rupees it can raise in taxes, but what contribution of rice or maize it can afford, and the impost is assessed accordingly.'

'Yet over far the greater part, seven-eighths of the island, the soil is either entirely neglected or badly cultivated, and the population scanty. It is by the produce of the remaining eighth that the whole nation is supported; and it is probable, if it were all under cultivation, no area of land of the same extent, in any other quarter of the globe, could exceed it, either in quantity, variety, and value, of its vegetable productions.'

Again and again, our Author's language glows almost into poetry, yet we really believe without extravagance, in describing the incomparable physical character and felicity of the Island, combining, as it does, all climates, and as it may, all their respectively appropriate productions. It possesses the grand advantage over most other tropical regions, of having almost every where, or at least very generally, plenty of water, by means of which the cultivator can, at will, spread over the ground 'the verdure of a rainy season under a scorching sun.' The cultivation, however, of this favoured and prolific tract, is an extremely slight and inartificial concern; an adequate supply of rice for subsistence, for payment of dues to superiors and to government, and for purchase of a very few articles of necessity or luxury, being, with the greatest proportion of the people, nearly all that is sought to be obtained from the fertility around them; and that being easily obtained without the slightest exercise of skill, and with a very moderate share of labour, except where the people are suffering great oppression. Irrigation, a rude kind of ploughing, and the use of the hoe, which serves as a spade, constitute the substance of the agricultural operations. The whole set of the farmers' implements costs but from seven to ten shillings. The brute animal strength employed in aid of his own, is that of a pair of buffaloes or oxen. Cows, which are in general very little serviceable in the way of yielding milk, (an article, indeed, for which the people have no partiality,) are often used in draught. Horses are not employed in husbandry, except in the transport of produce from one district to another. An inconsiderable number of goats, a still smaller of sheep, (the coarse wool of which is scarcely any thing worth,) and some poultry, complete the account of live stock in this country of farmers.—A very long and circumstantial detail is given of the cultivation of rice, of which, it seems, there are a hundred distinguishable varieties. The most important difference is between that which is grown on the wet grounds, and that which is grown on the dry. The latter is esteemed of the superior quality; but

it is produced in far less quantity than the other. The two kinds are so materially different that neither of them can be made to flourish in the situation belonging to the other.

The agricultural operations are regulated, as to their course and succession, by a kind of calendar, which it is the business of the priests to keep, that they may announce to the cultivators the approach of the day for beginning, at each new term, the employment allotted to it. These terms, or artificial divisions of the seasons, are twelve, of very unequal lengths, several of them exceeding forty days, and several containing little more than twenty. These divisions are said to have some reference to the sun's course; but they are more intelligibly marked by their correspondence to certain phenomena in the vicissitude of the year. Thus, during the first of these terms, (containing forty-one days, and commencing after the rice harvest which falls in August and September,) 'the leaves fall from the trees, 'and vegetation is interrupted. In the second season, which 'lasts twenty-five days, vegetation again resumes its vigour.'— Maize, cocoa-nut, oil-giving plants, sugar-cane, coffee, and even wheat and potatoes, are included in the account of the cultivated productions, with numerous statements and observations. The description of the management of the coffee plantations, is very curious; and it is followed by an interesting but provoking account of the infamous system of oppression under which the Dutch enforced the cultivation. It was introduced by them into the Island early in the last century, and they compelled many of the inhabitants to plant and take care of a certain number of the trees, under a strict obligation to deliver the whole produce to the government at the rate which itself was pleased to fix: this rate was so cruelly inadequate, that great numbers of the people perished in consequence of an impost, which denied them at once the time and means for raising their own provisions, and a sufficient payment for the coffee to obtain the necessaries of life by purchase. This vile system was nearly broken up by the time that the Island was to be surrendered by the English, to be again subjected to the operation of Dutch humanity and policy. It was found, as might be expected, that the abolition of this compulsion and monopoly, caused no failure of a supply of coffee at such a price as the labour of cultivating it might fairly claim.

The subject of the 'Tenure of Lands' is treated at very great length; perhaps, indeed, with too much particularity and amplification, since the English can now turn the information to no account in favour of the people of Java. The result of the various investigations of the matter was, that the proprietary right is in the sovereign; that is to say, in the native reigning personages in the parts of the Island remaining under their government, and

in the European government in the larger portion of which an European power has become possessed. There were found, indeed, some particular districts and small allotments, which were held in a certain kind of independent, permanent appropriation by subjects and by religious institutions. But the tenure of some of these, as being conferred by an act of alienation on the part of the sovereign, is alleged in confirmation of the principle, that he is to be regarded as universally the original proprietor. With the exception of these grants,

'neither law nor usage authorizes the oldest occupant of land in Java to consider the ground he has reclaimed from waste, or the farm on which he has exerted all his industry, as his own, by such a tenure as will enable him, and his successors for ever, to reap the fruits of his labour. He can have gained no title, even to a definite term of occupancy, but from the capricious servant of a capricious despot, who himself is not legally bound by his engagement, and whose successor is not even morally bound by it.'

It is true, that the sovereign is, with respect to this his proprietary right, placed nearly out of sight of the actual cultivators, by the intervention of a numerous and formidable order of regents, officers, court favourites, and exacters of various sorts. Of what is demanded from the cultivators upon the authority of the sovereign's right, it is but a small part that goes actually into the treasury of the government. Many of the personages whose rank and luxury were to be supported at the public cost, such as branches or favourites of the reigning families, and delegated governors of provinces, were portioned and paid by grants of the revenue of certain quantities of the land, instead of salaries or gifts from the treasury. They thus stood in place of the government as appropriators of the revenue claimed by the government from those lands; as appropriators, at least, of a large share of it, while they were perhaps required to remit a certain portion to the state treasury. Officers were appointed under them for the business of assessment and exaction; and *they* also were to secure their share of the good things from the produce of the cultivation, that is, from the labour of the cultivators. They managed the allotment of the shares of land to the cultivators; adjusted every thing in such an order that no man had any discretion, freedom, or scope for advantageous exertion; kept a vigilant eye for inspection, and an active hand for seizure. The Chinese officers especially, (who, from these very habits and qualifications, were generally selected for these appointments,) were relentless and intolerable extortioners. This system of primary and secondary proprietorship, with its gradation of subordinate rights or claims, rounded and completed as it was with all the requisite regulations and powers, was a well adapted machine for forcing from the peasantry, by steady,

comprehensive, unremitting pressure, every thing that could be spared from the necessities of subsistence. And even the claims and means for that bare object were so indifferently respected by this complication of exacters, that in very many instances the condition of the cultivators but little corresponded to that description of competence, given in terms too general, which we have transcribed from our Author in a preceding page. The pernicious and inevitable operation of such an economy, is well displayed in the following paragraph:

'Can it therefore be a subject of surprise, that the arts of agriculture, and the improvement of society, have made no greater advances in Java? Need it excite wonder that the implements of husbandry are simple; that the cultivation is unskilful and inartificial; that the state of the roads, where European convenience is not consulted, is bad; that the natural advantages of the country are neglected; that so little enterprize is displayed, or capital employed; that the peasant's cottage is mean, and so little wealth and knowledge are among the agricultural population; when it is considered that the occupant of land enjoys no security for reaping the fruits of his industry; when his possession is liable to be taken away from him every season, or to suffer such an enhancement of rent as will drive him from it; when such a small quantity of land only is allowed him as will yield him bare subsistence, and every ear of grain that can be spared from the supply of his immediate wants is extorted from him in the shape of tribute; when his personal services are required unpaid for, in the train of luxury or in the cultivation of articles of monopoly; and when, in addition to all these discouragements, he is subject to other heavy imposts and impolitic restraints? No man will exert himself, when acting for another, with so much zeal as when stimulated by his own immediate interests; and under a system of government, where every thing but the bare means of subsistence is liable to be seized, nothing but the means of subsistence will be sought to be attained.'

Soon after the acquisition of Java by the English, a course of active inquiries and exertions was commenced for revolutionizing this iniquitous and pernicious system. And it was prosecuted so earnestly that, by the time of the cession of the Island to its former masters, a better economy was so far introduced as to have produced, over a considerable part of the country, a most happy effect on the condition of the people, and withal an augmentation of the revenue to government. The plain and just principle was recognised, that the ground must belong of right to those who had cultivated it, subject to a tribute to the government for the protection and administration of this and their other rights and interests. It was designed that ultimately they should be formally invested with this right of land-owners in perpetuity, which would place them on an entirely new ground, create a whole set of beneficial feelings to which they had hitherto been strangers, and give a most powerful impulse to their

industry, and every virtue which industry involves or promotes. But the reform was to be gradual, and its first measures, experimental. The obvious mode of commencement and trial was, to give leases for moderate terms, with an abolition of all feudal services and forced deliveries at inadequate rates, and with a perfect freedom in cultivation and trade, upon the simple condition of the payment to government of a certain proportion, or of a fixed sum in commutation of a certain proportion, of the produce. This was to be the only tax, of any kind, to be imposed on them; and the various sorts of official and privileged cormorants who had been preying on them, were to be driven from the ground, excepting such of them as could verify certain legal and unquestionable claims, to which claims they were to be most strictly limited; and excepting also, such of them as could be made serviceable as superintendants and collectors, in which capacity they were to be employed under a rigid responsibility and inspection, and for a defined remuneration, to be paid them according to an arrangement which should preclude their exactions on the people. The most hopeful appearances attended the experiment so far as the English had time for its prosecution; and the Author has for once the pleasure of saying a good thing for the Dutch government, which recommenced its dominion in Java with a confirmation of the improved economy thus smuggled in during its interregnum. What else *could* those lumpish, narrow-spirited, unfeeling calculators do, if they were forced to see evidence, in the official account-books, that the new system was an improvement of the revenue?—If this system shall be consolidated into a permanent institution, it is hardly necessary to remark, that there will be required, sooner or later, an adjustment to prevent the evil complained of in the case of tithes, namely, the discouragement caused to industry and enterprize by a demand to share the benefit of all the improvements and extensions which that industry and enterprize may accomplish.

Of the detailed account of arts and manufactures, it is impossible to give any useful abstract. They are naturally very simple, and not very numerous, among an agricultural and more than half barbarous people, of whom each family prepares most of its necessaries itself; and we almost wonder to find as many as thirty distinct denominations of trades and employments. The relics of idolatrous antiquity in Java, evince a former state of some of the arts, especially architecture, far above any present attainments of the people.

The large exposition which our Author has made of the state of the commerce, and the circumstances affecting the commerce, of Java and the other Eastern islands, is a display of very great natural and local capabilities, and of almost all manner of bad policy,

perversity, iniquity, and ill success. He exhibits the Dutch commercial system as founded on the most stupid and barbarous principles, and prosecuted in a spirit and manner the most cruel and mischievous to the inhabitants of these islands, while it was justly unprofitable, on the whole, to its prosecutors. We behold monopoly, interference, and extortion, in all their worst forms; the villany of Chinese management; the immense faculties, so to call them, for the production of the materials for commerce, lying dormant; the people deterred from industry, and arrested and stopped, age after age, at the limit of a mere physical subsistence; the surrounding seas swept by pirates; the shores occupied by their forts, or ravaged by their inroads; and an active slave-trade forming a leading part of the commerce, and infusing its beneficent quality into all the rest. The various subjects of traffic are enumerated, with a great deal of clear and useful information respecting many of them, and with statements of their ascertained or calculated quantities and values, increase or decrease. The most curious article in the account is, the edible birds'-nests, so violently in demand among the epicures of China. Java is less productive of this luxury than some of the other islands of the Archipelago, yet furnishes a very considerable supply. There are some highly entertaining particulars of information respecting this most singular production, as to the sort of situations chosen by the birds, the circumstances distinguishing the greater and less degrees of daintiness, and therefore money value, of the article, and the kind of management required for regulating the plunder so as to obtain a good quantity, and yet not provoke the builders to forsake their favourite haunts.

The system of improvement introduced in Java during the short British administration there, was conspicuous in the emancipated and enlarging operations of commerce. A dubious hope is expressed by our Author, that the restored Dutch government may have the sense to proceed, in some degree at least, in the spirit of this improvement. But as to the general character of the traffic among these fine islands, there is a perfect certainty it will long continue to be a combination of all the roguery, adventure, restriction, extortion, and violence, compatible with its maintaining at all its diminutive existence. The Chinese colonists and temporary residents are the only traders that make a great and constant advantage; and they do it in a manner to afford the smallest possible share of the benefit to the people of these foreign territories, where they are so assiduously making their fortunes, with a selfish and unprincipled craft which never intermits for one moment.

The vigilant shrewdness and indefatigable industry of these people, give them a great advantage over all the Eastern bar-

barians. But especially the people of Java seem fitted to be their dupes and their prey. They are simple, credulous, of little daring, and prone to submission. 'They are more remarkable 'for passive fortitude than active courage, and endure priva- 'tions with patience, rather than make exertions with spirit and 'enterprize.' In the moral picture which our Author displays of them, they make rather an amiable appearance. As in other parts of the world, both the privileged and the subordinate classes have been injured, in their qualities, by their situation; but the latter, according to our Author, incomparably the less.

'In the peasantry we observe all that is simple, natural, and ingenuous; in the higher orders we sometimes discover violence, deceit, and gross sensuality. Where not corrupted by indulgence on the one hand, or stupified by oppression on the other, the Javans appear to be a generous and warm-hearted people. In their domestic relations they are kind, affectionate, gentle, and contented; in their public they are obedient, honest, and faithful. In their intercourse with society they display, in a high degree, the virtues of honesty, plain-dealing, and candour. Their ingenuousness is such, that, as the first Dutch authorities have acknowledged, prisoners brought to the bar on criminal charges, if really guilty, nine times out of ten confess, without disguise or equivocation, the full extent and exact circumstances of their offences, and communicate, when required, more information on the matter at issue, than all the rest of the evidence. Although this may, in some degree, be the result of the former use of torture, it cannot be wholly so.

'Though living under a government where justice was seldom administered with purity or impartiality, and where of course we might expect to see the hand of private violence stretched out to punish private wrong, or a general spirit of retaliation and insidious cruelty prevailing, the Javans are, in a great degree, strangers to unrelenting hatred and blood-thirsty revenge. Almost the only passion that can urge them to deeds of vengeance or assassination, is jealousy. They are little liable to those fits and starts of anger, or those sudden explosions of fury, which appear among northern nations.

'Atrocious crimes are extremely rare, and have been principally owing to misgovernment when they have occurred. In answer to what has been asserted concerning robberies, assassinations, and thefts, it may be stated, that during the residence of the English, an entire confidence was reposed in the people, and that confidence was never found misplaced. The English never used bars or bolts to their houses, never travelled with arms, and no instance occurred of their being ill used. The Dutch, on the contrary, placed no confidence: all their windows were barred, and all their doors locked, to keep out the treacherous natives, (as they called them,) and they never moved five miles abroad without pistols and swords. What could be expected by a government that derived a principal part of its revenue from the encouragement of vice, by the farms of gaming, cock-fighting, and opium shops? After the two former were abolished by the English, and the local government had done all in its power

to discourage the latter, a visible amelioration took place in the morals of the lower ranks.'

Those frightful explosions of murderous phrenzy, so often heard of under the denomination of 'running a-muck,' are not, Sir T. Raffles says, to be set to the account of the Javans, the perpetrators having generally been slaves; nor is the crime, it seems, to be set to the account of these perpetrators themselves so much as to that of their Dutch masters, whose severe punishments for even slight offences, used to provoke these wretches to the madness of killing and being killed. These Dutch are an excellent scape-goat for all the criminals of Java. We can well believe all that he says against them; but had there been under the *English* government, (supposing it to have lasted,) some few stray crimes among the natives, would *that* government in that case have been held the unaccountable party? Or how long might any occurring crimes have been judged to be fairly attributable to the evil spirit of the defunct Dutch domination, still lingering among the people as the instigator of all evil?

He acknowledges that the amiable character here displayed, is that of the rural villagers, rather than of the inhabitants of the native capitals; and that it is still much less to be taken as a description of the natives in and about the large European establishments. 'The people in the neighbourhood of Batavia are the 'worst in the Island, and the long intercourse with strangers has 'been almost equally fatal to the morals of the lower part of 'Bantam. The further removed from European influence and 'foreign intercourse, the better are the morals, and the happier 'are the people.'

The constitution and operation of the government, in the portion of the Island independent of European authority, is a matter utterly below all curiosity. An absolute monarch, sunk in voluptuous indolence, with a gaudy and profligate court around him, and a crafty miscreant of a prime minister to manage the affairs of the kingdom,—is just the old Asiatic story over again. As to the judicial administrations, the courts have the Koran for their code of law, modified by some old usages of the country. That book is also the grand religious authority of the Island. It is about three centuries since the Javans were converted to Mahomedanism.

'Of all the nations who have adopted that creed,' says Sir T. R. 'they are among the most recent converts; and it may be safely added, that few others are so little acquainted with its doctrines, and partake so little of its zeal and intolerance. The consequence is, that although the Mahomedan law be in some instances followed, and it be considered a point of honour to profess an adherence to it, it has not entirely superseded the ancient superstitions and local customs of

the country.' 'They are thus,' (as he remarks in another place,) 'open to the accumulated delusion of two religious systems.'

To the more ancient portion of their superstitions, we presume, are to be referred their solemn faith in omens, and their observance of lucky and unlucky times. That more ancient superstition was the same that still enslaves the millions of Hindoostan; and it appears to have reigned supreme in Java, embodied in the temporal form of an empire, from an unknown age, till that late period when the Prophet assumed the ostensible ascendency, but on such terms, it seems, of tacit compromise with the preceding regent superstition, that it has remained to this day doubtful, whether the people may not more properly be denominated Pagans than Mahomedans. Without any serious misnomer, we may speak of them under either one denomination or the other. Our Author thinks that a perfect freedom of foreign intercourse would draw to the Island a great number of fanatical Arabs, who, assuming a character of sanctity, and exerting themselves with a sort of missionary zeal, would easily acquire so imposing an influence over the yielding and credulous minds of the people, as to stamp a much more decidedly Mahomedan character on multitudes of them. In just this one point, therefore, he thinks the jealous exclusive policy of the Dutch, which kept those Arabs out, was beneficial to the Island; not, as he remarks, that these Christian governors cared, as a matter simply of *religion*, how much more complete the Mahomedan character of their subjects might become; but they dreaded, with good reason, the political consequences of such an influence and confirmed faith.

The monuments of the Hindoo paganism remain in the interior of the Island, in a number of massive ruins of temples. The description of the principal of these, accompanied with excellent plates, occupies a very large section of the work. They are hastening fast, (and let them go, with all their hideous imagery,) to still completer ruin, chiefly through the operation of nature, by means of the trees and other vegetables, which growing among them and on them, insinuate with ever augmenting size and force through their crevices, and split them in pieces.

The length to which our abstract has been drawn out, exceedingly slender as it is, as compared with the quantity of matter in the work, enforces on us here to make an end, leaving untouched a great mass of other information. Some of it,—as the description of various customs, ceremonies, amusements, and civil institutions, if they may be so called,—will be considerably interesting to the general reader. Other parts,—(as respecting the languages of the Javans and the kindred nations, including an immense length of vocabulary,)—will have their value to oriental scholars. The analysis of an Epic Poem is, perhaps, too late

in the day for almost any class of readers. The European stomach, we think, has given the most decisive signs of having now somewhat more than enough of the spicery of oriental fiction and mythological history; and we think the better of its structure for its feeling that nausea. The part denominated, strictly, the History of Java, might advantageously have been very much more brief. As to the documents relative to the principles, proceedings, and effects, of the late temporary English government of the Island, we must not raise any question on the right of the excellent Administrator of that government to have them added to the bulk of a work, of which the only fault is, as we have said before, its being too large. But in saying this, we do not mean that it is tedious and prolix in the manner of writing: it has no such fault. There are, indeed, some repetitions, owing to the haste with which the work was prepared. But the excess attributed is actually the immense quantity of information, extended to a minuteness of detail which, while it displays the indefatigableness and the precision of the Author's inquiries, really loads the work with a superfluity of particulars, and exhibits Java in larger dimensions than it has any fair claim to fill.

The plates, chiefly by Mr. Daniell, are very numerous, of excellent workmanship, and full of oriental character. Those exhibiting the persons and dress of the people are carefully coloured. The map, of nearly four feet long, (engraved by Walker,) is as beautiful as it is possible to conceive. Though the price is so considerable, the book is cheaper than any other of the same class that we have lately seen.

Art. II. *An Inquiry into certain Errors relative to Insanity, and their Consequences; physical, moral, and civil.* By George Man Burrows, M.D. F.L.S. &c. 8vo. pp. 320. London. 1820.

THAT mental alienation, manifesting itself as it does by the most appalling characteristics, associated with circumstances very dissimilar in appearance from mere bodily derangement, should have been contemplated in the earliest periods of society with especial horror, needs not awaken our surprise. Nor can we even wonder that this afflicting visitation should have been considered not simply as one of the manifold ills which man is heir to, but as a disorder decidedly and exclusively moral; as even a particular and marked indication of the Divine displeasure. When, indeed, medicine learned to free itself from the fetters of sacerdotal superstition, and to prefer its claims to rank among the physical sciences, these κῆλα θεοῦ notions respecting the origin of mental maladies, began visibly to decline. The

great father of the therapeutical art conceived himself justified in bringing into the investigation of *every* species of deviation from health or *sanity*, all the aid that could be afforded him by the contemplation of either natural or physical agents: accordingly, we find that as well by Hippocrates as his immediate successors, disorders of the mind were viewed and treated as events of ordinary, rather than of supernatural occurrence. Man, however, is fond of the marvellous; and thus the miserable metaphysics of the middle ages contributed to restore a disposition to regard the insane as subjects of a particular dispensation, and as therefore out of the reach and agency of ordinary remedial means; a disposition which even down to the present day has not ceased to manifest itself.

But 'the same constitution of mind,' it has been remarked, 'which favours implicit belief, facilitates also the influence of 'doubt.' We are not sure whether an error the exact opposite of the dangerous one just adverted to, is not becoming in some quarters far too influential, as it respects both speculation and practice. We *are* sure, indeed that a mode of thinking very injurious to the moral interests of society, has recently established itself in many minds upon the false and often refuted supposition, that every truth, whether physical or moral, must be grounded solely on perception; that because we *see* nothing in the bodily fabric but bone, and fibre, and vessel, therefore nothing beyond these visible and tangible substances does or can exist; that *duality of being* (as it has been termed by a recent writer*) is a mere chimera, and that physical impulse and moral motive are equally and alike under an absolute subordination to organic conditions. The natural and necessary inferences from these assumptions are, that vice is as truly a disease, or deviation from health, as is fever or inflammation; that jails are expedients of precisely the same nature and design as mad-houses; and that the practice of virtue, is as much an organic act as is the digestion of the food or the circulation of the blood!

Reserving for another opportunity, the examination of certain modern automatical theories, we shall now confine ourselves to the question, how far it is proper to speak of insanity as a bodily disease.

Some morbid affections are so palpably connected with a certain condition of the bodily organization as to leave not the smallest room for doubt or disputation. If, for instance, an individual be attacked with pain in his breast, impeded respiration, and cough, together with such disturbance in the circulation as denotes inflammatory action, he is pronounced, without hesitation, to be labouring under an inflammation of the

* See London Medical Repository. Vol. xiii. page 487.]

lungs; or should the same species of organic disturbance implicate the vessels of the brain, this disease also would be with equal precision inferred from its appropriate symptoms. But when, of two individuals apparently in the same condition as to the absence of any topical indices of deranged action, with the pulses of the arm and the head beating in each to precisely the same tune and number, one, by his whole deportment, shall substantiate the validity of such exterior marks of order and harmony; while the other shall betray by every motion of his features and every expression from his lips, that in *his* interior, on the contrary, storms and tempests are raging with ungovernable fury; who shall say what constitutes the organic difference between the one and the other?—Again, the violence of mental agitation shall prove sufficient to destroy life, and a *post mortem* examination of the most scientific and scrutinizing kind, shall be instituted without affording any *structural* explanation of the catastrophe; and even when the pathological investigator does find some internal marks of disease, it is by no means always certain but that these marks are the evidence of the effect rather than of the cause. This, then, is the point upon which we wish to fix the reader's attention; that, while the notion of mental disorder without some bodily change, involves an untenable assumption, such disorder is, in very many instances, bodily in a far different sense from those deviations from health which implicate parts of the frame that are cognizable by the senses. And there is a further distinction likewise to be noticed, which respects the source, or *ab-origine* induction, of the morbid state; whether such source shall have been purely mental, or whether the first link in the chain shall have been formed of some positive disturbance in the physical functions.

The medical error of those theorists in the present day, who are for referring every thing, from first to last, to organization, and organization alone, is, that insanity is nothing but vascular irritation, and that to subdue inflammatory excitement, and to control the fury of mania, constitute one and the same operation. Our conclusion is widely different; and while we would have every case of mental sickness placed as early as possible under the management of the judicious physician, and not consigned to the custody of the mere *keeper* of a madhouse; we would be anxious to seek for such a physician as, in his partiality for drugs and medicaments, should by no means lose sight of the important distinctions just referred to; but who should be fully and practically aware of that occasional mastery, both in health and disease, which is exercised by the sentient over the organic conditions of the human frame.

Of the importance of medicine in these most melancholy

ailments, there can exist no reasonable doubt. The book before us contains satisfactory evidence that one of the most false, and mischievous, and cruel notions that has ever been maintained or acted on, is that which regards madness as absolutely, and from its very nature, incurable; and places receptacles of the insane in the light of *mausolea* of mind, or mere depositories for confining and securing their wretched inmates. Very many individuals there are at this moment pacing the incurable wards of lunatic asylums, with nothing of man about them but the mere human form, who might, but for this fatal error which we are now deprecating, have been linked in the social circle, and enjoying all the privileges of our nature!

The late celebrated Dr. Willis, it is known, was wont to assert, that nine out of ten cases of insanity recovered, if placed under his care *within three months from the attack*. This assertion has for the most part been regarded by the faculty of medicine as untenably presumptuous and empirical; and we must confess that we have ourselves ranked among the number of sceptics on this point. The present Writer, however, thinks that Dr. W.'s statement was probably not in the least overcharged. 'Those who derided Dr. Willis,' he says, 'had 'neither his experience in this malady, nor the opportunities of 'treating it *in its early, and therefore most favourable, stage*; 'and few ever so fully possessed the essential auxiliaries to success as that physician.'

We have marked, it will be noticed, by italic characters, those passages which point out the necessity of *early treatment*. It is the concurrent testimony of all who have had to do with the insane, that the *principiis obsta* is most especially applicable to this disordered state, the proportion of successful cases being incomparably high when they have been of short duration; 'a fact,' says our Author, 'which cannot be too 'earnestly enforced on the recollection of all who may from the 'development of symptoms have reason to suspect an access of 'mental derangement, whether in a friend or patient.' The statement which Dr. B. presents as containing a synopsis of his own practice, exhibits a proportion of cures in recent cases as great as 91 in 100, while in old cases the cures stand at only 35 to 100. The aggregate of all his cases in a given time, presents the proportion of 81 in 100.

We hope that this consolatory representation of the curable nature of mental sickness, will induce other private practitioners in the same manner to record the results of their own observation.

'For,' says the present Author, 'extraordinary as it may appear, no detailed or even general report of the result of private practice in this malady, has ever been published by any British author.' 'A

defect so remarkable and unexpected, almost justifies the reproach of foreigners—that the many learned English writers who have published on mental affections, have displayed greater fondness for speculative disquisition than practical induction. And hence another reason for that general scepticism in this country, on every matter connected with insanity or insane people.'

We find by the above account of Dr. B.'s individual practice, that the allegations of Dr. Willis are even more than realised; and it further appears that in a *public* institution *(La Salpetriere)* in France, the numbers of cured are very little lower than the assigned proportions of that physician: What too must be thought particularly worthy of remark in reference to the present point, is, that the celebrated York Retreat, which is appropriated to the deranged among the Society of Friends, and which 'excels every other asylum for lunatics in moral qualities,' presents a statement of cures inferior to that of several public institutions; the proportion of cures being, (up to 1811) 36 in 100. Now the able and amiable conductor of the Retreat is avowedly hostile to medical remedies employed in any other than an incidental and occasional way, and he even exultingly talks of the little annual expenditure for medicine in his establishment. In this instance, then, Dr. Burrows thinks, that the *experimentum crucis* is nearly afforded in favour of medicine for mental ailment, since, did judicious guardianship and moral management comprise every thing needful for the insane, the inmates of the Retreat would have the greatest possible chance of recovery. In comparisons of this kind, however, it ought ever to be recollected, that the particular circumstances of the individual cases may make a vast difference as to the result of their maladies; and it would seem sufficiently probable, that when mental aberration does occur among a people marked as the Quakers are by sobriety of habits and steadiness of character, it is much less likely to prove transient than when falling upon individuals in more general and promiscuous society.

It is gratifying to learn from the present Writer, that, since the year 1816, there has been a conspicuous increase in the *ratio* of cures at Bethlem, which, up to that period, had been retrograding from what it was in former years. This account must afford the most heartfelt pleasure to the members of that Committee, who so ardently, so assiduously, and in a manner in every respect so praise-worthy, engaged in effecting a reform as to the economy and management both of public and private asylums. Indeed, since that investigation took place, (we speak from personal observation,) it is delightful to witness the great improvement which is conspicuous in every institution you enter, whether of a more public or more private description. Even if Dr. Burrows, and other writers who take a similar

view of the subject, fail to make good the position for which they contend, that 'Insanity is as susceptible of cure as other 'maladies,' they at least incontestibly prove thus much, that it is a curable complaint, and curable in a very considerable proportion of instances. 'And if,' adds our Author, in concluding this part of the Inquiry,—

'If so much have been accomplished—through means which, I will venture to assert, however much desired or sought, have been scarcely ever commensurate, and are often notoriously deficient; and when, besides, the visionary speculations of some and the ignorance of others are eternally counteracting the wisest ordinances—who can refrain from contemplating, without a prescient hope, what might be achieved, were the requisites at command, and were more enlightened views to predominate.'

'Is insanity an increasing malady?' The affirmative has been maintained, our Author thinks, in terms far too sweeping and indiscriminate. He has been at the pains of instituting a very minute inquiry into this particular, the result of which proves, that the regular increment of mental derangement by no means bears a proportion, as is usually conceived, to the growth of civilization and refinement. Periods of national calamity and turbulence have been productive of madness in a more than ordinary measure, as was instanced in France during the horrors of the Revolution; and we are informed upon the best authority, that the disease is at this moment making dreadful ravages in the several districts of Ireland in which distress is almost at its acme. But the documents which Dr. Burrows lays before us, constitute sufficient evidence of the erroneousness of that opinion which is the prevalent one, viz. that Insanity in England, is actually and regularly on the increase.

'Whether the question respecting the increase of insanity in England, be judged by the aggregate entries in the Commissioners' Register; the account of the lunatics received by St. Mary-le-bone parish; the records of English lunatic asylums; a comparison of the number at present in the London district with the computation in 1800; with the deaths of lunatics entered in the London bills of mortality; or even with the progress of population; the more clear is the demonstration that it is *not* an increasing malady.'

In the next section of his work, the Author discusses the queston, 'Is insanity a prevalent malady?' And he shews, that the proportion in England and Wales according to the census of 1810, was 1 in 2000; a ratio not sufficiently large to justify the opinion that insanity is an exceedingly prevalent disease. In this chapter, there is likewise a successful attempt to combat the prevailing notion, that England abounds more in cases of insanity and suicide than other countries. Dr. Burrows presents us a table exhibiting the proportion of suicides to the

population in most of the large cities on the Continent, in a given time, compared with that of London, which affords the following results for Paris, Copenhagen, Berlin, and our own Metropolis.

	Population.	Suicides.
London	1,000,000	200
Paris	700,000	300
Berlin	166,584	57
Copenhagen	84,000	51

Consequently, the proportion of suicides in the capitals of Paris, Berlin, and Copenhagen, is, in relation to that of London, as 5 to 2, 5 to 3, and 3 to 1.

'Thus,' says Dr. B. 'if the prevalence of suicide be a test of the prevalence of insanity, we have here positive proof, that mental derangement is less frequent in England than in several other countries. Were we to extend the inquiry into the provinces of England, it is certain the ratio of suicides would be much diminished; for in a metropolis where the incentives are most frequent, it will ever superabound. The contrary seems to obtain in Prussia: but in 1817, (the year chosen by Dr. Burrows for this comparative census,) that country was still suffering under the miseries war had inflicted; from which, perhaps, Berlin experienced the least of any of the other cities.'

This last is a very curious and important fact; and we think our Author would have much improved the estimates and calculations which he has been at the pains of instituting, had he extended his investigations back to another and more distant year. There is, however, no lack of evidence to prove the wide devastation and complicated misery produced by the conflicts of nations. War not only crowds hospitals, but furnishes poor-houses and mad-houses with a large proportion of their inmates. By the way, we doubt whether the particular circumstances of the Continent at the period chosen for our Author's inquiries, may not be considered as in some measure explanatory of the difference between this and other countries in reference to the prevalence of mental disease. Had Britain been the actual theatre of war, it is more than probable that the number of victims to its malign influence, would in this respect have been considerably augmented.

'Creditable as the result is to the British character, yet the pious and the philanthropic will acknowledge little reason for gratulation; since it only proves that among nations we are the least demoralized: and it is a poor consolation to be merely the lowest in the scale of impiety. Suicide, it must be confessed, is a vice still much too common in England.'

Such are the reflections of our Author upon summing up his comparative account, and in the main his remarks must be

allowed to be just and appropriate. But to speak of suicide as a 'vice' without any qualifying salvo to this condemnatory inference, implies a harshness of censure inconsistent with the physical views which Dr. Burrows takes of mental malady. Although it formed no part of his plan in the present volume, to chalk out the discriminating features between crime and madness, (a most momentous point of consideration,) yet, the language he has employed in the sentence above quoted, may be the occasion of unnecessary distress to such of his readers as have either contemplated this dreadful deed in the moment when reason has forsaken them, or have already suffered the most poignant affliction in the loss of some relative or friend by the act of self-destruction. It will not for a moment be imagined that we would wish to palliate the guilt of wilful suicide: we are, on the contrary, of opinion, that a laxity of feeling has obtained in reference to this most horrid of all horrid acts, which originates in opinions highly erroneous, and is pregnant with the most mischievous consequences. But to attach criminality to self-destruction when reason and consequent accountability are gone, is both unphilosophical and unfeeling; and from such a writer as Dr. Burrows, the principle could only have been admitted by a *lapsus calami*.

Opportunities have before presented themselves to us of combating that vulgar, and we were going to call it fanatical, notion, that religion is frequently the cause of insanity. The concerns of futurity must appear to persons of the smallest reflection, of such awful moment, that we can easily believe, in minds predisposed to derangement, unsatisfactory and terrific views of an eternal state may operate very powerfully in assisting to produce actual madness. But in the majority of instances which we witness of the 'religiously mad,' those fanatical feelings and expressions by which the hallucination is accompanied, are the consequences, rather than the sources of the disorder. In this opinion, we are happy to find that Dr. Burrows in some measure coincides: he devotes a chapter of his book to the question, 'Is religion a cause or an effect of insanity?' and, we think, deserves some credit for not suffering himself to be carried down with the common current of opinion in reference to this particular.

Dr. Hallaran, a recent and very able writer on insanity, when adverting to this subject, remarks, that in the Cork Lunatic Asylum, where Catholics are in proportion to Protestants as ten to one, no instance of mental derangement caused by religious enthusiasm has occurred among the former; while several dissenters from the Established Church have been so affected. Of this fact, the following explanation is proposed by Dr. Burrows.

'The reason of the difference appears obvious. The ministers of the Romish persuasion will not permit their flocks to be wrought upon. To distrust the fallibility of any point of doctrine or discipline is with them heresy. Catholics, therefore, are preserved from those dubitations which, when once engendered, generally end in conversion. The moment of danger is, when ancient opinions in matters of faith are wavering, or in the noviciate of those recently embraced. And to this danger every Protestant is more particularly exposed; especially in a country where toleration in religious opinions is allowed; for there excess of fervour is the most likely to be awakened.'

After all, however, we believe that constitutional temperament has much more to do with illusory conceits, than any of the exciting causes alleged. It has been well remarked, that the Poet Cowper, who has been so often cited as an instance of religious melancholia, was about to commit suicide *before* he was the subject of religious impression; and by the same Writer we are reminded that neither Swift nor Rousseau was a religious melancholic.* It is this constitutional temperament that distorts truth, and thus, as Dr. Burrows remarks, 'generates an opinion 'that melancholy insanity is the effect of religious impressions.' In minds so constituted, the most ordinary incidents become provocations of derangement. Some minds are so framed as

'to view all the blessings of this, or a future life, by involution. Their greatest gratification is persistive despondency. Deaf to precept or example, they retort:—

Go—you may call it madness—folly—
You shall not chase my gloom away;
There's such a charm in melancholy—
I would not if I could, be gay!'

We must here terminate our account of this very interesting performance. The medical reader will of course look to Dr. Burrows for a detail of those plans and practices which he represents as having proved so efficacious in healing wounded, or in restoring lost reason. In his "Commentaries on Insanity," (a work some time ago promised,) we shall hope to meet with these details: in the mean time, we readily accept the stated results on the credit of our Author's name and character, and acknowledge our obligations to him for having placed the matter of mental aberration in a much more consolatory point of view than we have hitherto been accustomed to contemplate it.

Dr. Burrows is an able writer: his principal fault, as it relates to manner, consists in an occasional endeavour to compose too carefully. We think that with a little less of the *récherché* about his words and sentences, the style of the book would have

* See Quarterly Review. Article "Insanity and Madhouses."

been still less exceptionable. It behooves authors who are solicitous about dressing their thoughts out to the best advantage, to keep in constant recollection the maxim, *artem celare*.

Art. III. *Memoirs illustrative of the Life and Writings of John Evelyn, Esq. F.R.S. Author of the "Sylva," &c. &c.* Comprising his Diary from the Year 1641 to 1705, 6, and a Selection of his Familiar Letters. To which is subjoined, the private Correspondence between King Charles I, and his Secretary of State, Sir Edward Nicholas, whilst his Majesty was in Scotland 1641, and at other Times during the Civil War; also between Sir Edward Hyde, afterwards Earl of Clarendon, and Sir Richard Browne, Ambassador to the Court of France. The whole now first published from the Original MSS. Edited by William Bray, Esq. F.R.S. Second Edition. 2 vols. 4to. [Plates] pp. xxviii. 1350. London. 1819.

THESE volumes combine the attractions of biography, travels, and historical memoirs. The Diary, which occupies rather more than half of the work, exhibits the unaffected sentiments of one of the most virtuous men of his time, on the passing events, prevailing manners, and most distinguished personages of the interesting period which it embraces. It is a private record, having no pretensions to the character of history or political annals; for some of the most important occurrences are alluded to in the slightest manner possible; but disclosing information sometimes of a curious and valuable description, always entertaining, and affording a display of integrity, good sense, and signal amiableness of disposition in the accomplished Writer, which in no small degree contributes to the pleasure and interest felt in the perusal. The rank which Mr. Evelyn held in society, and the universality of his acquaintance, could not fail to enrich his personal journal with details relating to the most illustrious actors in those events which form the matter of history; at the same time, there is a very singular abstinence from the parade of an anecdotist, from the self-important enunciation of opinions, and even from all expressions of party rancour. Mr. Evelyn appears to have been a person of a remarkably calm and philosophic temper, and of the most perfect simplicity of character. The appearance of such a man in the midst of the licentious court of Charles the Second, as the intimate of Royalty and the confidant of statesmen, yet himself neither a politician nor a man of intrigue,—is a phenomenon which might seem to admit of a reference by way of analogy, though not of parallel, to the situation of Daniel at the court of Babylon. With what are properly termed politics, it is astonishing how little Mr. Evelyn appears to have meddled. It was certainly neither indolence nor a deficiency of patriotism,

that led him to decline taking a part in the conflicts of parliamentary debate, or allying himself, otherwise than by his sentiments and intimacies, to either of the contending parties. Shall we say that he had too much good sense to be ambitious, or that he was too modest to be aspiring, or too pious to sell himself to the dirty service of the State? He was not wholly destitute of ambition, he had a taste for public life, and was susceptible of the full impression of whatever grandeur can attach to the pomp of office and the dignity of station. His loyalty, too, was a passionate sentiment, intimately blending with his religious feelings, and borrowing something of their character: it was that of a Tory of the old school, who, when once he had lived to see the King restored, and Church and State re-established on their old basis, could have chaunted the *Nunc-Dimittis*, all his solicitudes for his country being then over. The marked proofs of favour and confidence which Mr. Evelyn continued to receive from the restored Monarch, are recorded with an evident sense of the gratification he derived from them. But he was made for better things than to be a courtier. The favourite pursuits to which the ardour of his mind was devoted, and which, re-acting upon his character, contributed to determine its bias, were natural philosophy and agricultural science. These pursuits, by pre-occupying his taste and his ambition, saved him from the necessity of seeking in the service of a party or of the Court, less innocent—at least, more hazardous employment; saved him, too, from hankering after those empty distinctions which are the bribe or the reward of political service; and armed him, within the very magic circle of the Court, with a counter-spell that baffled its Circean influence, so that he came forth in all the integrity of a man. The declaration which, in pursuance of his intention, is inscribed upon his tomb, speaks the result of his experience: 'That all 'is vanity which is not honest, and that there is no solid wisdom 'but in real piety.'

Evelyn has been best known to posterity as the Author of the Sylva;* and to his talents as an agreeable and accomplished Writer, he will be indebted for his lasting fame. 'It is certain,' says the Author of the article EVELYN in the Biographia Britannica, 'that very few Authors who have written in our lan-'guage, deserve the character of able and agreeable writers so 'well as Mr. Evelyn, who, though he was acquainted with most 'sciences, and wrote upon many different subjects, yet was very 'far, indeed the farthest of most men of his time, from being a

* For an account of this work, the reader may consult ECLECTIC REVIEW. *Old Series.* Vol. viii. p. 1108.

'superficial writer. He had genius, he had taste, he had 'learning; and he knew how to give all these a proper place in 'his works, so as never to pass for a pedant, even with such as 'were least in love with literature, and to be justly esteemed a 'polite author by those who knew it best.' His works are sufficiently numerous to have precluded his being regarded as a literary idler, even if his whole time had been occupied with such pursuits; but the fact is, that they are the fruits of intervals of leisure in the busy life of a man who took a very active part in society. An enumeration of the posts he occupied, will at once shew the consideration in which he was held by his contemporaries, and the activity of his mind.

'His first public appointment was in 1662, as a Commissioner for reforming the buildings, ways, streets, and incumbrances, and regulating Hackney coaches in London. In the same year, he sat as a Commissioner on an inquiry into the conduct of the Lord Mayor, &c. concerning Sir Thomas Gresham's charities. In 1664, he was in a Commission for regulating the Mint; and in the same year he was appointed one of the Commissioners for the care of the sick and the wounded in the Dutch War; and was continued in the same employment in the second War with that country. He was one of the Commissioners for the repair of St. Paul's Cathedral shortly before it was burnt in 1666. In that year he was in a Commission for regulating the farming and making of saltpetre. In 1671, he was made a Commissioner of Plantations on the establishment of the Board, to which the Council of Trade was added in 1672. In 1685, he was one of the Commissioners of the Privy Seal during the absence of the Earl of Clarendon, (who held that office,) on his going Lord Lieutenant to Ireland. On the foundation of Greenwich Hospital in 1695, he was one of the Commissioners; and on 30th June, 1696, he laid the first stone of that building, being appointed Treasurer.'

Besides these engagements, (some of which were of a light and temporary nature, but others were extremely laborious and of longer duration), he was a very active member of the Royal Society, in the institution of which he had a considerable share. On its establishment in 1662, he was appointed one of the Council, and in 1672, was chosen Secretary. He obtained for this society the splendid gift of the Arundelian library, as he had before prevailed upon Lord Henry Howard to bestow the Arundelian marbles on the University of Oxford. His whole life, which was extended to 86 years, amply justified the encomium pronounced by Lord Orford; it was 'a course of 'inquiry, study, curiosity, instruction, and benevolence.'

The 'Kalendarium,' as the Writer styles it, commences with some brief *memoranda* of his parentage and early life. Under the year 1631, occurs a notice of the extraordinary dearth which occurred in England in that year. And now, Evelyn tells us,

'in imitation of what I had seen my Father do, I began to 'observe matters more punctualy, which I did use to set downe 'in a blanke almanac.' He was at this time but eleven years of age. The Diary itself was commenced, or transcribed, at a later period, but it appears to have originated in this simple circumstance, and to have been prosecuted without the most distant view to its being made public. Of his father, he speaks in terms of the most exemplary reverence and affection; and he appears to have been held by all his acquaintance in the highest consideration.

'1634. My Father was appointed Sheriff for Surrey and Sussex before they were disjoyned. He had 116 servants in liverys, every one livery'd in greene sattin doublets; divers gentlemen and persons of quality waited on him in the same garb and habit, which at that time (when 30 or 40 was the usual retinue of the High Sheriff) was esteemed a great matter. Nor was this out of the least vanity that my Father exceeded (who was one of the greatest decliners of it), but because he could not refuse the civility of his friends and relations, who voluntarily came themselves, or sent in their servants.'

In illustration of his being 'a studious decliner of honours 'and titles,' there is given in a note, the copy of a curious voucher for the receipt of £50 'by waie of composic'one to 'the use of his Ma'tie, for his (Richard Evlinge's) fine for not 'apearinge at the time and place apoynted for receavinge order 'of K'hood.'

In Dec. 1640, Mr. Evelyn's father died: he had lost his mother five years before; and 'thus,' he says, 'we were bereft 'of both our parents in a period when we most of all stood in 'need of their counsel and assistance.'

'But so it pleased God to make tryall of my conduct in a conjuncture of the greatest and most prodigious hazard that ever the youth of England saw. If I did not amidst all this peach my liberty, nor, my vertue, with the rest who made shipwreck of both, it was more the infinite goodness and mercy of God than the least discretion of myne owne, who now thought of nothing but the pursuite of vanity, and the confused imaginations of young men.'

On the 3d of November of the same year, ('a day,' he remarks, 'never to be mentioned without a curse,') he had seen the King proceed in state, after his return from his Northern expedition, 'to that long, ungratefull, foolish, and fatal Par-'liament, the beginning of all our sorrows for twenty years 'after, and the period of the most happy monarch in the world.' On the 12th of May, 1641, he 'beheld on Tower Hill, the fatal 'stroke that severed the wisest head in England from the 'shoulders of the Earl of Strafford.' Dismayed at 'this ill 'face of things,' he took the prudent resolution to absent himself from his country till the storm should have blown over,

apprehensive that the national calamities were 'but yet in their 'infancy.' At Chatham, he saw the 'Soveraigne' man of war, 'for burthen, defense, and ornament, the richest that ever 'spread cloth before the wind, and especially for this remark-'able, that her building cost his Ma'tie the affections of his 'subjects, who quarrell'd with him for a trifle, refusing to contr-'bute either to their own safety or his glory.' These expressions are worth quoting, only as they serve to indicate the very simple-hearted, but very ill-informed and inadequate notions, which the Writer had taken up with regard to the great political questions that were then agitating the country. Nobody could be more free from the spirit of a partizan than he appears to have been; and yet almost all his references to political affairs are in the same strain of partial or erroneous representation. Mr. Evelyn embarked at Chatham for Flushing on the 21st of July; and passed nearly three months in the Netherlands. Soon after his return to England, the differences between the King and the Parliament arrived at their crisis. Evelyn, now only one and twenty, joined the King's army with his horse and arms after the battle of Brentford; but the tender of his service appears to have been declined out of consideration of the certain ruin to which it would have exposed him and his brothers, 'without 'any advantage to his Majesty.' His martial ardour, fortunately, did not disdain to be regulated by prudence, nor was his loyalty a passion so entirely ungovernable as to content itself with nothing short of a complete abandonment of self-interest. Finding it impossible, if he continued in this country, to remain neutral, or at least 'to evade the doing of very unhandsome things,' he obtained his Majesty's license to travel again; and in Nov. 1642, returned to the Continent. The Diary is now occupied, to the extent of more than two hundred pages, with our Traveller's *memoranda* of sights and adventures on passing through France and various parts of Italy. If we meet with no very novel or important information, nor with any profound remarks, we are at least never offended with any affectation or impertinence. Of the Journalist's simplicity of style and of character, the following may serve as a specimen.

'We began to enter the plains of Rome, at which sight my thoughts were strangely elevated, but soon allay'd by so violent a shower which fell just as we were contemplating that proud mistress of the world, and descending by the Vatican (for at that gate we entered), that before we got in into the Citty I was wet to the skin!'

At Rome he spent about seven months, and having recommendations to several English residents of distinction, had no difficulty in gratifying his curiosity with the survey of all the architectural wonders, the treasures of antiquity, and the eccle-

siastical shows which at that period it contained. Among the virtuosi to whom he was introduced, was an amusing personage named Hippolito Vitellesco, 'afterwards Bibliothecary of the 'Vatican library,' who possessed one of the best collections of statues in Rome; 'to which,' we are told, 'he frequently talked, 'as if they were living, pronouncing now and then, orations, 'sentences, and verses, sometimes kissing and embracing them.' This same gentleman had not long before purchased land in the kingdom of Naples, in the hope, by digging, to find more statues; and it seems had been so far successful as to obtain more than compensated for the purchase. An edifying exhibition of the zeal of the Papal court for the conversion of the Jews, formed part of one day's amusement to the young Englishman.

'Jan. 7. A Sermon was preach'd to the Jewes at Ponte Sisto, who are constrain'd to sit till the hour is don; but it is with so much malice in their countenances, spitting, hum'ing, coughing, and motion, that it is almost impossible they should heare a word from the preacher. A conversion is very rare.'

The reflection does not appear to have at all occurred to the heretical spectator of the scene, to what, in fact, under the name of Christianity, this precious scheme was designed to convert the infidel audience. On a subsequent occasion, he was actually invited by a Dominican friar to be godfather to a converted Turk and Jew, with which extraordinary request he did not scruple to comply.

'The ceremonie was perform'd in the Church of Sta Maria Sopra la Minerva, neere the capitol. They were clad in white, then *exorcis'd* at their entering the Church with aboundance of ceremonies, and when led into the choir were baptiz'd by a Bishop *in pontificalibus*. The Turk lived afterwards in Rome, sold hot waters, and would bring us presents when he met us, kneeling and kissing the hems of our cloaks; but the Jew was believ'd to be a counterfeit.'

From Rome, he proceeded to Naples, then a dangerous journey by reason of the banditti who infested the neighbourhood of the capital; and our Traveller was but ill mounted on his 'base, unlucky, stiff-necked, trotting, carrion mule,' 'which are 'in the world,' he says, 'the most wretched beasts:' the party were therefore 'faine to hire a strong convey of about 'thirty firelocks' to guard them as far as Nova Fossa. With the scenery of Naples and its classical environs, Evelyn was highly delighted, but he was struck with the licentiousness of manners.

'The building of the Citty is for the size the most magnificent of any in Europe, the streetes exceeding large, well paved, having vaults and conveyances under them for the sullage, which renders them very sweete and cleane even in the midst of winter. To it belongeth more than 3000 Churches and Monasteries, and those the

best built and adorn'd of any in Italy. They greately affect the Spanish gravity in their habite; delight in good horses; the streetes are full of gallants on horseback, in coaches and sedans, from hence brought first into England by Sir Sanders Duncomb. The women are generally well-featur'd, but excessively libidinous. The country-people so jovial and addicted to musick, that the very husbandmen almost universaly play on the guitarr, singing and composing songs in prayse of their sweetehearts, and wil commonly goe to the field with their fiddle; they are merry, witty, and genial, all which I much attribute to the excellent quality of the ayre. They have a deadly hatred to the French, so that some of our company were flouted at for wearing red cloakes, as the mode then was.'

'6. Feb. We went by coach to take the ayre and see the diversions or rather maddnesse of the Carnival; the courtisans (who swarme in this Citty to the number, as we are told, of 30,000, registred and paying a tax to the State) flinging eggs of sweete water into our coach as we passed by the houses and windows. Indeed the towne is so pestered with these cattell, that there needes no small mortification to preserve from their enchantment, whilst they display all their naturall and artificiall beauty, play, sing, feigne compliment, and by a thousand studied devices seeke to inveigle foolish young men.'

This city he now determined to make the *non ultra* of his travels, and accordingly returned to Rome; 'since,' he adds, 'from the report of divers experienc'd and curious persons I 'had been assur'd there was little more to be seene in the rest of 'the civil world, after Italy, France, Flanders, and the Low 'Country, but plaine and prodigious barbarism.' Before he finally quitted 'the once and yet glorious City,' he had the distinguishing privilege of doing homage to the then tenant of the Seat of the Beast.

'4. May, 1645. Having seen the entrie of ye Ambass^r^ of Lucca, I went to the Vatican, where, by favour of our Cardinal Protector, Fran. Barberini, I was admitted into the Consistorie, heard the Ambass^r^ make his oration in Latine to the Pope, sitting on an elevated state or throne, and changing two pontifical miters; after which I was presented to kisse his toe, that is, his embroder'd slipper, two Cardinals holding up his vest and surplice, and then being sufficiently bless'd with his thumb and two fingers for that day, I return'd home to dinner.'

On quitting Rome, our Traveller visited Lucca, where, in the church of St. Fredian, lies the corpse of an English king whom none of our historians have given any account of; a St. Richard, 'who died here in his pilgrimage towards Rome!' Mr. Evelyn gives us the Latin epitaph on his tomb; which tomb, a Note by the Editor states, still exists, though who this Richard king of England was, it has puzzled antiquaries to deter-

'Hic rex Richardus requiescit, sceptifer, almus:
Rex fuit Anglorum, regnum tenet iste polorum.
Regnum demisit pro Christo cuncta reliquit.
Ergo Richardum nobis dedit Anglia sanctum.
Hic genitor sanctæ Wulburgæ Virginis almæ
Est Vrillebaldi Sancti simul et Vinebaldi,
Suffragium quorum nobis det regna Polorum.'

No date is given: we presume none was discoverable.

Passing through Florence, Bologna, and Ferrara, Mr. Evelyn hastened to Venice, being anxious to arrive there before Ascension day, to witness the ceremony of throwing a gold ring and cup into the Adriatic. By favour of the French ambassador, he had admittance to a much more remarkable raree-show, 'the 'Reliquary, called *Tresoro di San Marco,* which few even of 'travellers are admitted to see.' And no wonder such precaution was observed, when, among other invaluable treasures, there were such items as the following:

'Divers heads of saints inchas'd in gold; a small ampulla or glasse with our Saviour's blood; a greate morcell of the real crosse; one of the nailes; a thorn; a fragment of ye column to which our Lord was bound when scourged; the standard or ensigne of Constantine; a piece of St. Luke's arme; a rib of St. Stephen; a finger of Mary Magdalene; numerous other things which I could not remember; but a priest, first vesting himself in his sacerdotals with the stole about his neck, shew'd us the Gospel of St. Mark (their tutelar patron) written by his own hand, and whose body they shew buried in the Church, brought hither from Alexandria many years ago.'

Whilst Mr. Evelyn was at Venice, a ship bound for the Holy Land presented a tempting opportunity for visiting the consecrated territory whence all these anatomical relics were professedly imported; but after Mr. E. had bespoken his passage, and laid in his stores for the voyage, the vessel was pressed into the service of the State, to carry provisions to Candia, which altogether frustrated his design, to his great mortification. He now resolved to spend some months at Padua in the study of physic and anatomy, and was regularly matriculated at the university. Here he obtained those 'rare tables of veines, 'nerves,' &c. which he afterwards presented to the Royal Society, 'being the first of that kind that had been seen in Eng-'land, and for aught I know, in the world.' He passed nine months at Padua and Venice, and then set off for Milan, through Vicenza and Verona, in company with 'Mr. Waller, the cele-'brated poet, now newly gotten out of England, after the Par-'liament had extremely worried him for attempting to put in 'execution the commission of array, and for which the rest of 'his colleagues were hanged by the Rebels.' Mr. Evelyn was particularly struck with the situation of Verona.

'This Citty deserved all those elogies Scaliger has honoured it with, for in my opinion the situation is the most delightful I ever saw; it is so sweetly mixed with rising ground and vallies, so elegantly planted with trees on which Bacchus seems riding as it were in triumph every autumn, for the vines reach from tree to tree; here of all places I have seene in Italy would I fix a residence. Well has that learn'd man given it the name of ye very eye of the world;—

Ocelle mundi, Sidus Itali cœli,
Flos urbium, flos corniculumq' amœnum,
Quot sunt, eruntve, quot fuere, Verona.

The next morning we travell'd over the downes where Marius fought, and fancied ourselves about Winchester and the country towards Dorsetshire.'

The passage of the Alps was at that period a far more adventurous undertaking than it is now, when it has become the high road of gentlemen tourists; and our Author has no better epithets for the country than 'melancholy and troublesome.' At Geneva, he fell sick of the small-pox, having caught it by lying in a bed which his hostess's daughter, just newly recovered from that fell disease, had been so accommodating as to give up to him. His night's rest was dearly purchased at the expense of a five weeks' confinement to his chamber. Here he had several interviews with Diodati, the learned Author of the Italian version of the Bible. The Signor expressed to Mr. Evelyn in the course of conversation, his warm approbation of 'our Church government by Bishops;' and assured him, that 'the French Protestants would make no scruple to submit 'to it and *all its pomp*, had they a king of the reformed re-'ligion as we had.' If this was their feeling, and all that they wanted was, a king to take the head-ship of their church, we do not wonder that no scruple should have existed in their minds with respect to Episcopacy on the ground of the *pomp* with which it is encumbered. A Presbyterian form of church government is ill adapted to combine with the system of royal patronage; and King James was so far perfectly right, when he said, 'No bishop, no king:' in ecclesiastical matters, they go together. And for our own part, if the Church is to be governed by the civil power, we should prefer a king at its head, to a presbytery. On this point, we are *not* Calvinists.

In Oct. 1646, we find Mr. Evelyn at Paris, where he contracted that friendship with the family of Sir Richard Browne, King Charles's resident at the court of France, which was sealed by his marriage to one of Sir Richard's daughters in the following June. In September, 1647, he came to England to settle his affairs, leaving his young wife, then only twelve years of age, under the care of her mother; but in 1649, he returned to France, which he did not finally quit till the year 1652.

During the short interval which he passed in his native country, he by some means contrived to 'get privately into the council 'of the Rebel Army at Whitehall,' where, he says, he heard 'horrid villanies.' A few weeks after this, he 'heard the rebel 'Peters incite the rebel powers met in the Painted Chamber, 'to destroy his Majesty, and saw that arch-traytor Bradshaw 'who not long after condemned him.' The execution of the King is thus chronicled:

'1649. The villanie of the Rebells proceeding now so far as to trie, condemne, and murder our excellent King on the 30th of this month, struck me with such horror that I kept the day of his martyrdom a fast, and would not be present at that execrable wickednesse; receiving the sad account of it from my brother George and Mr. Owen, who came to visite me this afternoone, and recounted all the circumstances.'

Of the state of things during the Protectorate, we meet with only a few scattered notices of no great importance: they consist, for the most part, of expressions of indignant feeling at the severities to which the clergy were exposed, and at the abolition of fasts and festivals, with memoranda of the different preachers he heard.

'1653. 30 Jan. At our own parish church a stranger preach'd. There was now and then an honest orthodox man got into the pulpit, and though the present incumbent was somewhat of the Independent, yet he ordinarily preach'd sound doctrine, and was a peaceable man, which was an extraordinary felicity in this age.'

'1654. 8 Feb. Ash Wednesday. In contradiction to all costome and decency, the Usurper Cromwell feasted at the Lord Maior's, riding in triumph thro' the Citty.'

'3 Dec. Advent Sunday. There being no office at the church, but extemporie prayers after ye Presbyterian way, for now all formes were prohibited, and most of the preachers were usurpers, I seldome went to church upon solemn feasts, but either went to London, where some of the orthodox sequestred Divines did privately use ye Common Prayer, administer sacraments, &c. or else I procured one to officiate in my house; wherefore, on the 10th, Dr. Rich. Owen, the sequester'd minister of Eltham, preach'd to my family in my library, and gave us ye holy communion.'

'1655. Jan. 28. A stranger preached from 3 Collossians, 2. inciting our affections to the obtaining heavenly things. I understood afterwards that this man had been both chaplaine and lieutennent to Admiral Pen, using both swords, whether ordained or not I cannot say; into such times were we fallen!'

'18 Mar. Went to London on purpose to heare that excellent preacher Dr. Jeremy Taylor on 14 Matt. 17. shewing what were the conditions of obtaining eternal life; also *concerning abatements for unavoidable infirmities, how cast on the accompts of ye Crosse.* On

he 31st I made a visit to Dr. Jerr. Taylor to conferr with him about ıome spiritual matters, using him thenceforward as my ghostly father. I beseech God Almighty to make me ever mindful of, and thankful ‘or, his heavenly assistances.’

‘ 15 April. I went to London with my family to celebrate ye feast ›f Easter. Dr. Wild preach'd at St. Gregorie's; the Ruling Powers :onniving at ye use of the Liturgy, &c. in this church alone.’

‘ 27 Nov. This day came forth the Protector's Edict or Procla- nation, prohibiting all ministers of the Church of England from ›reaching or teaching any scholes, in which he imitated the Apostate Julian; with ye decimation of all ye royal parties revenues through- ›ut England.’

‘ 14 Dec. Now were the Jews admitted.’

‘ 25. There was no more notice taken of Christmas day in :hurches. I went to London where Dr. Wild preach'd the funeral ıermon of Preaching, this being the last day, after which Cromwell's ›roclamation was to take place, that none of the Church of England ıhould dare either to preach or administer Sacraments, teache schoole &c. on paine of imprisonment or exile. So this was ye mournfullest lay that in my life I had seene, or ye Church of England herself ıince the Reformation; to the greate rejoicing of both Papist and Presbyter. So pathetic was his discourse that it drew many teares ‘rom the auditory. Myself, wife, and some of our family received ye ›ommunion; God make me thankfull, who hath hitherto provided for ıs the food of our soules as well as bodies! The Lord Jesus pity ›ur distress'd Church, and bring back the captivity of Sion!’

‘ 1656. 3 Aug. I went to London to receive the B. Sacrament, :he first time the Church of England was reduced to a chamber and ›onventicle, so sharp was the persecution. The parish churches were fill'd with sectaries of all sorts, blasphemous and ignorant me- :hanics usurping the pulpets every where. Dr. Wild preach'd in a ›rivate house in Fleete Streete, where we had a greate meeting of zealous Christians, who were generaly much more devout and religious :han in our greatest prosperity.’

‘ 2 Nov. There was now nothing practical preached or that ›ressed reformation of life, but high and speculative points and ıtraines that few understood, which left people very ignorant and of no steady principles, the source of all our sects and divisions, for there was much envy and uncharity in the world; God of his mercy ımend it! Now indeed that I went at all to church whilst these ısurpers possess'd the pulpets, was that I might not be suspected for a Papist, and that tho' the minister was Presbyterianly affected, he yet was as I understood duly ordain'd, and preach'd sound doctrine ıfter their way, and besides was an humble, harmlesse, and peaceable man.’

‘ On Sunday afternoone I frequently stay'd at home to catechise and instruct my familie, those exercises universally ceasing in the parish churches, so as people had no principles, and grew very ig- norant of even the common points of Christianity; all devotion being

now plac'd in hearing sermons and discourses of speculative and national things.'

So far as integrity can go to make a competent witness, the contemporary testimony of Mr. Evelyn as to what he himself witnessed, is entitled to just attention. But although it is impossible not to respect the sincere, yet not very enlightened, piety which displays itself in these memoranda, it admits of reasonable doubt, whether he was altogether qualified to form a just estimate of the true character of the sectarian preachers whom he speaks of with so much horror as usurping the pulpits every where. He has evidently suffered himself to note down in his journal the mere hearsay of the day; since, that catechetical instruction was universally laid aside, that all devotion was now placed in hearing sermons, and that those sermons were wholly of a speculative strain, are assertions which, even if founded on fact, it was impossible he should have had sufficient means of verifying. The minister of his own parish, it is admitted, preached sound doctrine; and the 'man' who had been Admiral Penn's chaplain, is not charged with preaching any worse speculation than the necessity of heavenly mindedness. An instance indeed is given, and it is a solitary one, of 'a mechanic,' who preached from 2 Sam. xxiii. 20. "And Benaiah "went down and slew a lion in the midst of a pit in the time of "snow;" the purport of his sermon being, as we are told, 'that no danger was to be thought difficult when God called 'for shedding of blood, inferring that now the Saints were 'called to destroy temporal governments.' Doctrine like this, if it be correctly reported, it was quite as much Oliver's concern as it could have been King Charles's, to take cognizance of; and it is quite impossible that it should have been maintained by any but rank *Fifth-monarchy men*. But it was enough for Mr. Evelyn to know that these preachers were usurpers, that they had not received Episcopal ordination, and that the best of them were Presbyterianly affected. On these grounds, though he seldom went at all to church himself, and though he had been so little in England since he was of age, that he could know nothing of the previous state of things as to the way in which the pulpits had been supplied, and the clerical functions discharged,—he readily adopts the party calumnies of the day in their most sweeping application, not seeming to have the slightest suspicion of any ignorance or irreligion having an existence in the country prior to the overthrow of the monarchy. It is observable, too, that while he is lamenting over the people's ignorance of the common points of Christianity, owing, as it should seem, to their hearing so many sermons, and their not being taught the Church catechism, he himself discovers the most confused and erroneous notions

with regard to the cardinal doctrine of Justification by faith. The language which he ascribes to Jeremy Taylor, 'concerning 'abatements for unavoidable infirmities how cast into the ac- 'counts of the Cross,' is such as we should not have expected to meet with from any Protestant that had not stood godfather to two of mother Rome's own children, at the baptismal font at which her own priests presided, and himself adored the Pope's toe. In Mr. Evelyn's religious sentiments at this period, however, there is visible that strong tincture both of the theology and of the superstition of Rome, which characterised the Church of Englandism of the times. It was natural, therefore, that from Sectarianism and Independency he should recoil with instinctive aversion; especially, connected as they were, in his mind, with civil disorder as well as ecclesiastical insubordination. Mr. Evelyn was not an illiberal man: his prejudices were strong, because his information was deficient, while his feelings were warm. His attachment to the Church of England proceeded from his piety; it was not the substitute for it: and his very superstition was connected with a certain simplicity of mind. How is it possible to judge more harshly of a man in whose private diary we find it noted, that 'there was much envy and 'uncharity in the world—God of his mercy amend it!'

One cannot but smile at the proof which is given of the 'sharpness of the persecution' against the Clergy,—Dr. Wild preaching to a great meeting in a private house in Fleet-street, and the Liturgy being used at St. Gregory's by connivance of the Ruling Powers! A persecution of a very different quality of sharpness was subsequently set on foot, when those who afterwards became the Ruling Powers, took up the work of suppressing conventicles in right earnest. But of this, Mr. Evelyn is not the journalist. No justification, however, can be offered of the infringement of religious liberty to which Cromwell lent his authority; and the issue shewed that it was not less impolitic than it was unrighteous. We see how it alienated from the Government some of the most virtuous members of the community, and gave a sanctity to what was in itself a political cause, while it afforded the most plausible pretext for the retaliation it was certain sooner or later to provoke. There is reason to believe that Cromwell was very far from being personally infected with the spirit of intolerance; and he appears to have been tardy in giving into the evil policy of laying restrictions upon the Episcopal clergy; but the edicts in question must be considered as a foul stain, perhaps the greatest stain, upon his administration of the sovereignty. Of this unjustifiable interference with the rights of conscience, there is given the following instance.

'1657. 25 Dec. I went to London with my wife, to celebrate

Christmas day, Mr. Gunning preached in Exeter Chapell, on 7 Michah, 2. Sermon ended, as he was giving us ye Holy Sacrament, the chapell was surrounded with souldiers, and all the communicants and assembly surpriz'd and kept prisoners by them, some in the house, others carried away. It fell to my share to be confin'd to a roome in the house, where yet I was permitted to dine with the master of it, ye Countesse of Dorset, Lady Hatton, and some others of quality who invited me. In the afternoone came Col. Whaly, Goffe, and others, from White-hall, to examine us one by one; some they committed to ye Marshall, some to prison. When I came before them they tooke my name and abode, examin'd me why, contrarie to an ordinance made that none should any longer observe ye superstitious time of the Nativity (so esteem'd by them), I durst offend, and particularly be at Common Prayers, which they told me was but ye masse in English, and particularly pray for Charles Steuart, for which we had no Scripture. I told them we did not pray for Cha. Steuart, but for all Christian kings, princes, and governors. They replied, in so doing we praied for the K. of Spaine too, who was their enemie and a papist, with other frivolous and ensnaring questions and much threatning; and finding no colour to detaine me, *they dismiss'd me with much pitty of my ignorance.* These were men of high flight and above ordinances, and spake spiteful things of our Lord's Nativity. As we went up to receive the Sacrament, the miscreants held their muskets against us as if they would have shot us at the altar, but yet suffering us to finish the office of Communion, *as perhaps not having instructions what to do in case they found us in that action.* So I got home late the next day, blessed be God.'

If Mr. Evelyn had not expressly affirmed that some of the audience were carried to prison, we should have been apt to suspect that the whole transaction was a wanton frolic of the officers, rather than an act emanating from the Government. They must have been strange orders indeed, under which the soldiers acted, that authorized them, if we understand Mr. Evelyn's expression, to level their muskets at the persons assembled, but left them in utter uncertainty what to do next, further than to stand by and let the service proceed. Nor was the conduct of the officers less singular, supposing that they had any other object than to divert themselves most unwarrantably at the expense of the congregation. It is clear that there was precisely the same colour for detaining Mr. Evelyn that there was for detaining any other individual present, except the officiating clergyman, whose fate is not mentioned; and yet, after a sort of mock examination, (for the charge of praying for the King of Spain must surely have been a jest,) he is dismissed with an affected commiseration of his ignorance! ! It is a great pity Mr. Evelyn has not let us know what became of Mr. Gunning, as well as of the individuals who were committed to prison,—how many were so committed, how long they lay there, and what was the means or price of their discharge. It

could not surely be the case, that Mr. E. never thought it worth while to inquire further about the matter. To us, we confess, it appears extremely doubtful whether any of the party were sent to prison at all. There is a looseness in the whole narration, which shews how much the Writer suffered himself to take for granted, as to that part of the affair which did not immediately involve himself. In any point of view, however, the disturbance created by the soldiers, was a very nefarious aggression. If it was dictated by the wish to intimidate, and the officers really acted in pursuance of state orders, it was one of those half-measures which tend to throw useless discredit on the Government that has recourse to them; and the affair would serve to shew the folly of enactments of which policy and humanity alike forbid the carrying into effect. Those who had the management of such matters in the reign of Charles II. knew better than to deal in half-measures: their pity of the ignorance they undertook to enlighten, demonstrated itself in a somewhat different way.

The *Annus Mirabilis* was just at hand. On the 3rd of September of the ensuing year, 'died that arch rebell Oliver 'Cromwell, cal'd Protector.' Mr. Evelyn witnessed his superb funeral; 'the joyfullest,' he says, 'I ever saw, for there were 'none that cried but dogs, which the soldiers hooted away with 'a barbarous noise, drinking and taking tobacco in the streetes 'as they went.' Had Cromwell been the most legitimate inheritor of royalty that ever wore a crown, the dogs, we suppose, would not have made less noise, nor the soldiers have made less merry with drink and tobacco on the occasion of the pageant. We transcribe the brief references which are made to the subsequent political changes, and to the part which Mr. Evelyn himself took in the Restoration.

'1659. 25 April. A wonderfull and suddaine change in ye face of ye publiq; ye new Protector Richard slighted; several pretenders and parties strive for ye government: all anarchy and confusion; Lord have mercy on us!'

'29 May. The Nation was now in extreame confusion and unsettl'd, between the Armies and the Sectaries, the poor Church of England breathing as it were her last, so sad a face of things had overspread us.'

'11 Oct. The Armie now turn'd out the Parliam^t^. We had now no Government in the Nation: all in confusion; no magistrate either own'd or pretended but ye Souldiers, and they not agreed. God Almighty have mercy on us and settle us!'

'7 Nov. Was published my bold *Apologie* for the King in this time of danger, when it was capital to speake or write in favour of him. It was twice printed, so universaly it took.'

'10 Dec. I treated privately with Col. Morley, then Lieutenant of the Tower, and in greate trust and power, concerning delivering it to ye King and the bringing of him in, to the greate hazard of my life, but ye Col. had been my scholefellow, and I knew would not betray me.'

'12. I spent in publiq concerns for his Majesty, pursuing the point to bring over Coll. Morley, and his brother in law Fay, Governor of Portsmouth.'

'ANNUS MIRABILIS 1660. Jan. 12. Wrote to Col. Morley againe to declare for his Majesty.

'22. I went this afternoone to visit Coll. Morley. After dinner I discours'd with him, but he was very jealous, and would not believe Monk came in to do the King any service; I told him he might do it without him, and have all the honour. He was still doubtfull, and would resolve on nothing yet, so I tooke leave.'

'3 Feb. Kept ye Fast. General Monk came now to London out of Scotland, but no man knew what he would do, or declare, yet he was met on all his way by the Gentlemen of all the Counties which he pass'd, with petitions that he would recall the old long interrupted Parliament, and settle the nation in some order, being at this time in most prodigious confusion and under no government, every body expecting what would be next and what he would do.

'10. Now were the gates of the Citty broken down by Genl. Monke, which exceedingly exasperated the Citty, the Souldiers marching up and down as triumphing over it, and all the old army of the phanatics put out of their posts, and sent out of towne.

'11. A signal day. Monk, perceiving how infamous and wretched a pack of knaves would have still usurped the supreame power, and having intelligence that they intended to take away his commission, repenting of what he had don to ye Citty, and where he and his forces quartered, marches to White-hall, dissipates that nest of robbers, and convenes the old Parliament, the Rump Parliament (so call'd as retaining some few rotten members of ye other) being dissolv'd; and for joy whereoff were many thousand of rumps roasted publiqly in ye streetes at the bonfires this night, with ringing of bells and universal jubilee. This was the first good omen.'

'3 May. Came the most happy tidings of his Majesty's gracious declaration and applications to the Parliament, Generall, and People, and their dutiful acceptance and acknowledgment, after a most bloudy and unreasonable rebellion of neere 20 years. Praised be for ever the Lord of Heaven, who onely doeth wondrous things, because His mercy endureth for ever!

'8. This day was his Majestie proclaim'd in London, &c.

'24. Came to me Col. Morley, about procuring his pardon, now too late sceing his error and neglect of the counsel I gave him, by which if he had taken it he had certainly done ye great work with ye same ease that Monk did it, who was then in Scotland, and Morley in a post to have done what he pleas'd, but his jealousie and feare kept him from that blessing and honor. I address'd him to Lord Mor-

daunt, then in greate favour, for his pardon, wch he obtain'd at the cost of 1000l. as I heard. O ye selfish omission of this gentleman! what did I not undergo of danger in this negotiation, to have brought him over to his Majesty's interest, when it was intirely in his hands.'

The active part which Mr. Evelyn took in this business, is almost the only instance of his busying himself in political affairs. A detailed account of his communications with Col. Morley, is given in the Appendix. Morley had much in his power: as Lieutenant of the Tower, he was absolute master of the city; he was Lieutenant of the confederate counties of Sussex, Surrey, Hampshire, &c.; his brother-in-law was Governor of Portsmouth, and his own brother, Governor of Arundel castle. But his 'fatal diffidence' of Monk, who at that time was not suspected of having any design to bring in the King, if indeed he had conceived the project, is assigned as the reason of Morley's vacillating and temporizing conduct. The knowledge of Morley's sentiments, however, had no doubt some influence on Monk's decision, whose task was in fact one which required little cunning and involved little difficulty. 'Finding how the people and 'magistrates were disposed,' says the MSS. account drawn up by Sir Thomas Clarges, '(whatever his general intentions were, 'or first seemed to be,) he boldly and fortunately brought to 'pass that noble Revolution, following it to his eternal honour 'by restoring a banished Prince and the People's freedom.' We again transcribe from Mr. Evelyn's diary.

'29 May. This day his Majestie Charles the Second came to London, after a sad and long exile and calamitous suffering both of the King and Church, being 17 yeares. This was also his birthday, and with a triumph of above 20,000 horse and foote, brandishing their swords and shouting with inexpressible joy; the wayes strew'd with flowers, the bells ringing, the streetes hung with tapissry, fountaines running with wine; the Maior, Aldermen, and all the Companies in their liveries; chaines of gold and banners; Lords and Nobles clad in cloth of silver, gold, and velvet; the windows and balconies all set with ladies; trumpets, music, and myriads of people flocking, even so far as from Rochester, so as they were seven houres in passing the Citty, even from 2 in ye afternoone till 9 at night.

'I stood in the Strand and beheld it, and bless'd God. And all this was don without one drop of bloud shed, and by that very army which rebell'd against him; but it was ye Lord's doing, for such a Restauration was never mention'd in any history antient or modern, since the returne of the Jews from the Babylonish captivity; nor so joyfull a day and so bright ever scene in this Nation, this hapning when to expect or effect it was past all human policy.'

Mr. Evelyn's parallel is quite in the taste of the times; and some extravagance of expression may reasonably be allowed to the first paroxysms of joy which the re-establishment of a settled government, the anticipated gratitude and moderation of

the recalled monarch, the brilliant prospects of personal honour and advantage that opened to the faithful royalists, and the setting up again of all the high places of their intellectual idolatry, would excite in the minds of the church and king party. Mr. Evelyn was but two and twenty when the differences between Charles I. and the Parliament were ripened into a civil war; too young to appreciate the grounds of the quarrel, but just of an age to enter with enthusiasm into the royal cause. That cause had acquired a sacredness in his imagination, from the tragical fate of one sovereign, and the adverse fortunes of another, the exiled heir. Charles the First, deposed and in exile, would in time have become an object of as little interest as James the Second was, after his abdication of the throne; but Charles the Martyr was at once exalted into the saint. Repugnant both to reason and to religion as is so gross a misapplication of the terms, (for Charles's reputed piety could no more constitute him a martyr, than his tyranny could make him a saint,) it is by a natural operation of feeling that we invest an illustrious sufferer with a character of sanctity: an illusion is thrown over the unearthly object of our reverence, when beheld in the shadowy light of the sepulchre, which at once heightens its stature, and softens down all the harsher traits of its character. Many a man has awakened simply by his death, emotions the very opposite of those which all the actions of his life conspired to perpetuate. This was signally the case with Charles I., who could in no other way have won the affections of the subjects he had oppressed; but the short-sighted politicians who condemned him to suffer, did an unintentional service to his fame, cancelling by that act, at least in the minds of a large proportion of his former subjects, all his political delinquencies. In the Blessed Martyr of Mr. Evelyn, we in vain attempt to trace any resemblance to the Charles the First of history. In place of the murdered king, a shadowy abstraction took possession of men's imaginations, the concrete idea of all that is venerable, captivating, or commanding in the attributes of royalty; and the title of king became itself a higher style in consequence of its association with this ideal object of adulation. That adulation went into the greater excess, because, as being paid to the deceased, it seemed to lose some of the essential meanness of flattery: it had a shew of disinterestedness and sincerity, which disguised its true character, and thus favoured its most unbounded licence. But this was not all. The monarch was also regarded as invested with a sacerdotal character, as the head of the Anglican Episcopacy, which suffered an eclipse in his downfal, and the devoted loyalty of its members was ultimately blended, therefore, with their religious feelings. During the interregnum, when the use of the Common Prayer Book was

prohibited, some of the papists and other sectaries, it seems, used to taunt the good churchmen with the non-visibility of that which, if a part of the true Church, must needs suffer no interruption of existence. Some of our readers may be tempted to smile at hearing the way in which this objection was repelled. Sir Richard Browne, Mr. Evelyn's father-in-law, during the whole of his nineteen years' exile, 'kept up in his chapel the 'Liturgy and Offices of the Church of England, to his no small 'honour, and in a time when it was so low, and, as many 'thought, utterly lost, that in various controversies both with 'papists and sectaries, our divines used to argue for the visi-'bility of the Church, from his chapel and congregation!!' No wonder that they should have found in the restoration of the monarchy in the person of Charles II., a parallel to the return of the Jews from the Babylonish captivity.

But there were more rational grounds for rejoicing, or at least for acquiescing in that event. There were sober-minded men who regarded the King's return as the only means of re-establishing a constitutional, in place of a military government. Cromwell was no more, who alone could tame the violence of rival factions, and give bond, by his personal energy, for the security of men's social interests. The wizard was dead, whose spells the army, his demon servant, obeyed, which now threatened to turn against its masters, and would be exorcised only by the name of king. To escape from the evils of anarchy, or even from the uncertainties of an unsettled government, a very large portion of the nation would have been glad to submit to almost any arrangement that promised to be permanent; and they suffered themselves to be quietly made over by Monk to a Stuart, without taking a single precaution to secure their dearly purchased liberties. What it was that they had consented to have restored, and what they had parted with, it was not long before they were enabled very feelingly to ascertain. A few extracts from subsequent pages of Mr. Evelyn's diary, will place the matter in a sufficiently clear point of view.

"6 July. [1660. About five weeks after the King's return] His Majestie began first to *touch for ye evil*, according to costome, thus: his Ma'^tie sitting under his State in ye Banquetting House, the Chirurgeons cause the sick to be brought or led up to the throne, where they kneeling, ye King strokes their faces or cheekes with both his hands at once, at which instant a Chaplaine in his formalities says, "He put his hands upon them and he healed them." This is sayd to every one in particular. When they have ben all touch'd they come up againe in the same order, and the other Chaplaine kneeling, and having Angel gold strung on white ribbon on his arme, delivers them one by one to his M^tie, who puts them about the necks of the touched as they passe, whilst the first Chaplaine repeats, "That is ye true

light who came into ye world." Then follows an Epistle (as at first a Gospell) with the Liturgy, prayers for the sick, with some alteration, lastly ye blessing; and then the Lo. Chamberlaine and Comptroller of the Household bring a basin, ewer and towell, for his Matie to wash.'

'25 Jan. 1661. After divers yeares since I had seen any play, I went to see acted "The Scornful Lady," at a New Theater in Lincoln's Inn Fields.'

'6 Jan. 1662. This evening, according to costome, his Majesty open'd the revells of that night by throwing the dice himselfe in the privy chamber, where was a table set on purpose, and lost his 100l. (The yeare before he won 1500l.) The ladies also plaied very deepe. I came away when the Duke of Ormonde had won about 1000l. and left them still at *passage, cards,* &c. At other tables, both there and at ye Groom-porters, observing the wicked folly and monstrous excesse of passion amongst some loosers; sorry I am that such a wretched costome as play to that excesse should be countenanc'd in a Court which ought to be an example of virtue to the rest of the kingdome.

'9. I saw acted "The 3rd Part of the Siege of Rhodes." In this acted ye faire and famous comedian call'd Roxalana from ye part she performed; and I think it was the last, she being taken to be the Earle of Oxford's *misse* (as at this time they began to call lewd women.)

'15. There was a general fast thro' ye whole nation, and now celebrated at London, to avert God's heavy judgments on this land. There had fallen greate raine without any frost or seasonable cold, not only in England, but in Sweden, and the most Northern parts, being here neere as warme as at midsommer in some yeares. This solemn fast was held for ye House of Commons at St. Margaret's. Dr. Reeves, Dean of Windsor, preach'd on 7 Joshua, 12. *Shewing how ye neglect of exacting justice on offenders* (by which he insinuated such of the old King's murderers as were yet reprieved and in ye Tower) was *a maine cause of God's punishing a land.* He brought in that of the Gibeonites as well as Achan and others, concluding with an eulogie of the Parliament for their loyaltie in restoring ye Bishops and Cleargie, and vindicating the Church from sacrilege.

'16. This night was acted before his Ma^ty^ "The Widow," a lewd play.'

'6 April. Being of the Vestry, in the afternoone we order'd that the Communion Table should be set as usual *altar-wise,* with a decent raile before it, as before the Rebellion.'

'17 Aug. Being the Sunday when the Common Prayer Booke reformed and ordered to be used for the future, was appointed to be read, and the solemn League and Covenant to be abjured by all the incumbents of England under penalty of looseing their livings; our Vicar read it this morning.

'20. There were strong guards in ye Citty this day, apprehending some tumults, many of the Presbyterian ministers not conforming.

'21 Dec. One of his Ma^tys^ Chaplains preach'd, after which, in-

stead of ye antient, grave, and solemn wind musiq accompanying ye organ, was introduc'd a concert of 24 violins betweene every pause, after the French fantastical light way, better suiting a tavern or playhouse than a church.'

These were early days, which exhibited but a sample and earnest of what the nation gained by the restoration of the Court, the Church and the Theatre, and their simultaneous efforts to *de-puritanize* the community. All was not indeed, even in good Mr. Evelyn's opinion, as it should have been; but the King smiled upon him, and occupations of the most honourable and patriotic nature now devolving upon him, and engrossing his time, left little leisure for superfluous rumination or boding augury. He dined with the King, or with the Chancellor, or with the Queen Mother, and he went to royal balls and royal theatricals, till he was tired of the hurry of a court life, while at home he received the visits of Majesty and all its satellites. He could now go to church without seeing a mechanic, or one whose ordination was of doubtful validity, ascend the pulpit; he saw Ash Wednesday and Christmas day reinstituted, and the Communion Table again set altar-wise, the Presbyterians turned out, and 'the carcasses of those arch-'rebels Cromwell, Bradshaw, and Ireton dragged out of their 'superb tombs in Westminster among the Kings, to Tyburne, 'hanged on the gallows there, and then buried in a deep pit.' He saw, and he records, these magnanimous triumphs, and could he but feel elated at such a Restoration? It is a most salutary exercise of the feelings, to compel one's self to think none the worse of a man's integrity, piety, and even amiableness, on account of what seem to us palpable incongruities, but which, perhaps, taking all the circumstances into consideration, do not exceed what may be fairly allowed as the average proportion of human infirmity which forms the *set off* against the truest excellence of character. In our next Number, we shall endeavour to do justice to Mr. Evelyn's exemplary discharge of all the social relations, his devout and resigned temper, his scientific ardour, and his unaffected philanthropy.

Art. IV. *An Autumn near the Rhine*; or Sketches of Courts, Society, Scenery, &c. in some of the German States bordering on the Rhine. 8vo. pp. 524. London, 1818.

THE Rhine, the magnificent Rhine, while its very name calls up the idea of all that is wild, and rich, and majestic in scenery, forms a kind of central point in our historical recollections of marking periods and of illustrious individuals. Without ascending to the times of romance or plausible conjecture, we

find, at a sufficiently early date of classical history, its banks tenanted by rude and warlike tribes, whose inroads into Belgic Gaul, stimulated the policy and ambition of Julius Cæsar to lead, for the first time, the Roman armies across the Rhine. The fine, but doubtful campaigns of Drusus and Germanicus were manœuvred and fought the adjacent country, in which was also the theatre of the splendid efforts of Arminius to liberate his country from the chains of Rome, Some of the most remarkable events of the reign of Charlemagne were transacted in this quarter; and the conflicts between his descendants frequently rendered it a troubled scene. In the subsequent stages of Germanic story, the Rhenish territory has always formed a kind of debateable ground on which alien or native armies might contend for the mastery. It did not of course, escape the protracted visitations of the thirty years' war, when Gustavus and his school of warriors traversed Germany from the sea to the Carpathians, and from the Vistula to the Danube. Of the wars between the different Continental states, and between France and Great Britain, these regions have been the frequent field, and have given a melancholy immortality to the names of Spinola, Farnese, Condé, Luxembourg, Marlborough, Eugene, Villars, and a host of equally illustrious homicides.

The Rhine has seldom, and only for a brief time, served as the boundary of great and powerful nations. In the earlier periods of authentic history we find it bordered by savage tribes, who were at all times ready either to engage in mutual quarrel or to range themselves under the command of some powerful or popular leader; and the neighbouring regions still bear testimony to that more recent, and not less turbulent period, when the summits of the Bergstrasse and the Adenwald were crowned with fortresses, whose ruins blend richly with the wild and grand scenery of these romantic tracts, and whose original possessors descended from their mountain fastnesses to encounter each other in fierce rivalry, or to plunder the helpless traveller. Within a narrower limit of commemoration, the Rhenish states have presented the same general aspect of minute and intricate separation, but with a more tranquil and better defined policy, and on the whole, perhaps, with favourable results to the general interests of mankind. Had the whole of Germany, for instance, been under the dominion of Austria, the efforts of Luther would probably have been as little successful as were similar attempts in the adjacent country of Bohemia; but the division of territory, the variety of interests, the difference of policy, and the distinctions of personal character among the reigning monarchs of the Imperial states, afforded favourable opportunities for the introduction and advancement of the reformation, of which the great

instruments raised up by Providence for that transcendent work, did not fail to make skilful and vigorous use.

We have no present motive for discussing the now obliterated changes introduced into the Germanic constitution by Napoleon; but we can have no hesitation in expressing our strong disapprobation of the plans adopted by the Allied powers in their dissolution of the Rhenish confederation and their construction of a semifeudal, semifederative system. If justice—justice on their own principles, we mean—had been their object, it required something like the re-establishment of the former *regime*; but if a sincere regard to the common weal had actuated them, we should have have heard nothing of the adjustments, absorptions, extensions, and mediatizations, by which they have arbitrarily, and as we apprehend, injuriously, altered the political aspect of Europe, and interposed formidable obstacles to the ascertainment and consolidation of civil and religious freedom. Not that we cherish much sympathy for the small princes and chieftains themselves who have been so unceremoniously ousted; nor that we regard the old system with any other feeling than with cordial dislike, and with sincere wishes for the substitution of a better; but we condemn the arrangements of the Allies, because we are unable to trace in them that enlightened solicitude for the independence of sovereigns, the liberty of subjects, and the happiness of nations, which the royal and noble negociators on all occasions clamorously professed. There was a fine opportunity for the proof of their sincerity, presented to them in the condition of the free cities and states of the Empire, and, to speak in courteous phrase, they *neglected* it. There is no part of German history on which the mind and memory dwell with greater interest, than on the rise, vicissitudes, and decay of those privileged establishments. In the 'olden time' of Germany 'her 'merchants were princes,' and whatever might be the defects of their mercantile policy, whatever of error or of ambition might occasionally sully the internal rule or the honourable rivalry of the commercial states, there was a republican energy in their character, a boldness and a grandeur in their enterprises, which amply redeemed their vices, and almost authorized the occasional extravagance of their pretensions. In the dark periods of the Empire, they were its best resources; in its better days, they were its proudest boast. Amid surrounding deserts of despotism and poverty, they were as rich *oases*, flourishing in all the wealth of commerce, and in as large an enjoyment of the blessings of freedom as the conditions of mortality and the circumstances of political science would permit. Gradually, but forcibly and completely swept away by the tide of despotic encroachment and military violence, sound policy, the state of Europe, and the claims of man's moral and intellectual nature demanded their restoration. But the same

cold and selfish calculations which consigned Venice to Austria, and Genoa to Sardinia, rejected the appeal, and while affecting to re-establish *four* out of the number, left even these the mere 'shadows of a mighty name,' holding a precarious existence at the mercy of the stronger powers by whom they are surrounded. A pretty intelligible intimation of the kind of freedom which they are suffered to retain, is suggested by the affair of Colonel Massenbach. He was obnoxious to the Prussian Government, and sought safety in the free and independent city of Frankfort; his asylum was insulted by the demand of the Prussian ambassador, that he should be given up, and the magistrates were under the necessity of compliance. We are equally at a loss to guess the principle on which many of the general divisions and allotments of territory were made. How sagaciously soever they may have been partitioned, and with whatever regard to strength and compactness they may in reality have been assigned to their possessors, they certainly make a very strange and uncouth appearance in the map. Such interlinkings and insulations of states, such sections and separations of the same country: here, the king of Bavaria obliged to request permission of his brother, or cousin, of Wirtemburg to cross his kingdom, before he can reach his duchy of Deuxponts; there, the grand duchy of Hesse flanked and cut in two by the Electorate of the same name; in a third direction, the kingdom of Hanover winding and insinuating a long excresence between two fractions of the duchy of Brunswick. If we add to this strange and whimsical tesselation, the little counties, margraviates, and principalities, with their small patches of country, set in the midst of the larger states, we shall then have a faint idea of the condition in which Germany was left by those to whom its final settlement was committed.

The volume before us, from which these reminiscences have detained us a little too long, contains a number of miscellaneous and desultory, but very amusing sketches of government, society, habits, and scenery, put together, ostensibly, during a tour among some of the Rhenish states. We have not the smallest suspicion that the adventures and associations described by the Writer, really occurred in his personal experience; but we have as little hesitation in ascribing to him a fair portion of local knowledge, and a considerable acquaintance with the individuals both animate and inanimate who figure in his pages. Altogether, he has produced a very agreeable book, which will afford not only gratification, but considerable information on subjects which are, though much the matter of common conversation, very little familiar to general knowledge.

Mentz, the first important object occurring in these letters, presents a melancholy contrast to its former prosperity under

the ecclesiastical government. When, about thirty years since, Dr. Moore passed through this city, he was gratified by the sight of trim ecclesiastics with their smart equipages, and their well-drilled, and smooth-shaved soldiery.

'The chapter and the grenadiers have now changed places. You see the meagre occupants of the pillaged stalls skulking to mass in threadbare *soutanes*, their looks proclaiming them no longer the monopolizers of the old Hock of the neighbourhood; while the Austrian and Prussian soldiers, to the number of 14,000, are rioting in the insolence of lawless superiority. The *cafes*', the billiard-rooms, the promenades are crammed with these smoking and swaggering guests, come to give a sort of unhallowed vivacity to the mouldering haunts of the monks. The university-building is a barrack, and hospitals and guard-rooms strike one at every corner.'

The grand duke of Hesse is a respectable old gentleman, very musically and liberally inclined, but rather averse from trusting his subjects with too much liberty. At Darmstadt, the capital of the duchy, the Writer states himself to have been introduced to the admirable duchess of Saxe Weimar, who has nobly supported her husband in maintaining the high literary credit of the most enlightened court in Germany. An almost quaker-like simplicity of attire, a sensible though somewhat homely cast of features, with great ease and dignity of manner, distinguish this excellent woman, who, after the battle of Jena, succeeded, by her firm and prudent conduct, in procuring from Napoleon, an exemption from military visitation for her palace and capital. Some very good and spirited description of the fêtes and amusements of the Hessian court and nobility, occurs in this part of the work. At Frankfort, one of the four cities of Germany entitled 'free,' there still existed, as in Mentz and many other large towns, a strong sensation of regret for the absence of the French troops. They were civil if treated with civility, and were generally well furnished with money which they spent freely. In this city is held the Diet, composed of seventeen plenipotentiaries in ordinary cases, but as there is a good deal of whimsical complication in the appointment of votes, it sometimes happens that these seventeen deliberators are multiplied into sixty-nine. As yet, this admirable body has done precisely nothing, and it is not, we imagine, probable that it will ever do any more; it does not seem to be the will of its masters that this mock-senate should exert itself effectually for the benefit of the German people.

At Wilhelmsbad, the Traveller was on the territory of the Electorate of Hesse Cassel, whose ruler seems to consider himself as the absolute proprietor of his subjects, and is well-known to Englishmen as the contractor for supplying the British government with so many gross of soldiers at so much per head. This

very unamiable personage is said to [illegible], [illegible]acious, and avaricious, far advanced in years, and ornamented with a prodigious excrescence on his neck. It should not, however, be omitted, that with all his tyranny and singularities, he deals very moderately with his people in the article of taxation.

Carlsruhe, the court residence of the grand duke of Baden, is a handsome town with a new church, which we notice as being the work of Weinbrenner, a living German architect, of high, but, if we may trust our critical Author, rather exaggerated reputation. Of this boasted production the Corinthian columns are described as 'thick and gouty,' and the pediment of the portico, as 'awkwardly perched in the air.' The interior is decorated with 'gigantic stained columns with gaudy gilt 'capitals,' and with 'finical ornaments superinduced upon a 'grand outline.' The reigning duke is a weak and indolent, but well disposed man, who keeps up his army to an oppressive peace establishment of 8000 men, including the enormous and absurd appointment of no less than thirty three general officers; a proportion of about one general to 250 privates! He was, unfortunately for himself and his people, an only son and a spoiled child; his habits are consequently expensive, and his intentions vacillating. He has not yet given to his subjects the expected constitution, and refers them on this point to the decisions of the Diet. That worthy and valuable body take the hint from their masters, and employ ample time in deliberation on so grave a matter. They may, however, protract as they please; the concession may be somewhat later than is gracious or even prudent; but the public spirit of Germany is roused, and the promised meliorations in the general system of government, cannot, with safety, be much longer withheld. Baden, the capital of the old Margraviate, is well described. Its hot springs and gaming tables seem to constitute its principal attractions as a place of fashionable resort, but to the lovers of picturesque situation and of secret history, the finely shattered old castle, crowning the woody summit of a rocky height, presents a much more impressive object. Its subterranean passages and dungeons are supposed to have been the dark and mysterious court of a *Vehm Gericht* or secret tribunal. Of this dreadful institution, a well-written account is still a desideratum, though the general outline of its history is commonly known, and is given in brief in the present work. A more detailed, though far from sufficient collection of particulars, was published, some years since, in a small pamphlet by Mr. Coxe, and some very interesting illustrations will be found in the German romance of Herman of Unna. In the fifteenth century, when the power of this fearful tribunal was at its height, it marshalled in its ranks, 100,000 free judges, bound by a terrible oath, unknown to society at

large, but recognising each other by a secret sign. Its proceedings were summary and sanguinary, and its sentences were entrusted for execution to the daggers of its countless assassins.

'The officers of the tribunal stole in the night to a Castle or a town, and affixed, on the gates, a judicial summons to this Prince or that citizen to appear at the Frei Stuhl, at a given time and place, to be examined on a given matter. If the summons was repeated three times, without effect, the accused was condemned, *par contumace*, once more summoned—and if that proved fruitless, outlawed and hanged by the road-side whenever caught. If he resisted he was bored through the body, bound to the tree, and left with the executioner's knife sticking by him, to show that he was not murdered, but a convict of the Frei Gericht. The tribunal used to assemble at midnight, in the church-yard of the place where they intended to hold a sitting. At break of day, the ringing of the bells announced to the inhabitants the presence of these formidable visitors. All were obliged to assemble in an open field, sitting down in a circle, in the middle of which sat the President and Judges of the Tribunal—the *insignia* of a sword and rope before them. When any one of bad reputation appeared in the circle, one of the Judges would step up to him, and touching him with his white staff, say to him—"*Friend, there is as good bread to be eaten elsewhere as here.*" If the conscience of the person was so clear that he did not choose to take the hint and go away, he might sit still and run the chance of accusation; but it was generally more prudent to decamp. When the Judge touched any one, three times, with the formidable white wand, it was a signal that he was a hapless convict already secretly accused and convicted; and no time was lost in hanging him at the next tree or beam which presented itself. This was the invariable punishment of criminals of all ranks; although now it is out of use in Germany, and the meanest criminals have the honour of decapitation. The youngest Judge generally performed the office, which was managed with so much secrecy that the hangman was rarely known. The crimes taken cognizance of by the *Vehm Gericht*, were chiefly heresy, infidelity, sacrilege, high treason, murder, incendiarism, rapes, robbery, and contumacy to the Tribunal, its Judges and Messengers.' p. 221—222.

At length, however, the iniquities and oppressions of this tribunal became intolerable: the sovereigns of Germany united their efforts to suppress it, and at the close of the sixteenth century, it was extinct.

Wirtemberg, the next in this wilderness of sovereignties, is a compact territory. The King is 'an active man of talent, 'courage, and firmness, of a small but important figure, re-'served and little polite, possessing more intellect than feeling, 'but considered warm and hearty in his attachments.' He has been at variance with the states of his kingdom, on the subject of the new constitution; and if the matter be correctly stated by the present Writer, he seems to have offered fair and reasonable concessions, while the states appear to have insisted upon points

the cession of which would have left h) at their mercy than a German, necessarily a military potentate, could, with prudence, voluntarily allow. Some interesting particulars of the life and habits of the old monarch, well known some years since to the small wits of England, as the gross and unwieldy suitor to our Princess Royal, are introduced in this part of the volume. He was a coarse but strong minded man, an acknowledged coward, violent and tyrannical. There were, however, some good points in his character. His taste was cultivated, his manners dignified and gentlemanly; he was ready and skilful in conversation, and to crown all, Napoleon is affirmed to have repeatedly described him as the only sovereign in Germany capable of reigning. But the finest trait in his history is furnished by his strong and unvarying attachment to his friend and minister Count Zeppelin, who retained through life the confidence of the monarch and the attachment of the people. A monumental temple was erected by the king to the memory of his favourite, with the simple but impressive dedication: *To the friend gone before.* The Queen dowager, after fulfilling in an exemplary manner, the duties of a wife, maintains in retirement, a most respectable character, and is frequently visited by the reigning monarch, who treats her with courtesy and deference. Dannecker, the statuary, is a native of Stutgard. His works are mentioned with the highest admiration, but we feel no disposition to give the Writer much credit for skill or science in the arts.

The morals of Germany, if we may judge from the incidental illustrations afforded by this work, are by no means of a high standard. The licence of the drama, and the countenance given to many little and some gross irregularities of conduct, are strong intimations of a lamentable state of things; but a more distinct evidence of the lax morals which prevail, is presented in the facility and frequency of divorce. The numerous universities of Germany are very fallacious indications of a wide diffusion of the higher descriptions of knowledge: the term of instruction is too brief, and the motives to extensive acquisition are too few, to tempt the turbulent and unmanageable students beyond a certain limit.

The scenery of the Rhine has been too often described, and too recently specifically noticed by us, to require much detail here. It seems to be characterised by a peculiar and piquant variety throughout its stream. It flows during its early course, among the bleak and sterile mountains in the very heart of Switzerland, and after expanding into the Lake of Constance, winds round the extremity of the mountains of the Black Forest, clothed with firs, whose 'rich, tufted, funereal appearance,' gives 'a gloomy grandeur' to the heights they shade. Between Heidelberg and Darmstadt lies the beautiful Bergstrasse, or

Mountain-road, with its wooded and vine-covered declivities and its castellated summits; and parallel with this rich and picturesque *chaussée*, lies the district of the Odenwald, a tract diversified with every variety of surface, where forests, cornfields, villages, masses and precipices of granite, rivulets, torrents, pastures and orchards, succeed one another in most romantic intermixture. On the crest of the Feldsberg, one of the highest and wildest mountains in *Odin'swood* (Odenwald), lies a large and well-finished column of granite, thirty feet in height and four in its greatest diameter. Conjecture is baffled in the attempt to ascertain its origin, and the tools of modern workmen have been unable to divide it for the purpose of removal. Not far from this spot stands the castle of Rodenstein, where the wild *Jäger* is fabled to reside, and on the eve of great events to traverse the air 'with a noisy armament to the opposite 'castle of Schnellerts.' From Mayence to Bingen, the stream flows through a luxuriant and highly cultivated tract; and from the latter town to Bonn, the river rushes between wild and precipitous mountains: beyond this all is flat. We reviewed in our last Number a series of graphic illustrations of the picturesque scenery of the Rhine; but of the towns and palaces which adorn its banks, the best common representations which we can at the present moment recollect seeing, will be found among the aquatints in Sir John Carr's Rhenish tour. They were both drawn and engraved by Daniell in his usual able and artist-like, though somewhat pedantic style.

Art. V. *Sermons on the Seven Epistles in the Apocalypse;* comprehending a brief Geographical and Historical Description of Ephesus, Smyrna, Pergamos, Thyatira, Sardis, Philadelphia, and Laodicea; and also, the most recent Accounts of the State of Christianity in the Apocalyptical Churches. By John Hyatt. 8vo. pp. 442. Portrait. Price 12*s*. London. 1820.

THIS course of Sermons, as being published by subscription, and therefore, it may be presumed, intended as addresses made permanent on paper for the pleasure and instruction of the Author's friends, rather than as compositions challenging the judgement of what is called 'the public at large,' cannot in fairness be made the subject of formal and rigorous criticism. It may be considered as especially designed for the use of numerous individuals in his very large congregations, many of whom will naturally desire (and it is honourable to the Preacher that they should desire) to be possessed of such a means of renewing the impression of what they had heard with interest and serious resolutions, in the public delivery.

They will probably recognise in the volume nearly the identical train of thought and tenour of language which they heard

from the pulpit, as the pages do not, we think, betray much of an injudicious attempt to elaborate the composition into a cast foreign to the style appropriate to a popular address. Brief sentences, enounced in a spirited manner, with an emphasis of expression sometimes partaking of exaggeration, of instantly intelligible meaning, not encumbered with what may be called secondary thoughts, (such as exceptions, distinctions, and qualifying turns and circumstances,) not complicated in a protracted connexion and dependence of the ideas,—in short, a something which, all together, gives the idea of unembarrassed, rapid, forcible, popular preaching, will be found prevailing through the volume, and will go far we should think, toward placing those readers who had also been hearers of the discourses, in the same state of feeling as when they heard them.

'The life of preaching is the *application*,' some one has said. In conformity to this maxim, Mr. H. very often turns from general expressions to a pointed appeal to the sense and conscience of his auditors. And very judiciously he intermingles these applicatory addresses with the train of his observations, as he goes on, instead of adhering to the old method of reserving them for a formal section of the discourse toward the conclusion. So good and long exercised a judge as our Author is of the manner in which sermons are received by congregations, must be well aware of the far better effect of thus giving the topics and sentiments a prompt and animated turn upon the conscience at the moment of their being fresh to the hearer's attention, instead of keeping the enforcements and exhortations in store to make a sermon upon a sermon at the time that he is beginning to steal a look at the clock.

These sermons, regarded as actually spoken to a congregation, bear conspicuous evidence of a quality of great importance in a preacher—courage. The language is resolute and uncompromising in addressing the classes whose correspondence in character to what is described, in order to be rebuked, in the messages to the Seven Churches, deserves the application of the same censures. Especially we are pleased to see the Preacher always ready to take all consequences of a most explicit declaration of war against the notions and spirit of one class of pretended Christians, whose resentment, very easily excited and not very easily appeased, many worthy ministers have found it no trifle to encounter; we mean those who will not accept what they call the Gospel, on any other condition than its complete divorce from the Law; who repel an inculcation of moral duty, as an attempted infringement of Christian privilege; and whose grim and frowning visages tell the preacher, that a Popish, or even Mahomedan priest, would be fully as acceptable an occupant of the pulpit. The preacher of these sermons tells all such

persons that he does not fear them; and he proves it, by seizing every opportunity afforded by the solemn admonitory passages chosen as his texts, for enforcing rectitude of temper and conduct as the indispensable attendant and evidence of genuine Christian faith. In several places, he intimates that he is aware this will give offence to some of his auditors; and near the end he signifies that he has not been so happy as to find himself deceived in this anticipation; but that nevertheless he feels no repentance of that faithful explicitness against all sin, and all principles tending to the extenuation of sin, in which he had obeyed the great law of pleasing God rather than man. If we were disposed to note any fault in connexion with this characteristic of the sermons, it would perhaps be, that there is some trifle too much of *ostentation* in the terms of the preacher's avowal of what he dares do in defiance. Perhaps it did not require to be so formally expressed, that an unsparing malediction on all forms of antinomianism could not, at the present time, be pronounced, at every interval of doctrine, in the face of a very large congregation, without a manfulness of resolution and a hazard of very ungracious effects. It is, at the same time, a lamentable thing to think that this should be true.

The sermons contain many serious and important admonitions on the danger, the signs, and the infelicity of declension in religion, with incitements to zeal and activity. In describing, in forms parallel to the things so solemnly reproved in the seven ancient churches, the evils existing in the churches of our own day, he proves himself very observant of what may be called our English Christian world, and better acquainted with the evils in the state of the Dissenting communities, than we can wish their enemies to be.

If we had not signified a suspension, for the time, of our judicial functions, in noticing a work published under the auspices of friendship and subscription, will Mr. Hyatt give us credit that we should have been able to make out a list of faults, to a tolerable length. What could we not say of words incorrectly employed; as when he tells us that 'to hate what the Son of God hates, is 'highly *commendatory*;'—of incongruity of figurative language; as when he says, 'we *imbibe* and retain distorted *views* of many 'passages contained in the volume of revelation;'—of pure extravagancies of expression, as in such a sentence as this: 'The 'display which he will one day make of his glory, as Immanuel, 'will cover the souls of the impious deniers of his divinity, with 'a *blush of guilt ten thousand times deeper than vermilion;*' —of a tone of harshness, partaking, we might almost say, of fierceness, in expressing the menaces of the Divine Justice;—of assertions and descriptions too much in the extremes of con-

trast in representing, in comparision, the characters of saint and sinners?—&c. &c. &c.?

There is no very material inequality, we think, between any two of the sermons, or between one and another of the several portions of the series, as founded respectively on the characters of the Asiatic churches. If on a comparison a preference were to be given to any particular portion, we should perhaps decide some parts of the discourses on the verses respecting the church at Sardis, fully as much adapted to usefulness as any other part of the course. The strain, however, of forcible admonition and exhortation, (a strain which must have had great effect, we should think, in the actual address to a large assembly,) is maintained through many parts also of the other sermons. It is, indeed, a prevailing characteristic of the book. The Preacher's way is, if we may so express it, to drive his appeals and inculcations home, in a direct, unceremonious, and rather rough manner. It is nearly indifferent from what page we transcribe a specimen indicative of the rank, in point of thinking and language, to which he belongs. In any portion almost of the volume, the reader finds the course of the sentiment and diction proceeding in a style equal to that of such passages as the following:

'But what! is all this a visionary description? Is it only the picture of a fanciful imagination? Is it the recital of a pleasing dream? Is it not enthusiasm rather than religion? Ah! many of us know that it is not fiction but fact. It is not the recital of a vain dream but of a blessed reality. We remember the days of our espousals to Christ; we remember the solitary peaceful walks we enjoyed,—the pleasurable hours we spent in retirement,—the interesting and instructive books we read,—the holy pleasures we experienced,—the lively hopes we cherished, and the Heavenly felicity we anticipated:—yes, we still remember,—how sweetly did the weeks pass away, while Jesus and his love engaged our thoughts, and our tongues, and our hearts. Did we then err in our judgment? Did we overrate religion? Did we set too high a value upon our souls, and make too much of eternity? No. Nor was this possible. Alas! that ever our negligence and indifference should have caused us at any time to experience a painful and distressing reverse!'

'My hearers,—How are things between God and your souls? How far have we described the state of *your* experience? Bring the features of the character we have drawn, close to your hearts, and endeavour to ascertain what resemblance the likeness bears to yourselves. 'There are two witnesses present who know what is the state of religion in each Christian—God, and conscience. Ah! are not some of our hearers conscious that, in them, "the things which remain are ready to die"? One is saying, Alas! I have experienced a lamentable reverse in the state of religion in my soul. There was a time when I was more alive to God than now—I was less anxious about terres

trial things—I could more patiently bear afflictions and trials—I heard the gospel with delight and profit—I enjoyed communion with Jesus in the exercises of secret prayer and devout meditation;—but now my heart is cold—my course is irregular—my soul is lean, and barren, and unhappy. Often the sight of my neglected Bible covers me with a blush of guilt.'

'The doctrine of personal holiness, or internal sanctification, is exploded by some professors of Christianity, supposing it detracts from the glory of Christ. They affirm, that Christians have holiness in Christ, but none in themselves;—that sanctification, as well as justification, is *imputed*. Before regeneration we had no holiness in ourselves, but surely, subsequent to our becoming "new creatures in Christ Jesus," we must necessarily be the subjects of holiness. Can a man be "one spirit with the Lord," and not possess holiness? Can we conceive of spiritual life in the soul without the sanctification of its faculties and affections? But, it seems, we are not to look for any thing in ourselves from which to derive encouragement or consolation, but to look for every thing in Christ. Self-examination, then, in order to ascertain if we "be in the faith," is altogether unnecessary, and the exhortation which the Apostle Paul urges upon Christians, to examine themselves, is quite superfluous. Opposed as some professors of the gospel are to *personal* sanctification, they will one day find that, "without holiness no man shall see the Lord," as his Redeemer and everlasting portion. Our Lord describes his disciples as "poor in spirit,"—"meek"—"merciful"—"peace-makers"—"hungering and thirsting after righteousness"—"mourners"—"pure in heart." Is there no holiness in those that answer to this description? Can all these moral virtues be possessed by a person who is destitute of internal sanctification?'

It was not within the Preacher's design to adventure any speculation on the prophetical character of the book of Revelation, or on any predictive references, excepting the moral and judicial ones, to be found in the introductory chapters. His object was simply to expand, to illustrate in particulars, and to enforce in a train of religious and moral instructions, the powerful sentences of censure, warning, and excitement addressed to the seven churches,—constituting as they do, one of the most solemn, commanding, and magnificent communications that ever proceeded from even the Supreme Dictator himself.

The Author has prefixed to the respective portions of the course, short accounts of the present state of the places where those churches once existed. In the first of these notices, we think he is a little hard upon our inquisitive classical modern travellers. 'Most of them,' he remarks, 'appear to have been 'far more concerned to explore, and to publish to the world, the 'antiquities of *Heathenism* than the antiquities of *Christianity*; 'that information which would be most gratifying to Christian 'readers, is generally sought for in vain in their works.' It may be too much to affirm that some of those gentlemen would

not have felt more interest about the antiquities of the heathens than about those of the Christians, even if the latter *had* left any monuments and vestiges for examination. But as the case stands, what is there for them, as antiquaries, to explore? It is a matter of some historical interest, that there was once a Christian society at Ephesus or Smyrna; and it might be worth some research in books to ascertain the time and circumstances of its extinction. But the local investigations of the antiquarian traveller have constantly for their immediate object, something now existing, which he endeavours to connect with ancient history, in order to render both more intelligible. It were mere folly to go to a particular spot for the purpose of writing the history of people that once lived there, when there is now nothing remaining on it that has the smallest relation to them. The ancient heathens, on the contrary, have left something illustrative of their character, talents, superstitions, and periods of greatness and decline, in the ruins of temples, mausoleums, and aqueducts. Primitive Christianity gave far different occupation to its disciples; but therefore it precluded them from creating the means and causes of visible, striking, permanent association between themselves and the places where they made their transient sojourn on earth.—The relics monumental of the ancient heathens are, besides, in what are called the classical regions, of great interest regarded as subjects of taste, as productions displaying knowledge, art, and genius.

Art. VI. *The River Duddon*, a Series of Sonnets: Vaudracour and Julia: and other Poems. To which is annexed, a Topographical Description of the Country of the Lakes, in the North of England. By William Wordsworth. 8vo. pp. 321. London. 1820.

THIS publication is designed to form, together with "The "Thanksgiving Ode," "The Tale of Peter Bell," and "The Waggoner," the third and last volume of the Author's Miscellaneous Poems. Mr. Wordsworth appears to be satisfied that he has written enough; quite enough, at least, for the illustration of his theory, which if the Public do not by this time understand or appreciate, it is not his fault: with this volume, therefore, the indignant Author closes his metrical labours. But a poet has lived too long, who has written quite enough. Measured by this rule, Mr. Wordsworth's literary existence has long touched upon superannuation: the Author of the Excursion is almost forgotten in the Author of Peter Bell, and the Poet's warmest admirers are beginning to be ashamed of standing out for the genius of a man who, whether in the wantonness of self-conceit, or from infirmity of judgement, could, in an age of brilliant competition like the present, deem such productions as

those worthy of the Press. It is evident that Mr. Wordsworth has felt the universal ridicule which they brought upon him, from the manner in which he calls upon his friend Peter, in the following sonnet, not to mind the naughty critics. It is entitled, a 'Sonnet on the detraction which followed the publication of a certain poem.' '*See Milton's Sonnet*,' it is added, 'beginning '"A Book was writ of late called Tetrachordon."' We shall see into that matter presently.

'A Book came forth of late called, "Peter Bell;"
Not negligent the style;—the matter? good
As aught that song records of Robin Hood,
Or Roy, renowned through many a Scottish dell;
But some (who brook these hacknied themes full well,
Nor heat, at Tam o' Shanter's name, their blood)
Wax'd wroth, and with foul claws, a harpy brood—
On Bard and Hero clamorously fell.
Heed not, wild Rover once through heath and glen
Who mad'st at length the better life thy choice,
Heed not such onset! nay, if praise of men
To thee appear not an unmeaning voice,
Lift up that grey-haired forehead, and rejoice
In the just tribute of thy Poet's pen!'

Mr. Wordsworth has very frequently puzzled us before now by the equivocal character of his lighter productions: his gravity is often so facetious, and his humour is often so grave, that we have been at a loss to know whether to take him as in jest or in earnest. This is the case with the above lines. We should certainly have supposed from the reference to Milton's burlesque sonnet, that Mr. Wordsworth meant on this occasion to be jocose. But on looking the Poet steadfastly in the face while addressing his friend Peter in the latter half of the sonnet, we could not discern the least relaxation of feature that betrayed a latent smile, and were compelled to conclude that he was in very sober earnest. Now, if we are right, it seems unaccountable why the reader should be referred to Milton's sonnet at all, unless Mr. Wordsworth, in whom we have frequently observed a sort of half-concealed fidgetty ambition to be taken for a cousin-german of the great patriot-bard, has really, in the simplicity of his mind, mistaken the character of that *jeu d' esprit*. Some persons had, it seems, laughed at the Greek title of Milton's treatise, just as the public were diverted at the title of Peter Bell. Thus far the parallel holds. But we do not learn that the public laughed at Milton's book, and he could not, therefore, have been seriously hurt at the jokes passed upon 'a word on the titlepage.' It afforded him however, as he thought, a good occasion for turning the joke upon his polemical assailants, on the ground of the far more uncouth and cacophonous combination of vocables of

which their names were composed. 'Gordon' is evidently brought in to supply the rhyme; but 'Colkitto, Macdonnel, or Galasp,' those rugged names 'that would have made Quintilian stare and 'gasp,' were at that period not yet familiarized to Southern ears; and Milton, who hated every thing Scotch, and had an exquisite ear, was no doubt unaffectedly diverted at these barbarous appellatives. And then in the close of the sonnet he has a good fling at his opponents for their dislike of Greek, which was the only sin of his title.

> 'Thy age, like ours, O Soul of Sir John Cheek,
> Hated not learning worse than toad or asp,
> When thou taught'st Cambridge, and King Edward, Greek.'

But to descend to Mr. Wordsworth. In our notice of his Peter Bell, we had occasion to remark, that his title confirmed us in the suspicion that, as he is himself devoid of any talent for humour, so he is, through a singular simplicity of mind, insusceptible of the ludicrous. Were not this the case, he would scarcely have trusted his name and that of his friend Peter, so near that of Milton, in the present instance; nor would he have blundered in his serious imitation of a burlesque poem; nor would he have called upon Peter Bell, at least in the hearing of the public, to lift up his grey-haired forehead, and rejoice in having such a poet as our Author's eccentric self, to write about him; nor, lastly, would he have been now at any loss to know why the formal annunciation of a poem with such a title, and coming from Mr. Wordsworth, should have excited more merriment than the title of the thrilling and matchless "Tam a Shan-" ter" of a poet who *could not* be ridiculous.

We take it, however, as a good sign, that Mr. Wordsworth has been made sensible of the fact, that the public do not wish for any more Peter Bells. How depraved soever their taste, how unjust soever their ridicule, the thing will not do again. And he seems determined to please the lovers of euphony this time by at least half of his titlepage, by the melodious names of Vaudracour and Julia. 'The River Duddon' stands boldly forward, indeed, in defiance of all ludicrous associations; but it has had this name given it, and cannot help itself. We question whether Mr. W. does not think it the most sweetly sounding title of the two.

The contents of the volume are very miscellaneous. A third part is occupied with the topographical description of the Lake country; and it forms by no means the least valuable portion. The Notes to the Sonnets contain a prose memoir of the Rev. Robert Walker, curate of Seathwaite, the abstract of whose character is given in "The Excursion." He appears to have been a man of very singularly primitive character, and incomparably more deserving of poetical honours, than most of our

Author's Lakers. The reader must excuse us, if we suffer Mr. Wordsworth's prose for once to detain us from his poetry.

The subject of the memoir was born at Under Crag in Seathwaite, in 1709. He was the youngest of twelve children, born of obscure parents, who seeing him to be a sickly child, not likely to earn a livelihood by bodily labour, deemed it best to 'breed 'him a scholar.' He was accordingly duly initiated into the mysteries of reading, writing, and arithmetic, by the parish schoolmaster; and made sufficient progress to be qualified while yet a lad, to take upon himself the didascalic functions at Loweswater. By the assistance of 'a gentleman of the neighbour-'hood,' however, he managed to acquire in his leisure hours, a knowledge of the classics, and he now aspired to holy orders. The choice of two curacies was offered to him upon his ordination: the value of each was the same, viz. *five pounds per annum*; 'but the cure of Seathwaite having a cottage attached to 'it, *as he wished to marry*, he chose it in preference.' He got, as he expresses it, 'to the value of 40*l*. for his wife's fortune,' the savings of her wages; and with this the worthy couple began housekeeping. The following letter describes his situation nineteen years after his entering upon his curacy.

'To Mr. ———.

'Sir, *Coniston, July* 26, 1754.

'I was the other day upon a party of pleasure, about five or six miles from this place, where I met with a very striking object, and of a nature not very common. Going into a clergyman's house (of whom I had frequently heard) I found him sitting at the head of a long square table, such as is commonly used in this country by the lower class of people, dressed in a coarse blue frock, trimmed with black horn buttons; a checked shirt, a leathern strap about his neck for a stock, a coarse apron, a pair of great wooden-soled shoes, plated with iron to preserve them, (what we call clogs in these parts,) with a child upon his knee eating his breakfast: his wife, and the remainder of his children, were some of them employed in waiting on each other, the rest in teazing and spinning wool, at which trade he is a great proficient; and moreover, when it is made ready for sale, will lay it by sixteen or thirty-two pounds weight upon his back, and on foot, seven or eight miles will carry it to the market, even in the depth of winter. I was not much surprised at all this, as you may possibly be, having heard a great deal of it related before. But I must confess myself astonished with the alacrity and the good humour that appeared both in the clergyman and his wife, and more so, at the sense and ingenuity of the clergyman himself.' * *

Another letter, dated the following year, represents him as 'keeping the wolf from the door by frugality and good manage-'ment,' without any desire after further preferment.

'He is settled among the people that are happy among themselves, and lives in the greatest unanimity and friendship with them, and I

believe, the minister and people are exceedingly satisfied with each other; and indeed how should they be dissatisfied, when they have a person of so much worth and probity for their pastor? A man who, for his candour and meekness, his sober, chaste, and virtuous conversation, his soundness in principle and practice, is an ornament to his profession, and an honour to the country he is in; and bear with me if I say, the plainness of his dress, the sanctity of his manners, the simplicity of his doctrine, and the vehemence of his expression, have a sort of resemblance to the pure practice of primitive Christianity.'

In a letter from Mr. Walker himself, it is stated that the annual income of his chapel was at this time, as near as he could compute it, about 17*l.* 10*s.* And yet, when the Bishop of the diocese recommended the joining to the curacy of Seathwaite the contiguous one of Ulpha, it was a sufficient reason for his declining the offer, that 'it might be disagreeable to his auditory 'at Seathwaite,' and that the inhabitants of Ulpha despaired of being able to support a schoolmaster who should not be curate there also. In a second letter to the Bishop, he writes thus:

'My Lord,

'I have the favour of yours of the 1st. instant, and am exceedingly obliged on account of the Ulpha affair: if that curacy should lapse into your Lordship's hands, I would beg leave rather to decline than embrace it; for the chapels of Seathwaite and Ulpha annexed together, would be apt to cause a general discontent among the inhabitants of both places; by either thinking themselves slighted, being only served alternately, or neglected in the duty, *or attributing it to covetousness in me;* all which occasions of murmuring I would willingly avoid.'

The stipend attached to the curacy was subsequently augmented, but Mr. Walker's income was still extremely scanty. Nevertheless, 'the frequent offer of much better benefices, could 'not tempt him to quit a situation where he had been so long 'happy, with a consciousness of being useful.' It appears that he met with some liberal benefactors, or such as he deemed liberal, by whose assistance he was enabled to rear a numerous family, and, strange to say, to support one of his sons for some time as a student at Dublin college. The same man who was thus liberal in the education of his family, 'was even munificent,' it is added, 'in hospitality as a parish priest.'

'Every Sunday, were served upon the long table at which he has been described sitting with a child upon his knee, messes of broth for the refreshment of those of his congregation who came from a distance, and usually took their seats as parts of his own household. It seems scarcely possible that this custom could have commenced before the augmentation of his cure; and, what would to many have been a high price of self-denial, was paid by the pastor and his family, for this gratification; as the treat could only be provided by dressing at one time the whole, perhaps, of their weekly allowance of fresh

animal food; consequently, for a succession of days, the table was covered with cold victuals only.'

The following explanatory details are requisite to shew by what means such a man as this could at his decease leave behind him no less a sum than 2000*l*.

'To begin with his industry; eight hours in each day, during five days in the week, and half of Saturday, except when the labours of husbandry were urgent, he was occupied in teaching. His seat was within the rails of the altar; the communion-table was his desk; and, like Shenstone's school-mistress, the master employed himself at the spinning-wheel, while the children were repeating their lessons by his side. Every evening, after school hours, if not more profitably engaged, he continued the same kind of labour, exchanging for the benefit of exercise, the small wheel at which he had sate, for the large one on which wool is spun, the spinner stepping to and fro.—Thus, was the wheel constantly in readiness to prevent the waste of a moment's time. Nor was his industry with the pen, when occasion called for it, less eager. Entrusted with extensive management of public and private affairs, he acted in his rustic neighbourhood as scrivener, writing out petitions, deeds of conveyance, wills, covenants, &c. with pecuniary gain to himself, and to the great benefit of his employers. These labours (at all times considerable) at one period of the year, viz. between Christmas and Candlemas, when money transactions are settled in this country, were often so intense, that he passed great part of the night, and sometimes whole nights, at his desk. His garden also was tilled by his own hand; he had a right of pasturage upon the mountains for a few sheep and a couple of cows, which required his attendance; with this pastoral occupation, he joined the labours of husbandry upon a small scale, renting two or three acres in addition to his own less than one acre of glebe; and the humblest drudgery which the cultivation of these fields required was performed by himself.

'He also assisted his neighbours in hay-making and shearing their flocks, and in the performance of this latter service he was eminently dexterous. They, in their turn, complimented him with a present of a hay-cock, or a fleece; less as a recompence for this particular service than as a general acknowledgment. The Sabbath was in a strict sense kept holy; the Sunday evenings being devoted to reading the Scripture and family prayer. The principal festivals appointed by the Church were also duly observed; but through every other day in the week, through every week in the year, he was incessantly occupied in work of hand or mind; not allowing a moment for recreation, except upon a Saturday afternoon, when he indulged himself with a Newspaper, or sometimes with a Magazine. The frugality and temperance established in his house, were as admirable as the industry. Nothing to which the name of luxury could be given was there known; in the latter part of his life, indeed, when tea had been brought into almost general use, it was provided for visitors, and for such of his own family as returned occasionally to his roof, and had been accustomed to this refreshment elsewhere; but neither he nor his wife ever

partook of it. The raiment worn by his family was comely and decent, but as simple as their diet; the home spun materials were made up into apparel by their own hands. At the time of the decease of this thrifty pair, their cottage contained a large store of webs of woollen and linen cloth, woven from thread of their own spinning. And it is remarkable, that the pew in the chapel in which the family used to sit, remained a few years ago neatly lined with woollen cloth spun by the pastor's own hands. It is the only pew in the chapel so distinguished; and I know of no other instance of his conformity to the delicate accomodations of modern times. The fuel of the house, like that of their neighbours, consisted of peat, procured from the mosses by their own labour. The lights by which in the winter evenings their work was performed, were of their own manufacture, such as still continue to be used in these cottages; they are made of the pith of rushes dipped in any unctuous substance that the house affords. *White* candles, as tallow candles are here called, were reserved to honour the Christmas festivals, and were perhaps produced upon no other occassions. Once a month, during the proper season, a sheep was drawn from their small mountain flock, and killed for the use of the family; and a cow, towards the close of the year, was salted and dried, for winter provision; the hide was tanned to furnish them with shoes.—By these various resources, this venerable clergyman reared a numerous family, not only preserving them, as he affectingly says, "from wanting the necessaries of life;" but afforded them an unstinted education, and the means of raising themselves in society.

'It might have been concluded that no one could thus, as it were, have converted his body into a machine of industry for the humblest uses, and kept his thoughts so frequently bent upon secular concerns, wirhout grievous injury to the more precious parts of his nature. How could the powers of intellect thrive, or its graces be displayed, in the midst of circumstances apparently so unfavourable, and where, to the direct cultivation of the mind, so small a portion of time was allotted? But, in this extraordinary man, things in their nature adverse were reconciled; his conversation was remarkable, not only for being chaste and pure, but for the degree in which it was fervent and eloquent; his written style was correct, simple, aud animated. Nor did his *affections* suffer more than his intellect; he was tenderly alive to all the duties of his pastoral office: the poor and needy "he never sent empty away,"—the stranger was fed and refreshed in passing that unfrequented vale,—the sick were visited; and the feelings of humanity found further exercise among the distresses and embarrassments in the worldly estate of his neighbours, with which his talents for business made him acquainted; and the disinterestedness, impartiality, and uprightness which he maintained in the management of all affairs confided to him, were virtues seldom separated in his own conscience from religious obligations.' pp. 58—62.

'The afternoon service in the chapel was less numerously attended than that of the morning, but by a more serious auditory: the lesson from the New Testament on those occasions, was accompanied by Birkett's Commentaries. These lessons he read with impassioned emphasis, frequently drawing tears from his hearers, and leaving a

lasting impression upon their minds. His devotional feelings and the powers of his own mind were further exercised, along with those of his family, in perusing the Scriptures: not only on the Sunday evenings, but on every other evening, while the rest of the household were at work, some one of the children, and in her turn the servant, for the sake of practice in reading, or for instruction, read the Bible aloud; and in this manner the whole was repeatedly gone through.'

To complete the sketch of this admirable person, we need but give the following anecdote. His wife died a few months before him, after they had been married to each other above sixty years. They were both in the ninety third year of their age. He ordered that her body should be borne to the grave by three of her daughters and one grand daughter. 'And when the corpse was lifted 'from the threshold, he insisted upon lending his aid, and feeling 'about, for he was then almost blind, took hold of a napkin 'fixed to the coffin; and, as a bearer of the body, entered the 'Chapel, a few steps from the lowly Parsonage.' Such was the sense of his various excellencies prevalent in the country, that the epithet of *Wonderful* is to this day attached to his name.

We really feel indebted to Mr. Wordsworth for having presented us with the full-length portrait of a man of such sterling and almost obsolete excellence. It shall cancel us half the defects of his poetry. And poetry after all, be it of the best quality, is exceedingly less affecting than such a simple record of unvarnished realities. The Sonnet on Seathwaite Chapel, we thought passably good, till we had read the Note which is given in illustration of it; and then we found it miserably inadequate to the theme. And this tempts us to suspect that Mr. Wordsworth is not so much to blame, after all, for the choice of many of his subjects, as for writing ballads and lyrical pieces about them, instead of throwing them into the form of honest prose. In some of his narrative poems, however, where he has adopted a free blank verse, which is the species of poetry by far the best suited to his habits of thinking and style of composition, he has risen to a very unusual height of excellence. The Excursion, with all its faults, assuredly contains some of the most exquisite blank verse in the language. It is remarkable, that both his prose and his blank verse are in general quite free from the puerilities and vulgarities which disfigure many of his lyrical pieces. The diction of the former, as well as that of his sonnets, is frequently, in direct opposition to his theory, extremely elevated and richly figurative; sometimes to an excess bordering upon affectation. The River Duddon flows through a series of thirty-three sonnets which are for the most part of no ordinary beauty. Here and there, a little metaphysical mud, or a *Lakish* tincture, mingles with the stream, and it occasionally runs somewhat shallow; but the general character of the series is that of very noble de-

scriptive poetry. They are the growth of many years: the following, which stands the fourteenth, was the first produced; others being added upon occasional visits to the Stream, or as recollections of the scenes upon its banks awakened a wish to describe them.

'O Mountain Stream! the Shepherd and his cot
Are privileged inmates of deep solitude;
Nor would the nicest anchorite exclude
A field or two of brighter green, or plot
Of tillage ground, that seemeth like a spot
Of stationary sunshine:—thou hast view'd
These only, Duddon! with their paths renew'd
By fits and starts, yet this contents thee not.
Thee hath some awful Spirit impelled to leave,
Utterly to desert, the haunts of men,
Though simple thy companions were and few;
And through this wilderness a passage cleave
Attended but by thy own voice, save when
The Clouds and Fowls of the air thy way pursue!'

In thus breathing a lonely sentiment intothe material elements of picturesque beauty, no living poet has shewn greater skill and fancy than Mr. Wordsworth. The next we shall select, is, it is true, no more than a sonnet; but pages of description are compressed within the compass of fourteen lines, and hours of feeling are concentered in the spirit which animates them.

'Child of the clouds! remote from every taint
Of sordid industry thy lot is cast;
Thine are the honors of the lofty waste;
Not seldom, when with heat the valleys faint,
Thy handmaid Frost with spangled tissue quaint
Thy cradle decks;—to chaunt thy birth, thou hast
No meaner Poet than the whistling blast,
And Desolation is thy patron-saint!
She guards thee, ruthless Power! who would not spare
Those mighty forests, once the bison's screen,
Where stalk'd the huge deer to his shaggy lair
Through paths and alleys roofed with sombre green,
Thousand of years before the silent air
Was pierced by whizzing shaft of hunter keen!'

The following is in a different strain: it is entitled 'The Faery 'Chasm,' and is singularly elegant.

'No fiction was it of the antique age:
A sky-blue stone, within this sunless cleft,
Is of the very foot-marks unbereft
Which tiny Elves impress'd; on that smooth stage
Dancing with all their brilliant equipage
In secret revels—haply after theft
Of some sweet babe, flower stolen, and coarse weed left,

For the distracted mother to assuage
Her grief with, as she might!—But where, oh where
Is traceable a vestige of the notes
That ruled those dances, wild in character?
—Deep underground?—Or in the upper air,
On the shrill wind of midnight? or where floats
O'er twilight fields the autumn gossamer?'

In the twenty first sonnet of the series, there occurs a strange catachresis, if we may not rather term it metaphor run mad. Memory is described as breaking forth 'from her unworthy seat, 'the cloudy stall of Time;' the precise import of which expressions we do not quite enter into. And then to the Poet's eye, this metaphysical abstraction is embodied in a palpable form—'Her 'glistening tresses bound:' this would seem bold enough; yet the Author might think himself justified in venturing thus far by the exquisite line of Collins;

'And Hope enchanted smiled, and waved her golden hair.'

But Mr. Wordsworth wants just that one thing which Collins possessed in perfection—taste. The Author of the Ode on the Passions knew by instinct the precise boundary line between the sublime and the extravagant, between figure and nonsense. He never for a moment loses himself amid his own imagery, or confounds the figurative with the physical. But Mr. Wordsworth goes on to define the appearance of the glistening tresses of Memory, and to compare them to 'golden locks of birch;' and then forgetting altogether, as it should seem, the imaginary being he has conjured up, his mind fastens upon the new idea, one that relates to a simple object of perception:—

—'golden locks of birch that rise and fall
On gales that breathe too gently to recal
Aught of the fading year's inclemency.'

If these last lines have any intelligible connexion with the idea of Memory as introduced in the foregoing part of the stanza, we confess that it eludes our dull apprehensions.

Vaudracour and Julia is a tale in blank verse, which was originally intended, we presume, to form an episode in some future portion of "The Excursion." The incidents are stated to be facts, no invention having as to them been exercised. It is a touching and melancholy tale of unfortunate love, and told in Mr. Wordsworth's happiest manner. From the lyrical pieces which follow it in order, we cannot do otherwise than select the very beautiful stanzas entitled

'LAMENT OF MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS,

ON THE EVE OF A NEW YEAR.

'"Smile of the Moon!—for so I name
That silent greeting from above;

A gentle flash of light that came
From Her whom drooping Captives love;
Or art thou of still higher birth?
Thou that didst part the clouds of earth,
My torpor to reprove!

' " Bright boon of pitying Heaven—alas,
I may not trust thy placid cheer!
Pondering that Time to-night will pass
The threshold of another year;
For years to me are sad and dull;
My very moments are too full
Of hopelessness and fear.

' " —And yet the soul-awakening gleam,
That struck perchance the farthest cone
Of Scotland's rocky wilds, did seem
To visit me and me alone;
Me, unapproach'd by any friend,
Save those who to my sorrows lend
Tears due unto their own.

' " To-night, the church-tower bells shall ring,
Through these wide realms, a festive peal;
To the new year a welcoming;
A tuneful offering for the weal
Of happy millions lulled in sleep;
While I am forced to watch and weep,
By wounds that may not heal.

' " Born all too high, by wedlock raised
Still higher—to be cast thus low!
Would that mine eyes had never gaz'd
On aught of more ambitious show
Than the sweet flow'rets of the fields!
—It is my royal state that yields
This bitterness of woe.

' " Yet how?—for I, if there be truth
In the world's voice, was passing fair;
And beauty, for confiding youth,
Those shocks of passion can prepare
That kill the bloom before its time,
And blanch, without the Owner's crime,
The most resplendent hair.

' " Unblest distinctions! showered on me
To bind a lingering life in chains;
All that could quit my grasp or flee,
Is gone;—but not the subtle stains
Fixed in the spirit; for even here
Can I be proud that jealous fear
Of what I was remains.

' " A woman rules my prison's key;
A sister Queen, against the bent

Of law and holiest sympathy,
Detains me—doubtful of the event;
Great God, who feel'st for my distress,
My thoughts are all that I possess,
O keep them innocent!

'"Farewell for ever human aid,
Which abject mortals vainly court!
By friends deceived, by foes betrayed,
Of fears the prey, of hopes the sport,
Nought but the world-redeeming Cross
Is able to supply my loss,
My burthen to support.

'"Hark! the death-note of the year,
Sounded by the castle-clock!"—
From her sunk eyes a stagnant tear
Stole forth, unsettled by the shock;
But oft the woods renewed their green,
Ere the tir'd head of Scotland's Queen
Repos'd upon the block!' pp. 92—95.

The odes are the least pleasing compositions in the volume, being for the most part very affected and very enigmatical. There are, however, some exceptions. The one bearing date September, 1816, merits transcription as a varied specimen of the contents of the volume.

'The sylvan slopes with corn-clad fields
Are hung, as if with golden shields,
Bright trophies of the sun!
Like a fair sister of the sky,
Unruffled doth the blue Lake lie,
The Mountains looking on.

'And, sooth to say, yon vocal Grove
Albeit uninspired by love,
By love untaught to ring,
May well afford to mortal ear,
An impulse more profoundly dear
Than music of the Spring.

'For *that* from turbulence and heat
Proceeds, from some uneasy seat
In Nature's struggling frame,
Some region of impatient life:
And jealousy, and quivering strife,
Therein a portion claim.

'This, this is holy:—while I hear
These vespers of another year,
This hymn of thanks and praise,
My spirit seems to mount above
The anxieties of human love,
And earth's precarious days.

'But list!—though winter storms be nigh,
Unchecked is that soft harmony:
There lives Who can provide
For all his creatures; and in Him,
Even like the radiant Seraphim,
These Choristers confide.' pp. 187—188.

There is among the Inscriptions also, a short piece written in a style with which we have not been accustomed to meet in our Author's productions.

'Not seldom, clad in radiant vest,
Deceitfully goes forth the Morn;
Not seldom Evening in the west
Sinks smilingly forsworn.

'The smoothest seas will sometimes prove,
To the confiding bark, untrue;
And, if she trust the stars above,
They can be treacherous too.

'The umbrageous Oak, in pomp outspread,
Full oft, when storms the welkin rend,
Draws lightning down upon the head
It promis'd to defend.

'But Thou art true, incarnate Lord!
Who didst vouchsafe for man to die;
Thy smile is sure, thy plighted word
No change can falsify!

'I bent before thy gracious throne,
And asked for peace with suppliant knee;
And peace was given,—nor peace alone,
But faith, and hope, and extacy!' pp. 171—172

We can make room for only two more specimens: they are in themselves sufficient to justify all the praise that has been bestowed on Mr. Wordsworth's sonnets.

'SONNET.

'The Stars are mansions built by Nature's hand;
And, haply, there the spirits of the blest
Live, clothed in radiance, their immortal vest;
Huge Ocean frames, within his yellow strand,
A habitation marvellously planned,
For life to occupy in love and rest;
All that we see—is dome, or vault, or nest,
Or fort, erected at her sage command.
Is this a vernal thought? Even so, the Spring
Gave it while cares were weighing on my heart,
Mid song of birds and insects murmuring;
And while the youthful year's prolific art—
Of bud, leaf, blade and flower—was fashioning
Abodes, where self-disturbance hath no part.'

The other sonnet is on the death of his late Majesty.

'Ward of the Law!—dread Shadow of a King!
Whose realm had dwindled to one stately room;
Whose universe was gloom immers'd in gloom,
Darkness as thick as life o'er life could fling,
Yet haply cheered with some faint glimmering
Of Faith and Hope; if thou by nature's doom
Gently hast sunk into the quiet tomb,
Why should we bend in grief, to sorrow cling,
When thankfulness were best?—Fresh-flowing tears,
Or, where tears flow not, sigh succeeding sigh,
Yield to such after-thought the sole reply
Which justly it can claim. The Nation hears
In this deep knell—silent for threescore years,
An unexampled voice of awful memory!'

"The Prioress's Tale" from Chaucer, is a very ill-chosen subject for the experiment of exhibiting the Father of English Poetry in a modern form. The legend is so exquisitely absurd, that it must have been designed as a burlesque on the lying martyrological wonders of the Romish priesthood. It is that of a poor innocent child who had his throat cut by some wicked Jews, because he was too fond of singing Ave Maria, but who continued, by aid of the blessed Virgin, to reiterate the same articulate sounds which he had been wont to utter while living, till his corpse was found, and then, was able to give information against his murderers; but the spirit could not obtain its discharge till a grain was taken off of his tongue which the Virgin had placed there. When Chaucer wrote, such fables were not too gross for the vulgar credulity; but we know not for what purpose they are transplanted into modern poetry. To Mr. Wordsworth, indeed, we can conceive that such tales would recommend themselves by their very puerility; that he would be even melted into tears by the affected solemnity of a sly old humorist like Chaucer; and that what was meant by him for satire, might be mistaken by our Author for pathos.

We deem it quite unnecessary to repeat that our respect for Mr. Wordsworth's talents remains unaltered. The copious extracts we have given from the present volume, sufficiently evince that those talents are of a very high order. But we have so fully expressed our opinion on this point, in our reviews of the Excursion,* and of "The White Doe of Rylstone,"† as well as subsequently in noticing the unfortunate pair, Peter Bell and Benjamin the Waggoner,‡ that we will not run the hazard of wearying our readers by saying more upon the subject. It is certain, that while he has been as a poet ridiculously,

* E. R. N.S. Vol. III. † Ibid. Vol. V. ‡ Ibid. Vol. XII.

because indiscriminately and immeasurably la[illegible]n the one hand, he has been very ignorantly and flippantly depreciated on the other. For the latter circumstance, however, he may thank chiefly himself, and, next to himself, his friends, who have taught him to despise the warning voice of public opinion, which, however wayward and arbitrary in its first decisions, is sure to be mainly just at last. Had his judgement but been as correct as his imagination is powerful, had the purity of his taste been equal to the simplicity of his feelings, had his understanding been as sound as his heart, we hope, is warm—though we have a deeply rooted distrust of all sentimentalists and *sensationists* in this respect,—the critic's task would have been far more easy, and, to our feelings, far more pleasant. We should not then have been disposed to acquiesce in thinking that he had written enough; too much, indeed, for his permanent reputation, unless he adopts our suggestion, namely, to entrust to some competent friend the reducing of his writings, by a rigid selection, to the due compass of 'Sybilline leaves,' and to make a bonfire of the refuse—his potters, waggoners, and ideots, on the top of Skiddaw. The present volume ought, however, to do him at least this service with the public; it should be accepted as an ample atonement for his last offence, for there is a weight of sterling good poetry in it far more than adequate to turn the scale in his favour. From this time forth, therefore, it ought to be held a breach of courtesy and kindness, to say one word more of Benjamin the Waggoner or of Peter Bell.

Art. VII. *A Sermon, preached at Endless Street Meeting, Salisbury, before the Wilts Association of Independent Ministers, and published at their Request; on the Death of their late Member and esteemed Friend, the Rev. John Sibree, of Frome, including a brief Memoir of his Life.* By W. Priestley. The Profits to be devoted to the Family. 8vo. pp. 47. Price 1*s.* 6*d.* 1820.

THE brief, plain discourse which occupies about one-third of these pages, in the form of reflections on the death of Aaron, written in a strain of perfectly unaffected piety and sensibility, was meant chiefly as introductory to the memoir of a most excellent man and useful preacher, to whose memory Mr. P. was peculiarly qualified to render this tribute, in consequence of an intimate and affectionate friendship maintained with him from early life. It can very rarely happen, we fear, that the writer of a memoir, even of a good man, can, with entire conscientiousness, employ throughout a language of so unqualified complacency in all but the infelicities of the life he records. Mr. Sibree drew, or constrained, the testimony of all the very numerous persons that knew him, to his singular amiableness and Christian spirit, in every capacity in which he could be known;

and no man was less guarded by reserve: his natural ingenuousness and his conscious uprightness of intention, exposed him undisguised to every inspector.

As a preacher, he must have been known to a considerable proportion of our readers. And whoever knew him in that capacity, will infallibly retain a strong recollection of his spirit and manner. Very many will retain and cherish it with a happy consciousness of having received inestimable benefit by means of his ministry. He was a remarkable example (in this respect resembling Whitfield) of an eloquence created by genuine, unquenchable fervour of feeling. This feeling, at the same time, varied and fluctuated with the change of topics and circumstances; and the effect was, to give a great diversity to his elocution. His powerful voice would pass through all manner of tones and inflections in the course of one sermon, and without his ever thinking one moment about the manner in which he was speaking. The modifications of address and language were not less varied, nor less perfectly free from all artificial management. He would be declamatory, colloquial, indignant, commiserating, all within one quarter of an hour. Nor was there any thing wayward or fantastic in all this. A pervading sincerity, a simplicity of intention, an earnest benevolence, and a zealous piety, gave a consecrated character and a powerfully serious tendency to the whole. There were defects and faults in point of taste, from his mind not having undergone a rigorous intellectual and literary discipline. But these were little offensive to such cultivated hearers as were at all in sympathy with his earnestness about religion; and by the greater part of a congregation they were not perceived. That which all sorts of hearers did perceive, (for it was quite impossible to help it,) was, that he was ardently and continually intent on promoting the cause of God, and the eternal welfare of men.

His friends had to number it among the inexplicable appointments of the Divine Wisdom, that, with all this piety, and this zeal to live to the noblest purpose, he was doomed to a very extraordinary measure of suffering, both in body and mind. During a large portion of his life, and with severe aggravation toward the latter end, he was the victim of a cruel and hopeless bodily malady. And partly, it is probable, from this cause, and partly from constitutional tendency, his mind was at some seasons, for a considerable length of time, oppressed with an insupportable gloom, which disabled him for public service, and embittered every thing in life. But the ever-living principle of piety was conspicuous at all seasons, and under all forms of suffering; and it rose with energy toward the wonted activity of ministerial service whenever the pressure was in any degree lightened. The very worthy Author of this Sermon and Memoir

was peculiarly assiduous in the endeavour to soften his afflictions, and nothing can be more kind and affectionate than the spirit which breathes through this pious and interesting account of his departed friend.

Art. VIII. *Essays and Sketches of Life and Character.* By a Gentleman who has left his Lodgings. Sm. 8vo. pp. 248. London. 1820.

IT is exceedingly agreeable to have our graver lucubrations broken in upon by a lively, voluble, well-dressed young fellow like this late lodger of Mister Joseph Skillett. We can compare it to nothing better than to a brisk glass of Champagne;—we forget ourselves: as if Reviewers knew anything of such lordly liquor! Besides, the comparison would imply too much of the work before us, in point of flavour and rarity. To nothing better, we mean, can we compare it, than to a brisk glass of gooseberry wine, well bottled,—for that is every thing: it is the spirit, not the body; it is its being *up*, just opened, and drunk off at a breath, in which consists all its value:—to nothing better than a poignant draught of English Champagne, after we have been for some time occupied with the more serious business which precedes the hour of digestion. It is agreeable because it is a light work; in point of specific gravity, and easy reading. None but Reviewers know Reviewers' pains. Nobody else can tell what an *honest* Reviewer feels at first taking the dimensions of a bulky quarto, through which he is doomed, and he alone, to toil, for the purpose of telling the good people in the country who are waiting for his critical guage, what it is about, and of extracting something very amusing out of a mass of what is perhaps very dull; or, at sitting down, with the best intentions to be pleased, to a volume-load of poetry. No; when the half-crown Number makes its due appearance on that day of the month so eagerly anticipated by freshmen authors, none but those who are in the secret, can guess how much task-work, and self-denying drudgery, and patient *cramming*, have been submitted to in order to furnish the requisite literary olio. We said, no one could tell, but solicitors and conveyancers, perhaps, may: what they have to wade through is scarcely less voluminous, and not much more entertaining, than the bulky brief of a Reviewer; but their reading is better paid for, as Mr. Brougham well knows.

The Author of the present work is a mysterious incognito. 'About a year ago,' says Mr. Joseph Skillett, of Sackville-street, 'a gentleman, without a servant, took an apartment on the first 'floor of my house.'

'He was, apparently, a young man; but his look was not diffident and unpractised, like that of most young men, but bold and decided, like the countenance of a lieutenant of hussars, who has served a campaign or two, and as piercing as that of an Old Bailey lawyer.

He wore long black hair over his forehead, and used some words in his language, which I never saw anywhere but in the Bible and Common Prayer, and which, I suppose, are now out of use. He took two servants, and began to frequent the world. I observed he went to Almack's, and the French play; was admitted into the Travellers' club, wore stays, and used much starch in his neckcloth. Notwithstanding this, his life was not so regular as that of most young men of fashion. He did not always go out to dinner at a quarter before eight, nor always come home at five in the morning, nor always get up at half-past two in the afternoon. I thought this extraordinary, because I had observed, that those who pretend to any fashion, and claim merit from their want of punctuality, are generally the most exact people possible to be always twenty minutes too late wherever they go. My lodger, on the contrary, very often went out riding upon his return from a ball, and then came and dined by himself, or with my family, at four or five o'clock: nor was he of the usual placid, indifferent humour, that men of the world generally are. Sometimes a darkness would come over his face, and he would sit frowning at the chimney-piece in his own room for a fortnight together. Every now and then too he would go away for a few days to Dublin or to Edinburgh, without any apparent reason. But, on the 5th of February last, he set out from my house, about twelve at night, saying, he should return in a few days. Since that time I have heard nothing of him; and being in great want of money to pay my taxes, I went to search, to see if there were anything I could sell for rent, of which I had not received one farthing. I found a few old clothes, a dozen pair of boots, and a large number of manuscripts: these were written in all kinds of languages, ancient and modern, more than I had ever heard of: some few were in English; and one called, "On the State of the Constitution," in a totally different hand. I suspect it was written by the gentleman, for there was only one, who used sometimes to pay my lodger a visit. With these papers in my hand, I went off directly to Mr. Longman; and he has given me some hopes that I may recover a part of my rent by their means. Who the author may be, I do not pretend to say; or whether the last paper relates at all to himself: I leave that to the courteous reader; and I beg him to recollect, that I am not answerable for the opinions of a gentleman who has left his lodgings. *Joseph Skillett.*'

The 'last paper' alluded to, is a fragment written in the character of the Wandering Jew; but we have several good reasons for believing that he is not the Author of this volume: first, we doubt whether the whole of its contents be the production of one author, and it is not likely that that individual would deign to connect himself with any literary coadjutor, unless it were Lord Byron; secondly, that illustrious *octodecingenarian* would have known better than to talk about the prescience of 'the Deity being general and not particular;' he could not have lived so long to so little purpose as to deal in theological crudities; thirdly, he would not have kept a journal.

There are many better papers in the volume; otherwise, we should set down the Author as more a Jew than a conjuror. We select as a specimen the following lively remarks on Society in London.

'What is meant by an agreeable man?'

'In Spain an agreeable man is he who is possessed of a good person, and an incessant flow of talk. The science of conversation is there in its infancy, and no distinction is made between him who talks much and him who talks well. The leading topic of a *bel esprit* is women; and the language itself is so formed as to confine praise or blame entirely to their bodily qualities. *Es buena moza*, literally "she is a good girl," means she is a pretty girl. *Tiene merito*, "she has merit," means she has some good points in her face or figure. Besides being able to decide the proper degree of merit which every woman possesses, the Spanish agreeable man is able to cover obscenity with the veil which is just thick enough to make it admissible in good company, though even that is sometimes thrown aside like those which are worn on the Alameda. From this source he derives the principal fund of his conversation, and makes amends for a total ignorance on every kind of literature and politics. But then, he also knows the plays which are to be acted for the next month, and can tell, to a tittle, if a single indecent posture has been omitted in the fandango.

'The agreeable man in Germany is quite a different sort of person. He is a gentleman who endeavours to make wit and gallantry after the most approved models of the age of Louis XIV. But his specific gravity being much greater than that of the French nation, he is, in fact, as little like M. de Coulanges or St. Evremont as can well be imagined. His little anecdotes are drawn from the Roman history, or, at best, from the Seven Years' War; his remarks and observations are conscientiously sincere, but insufferably dull; and his wit always disposes to melancholy.

'In Italy an agreeable man is a much pleasanter person: his manners are particularly civil; he often has a good taste in the fine arts and in polite literature, and, perhaps, an agreeable talent for music; but there is a feebleness and effeminacy in his tone of thinking, which finally wearies; and his conversation is the pace of a *manège* horse, trained till he has lost all freedom of action.

'Yet, it must be owned, that there are a great many young men who are exceptions to this rule; it is easy to see, however, that they are exceptions. Their long dishevelled hair, their wild rolling eyes, their vehement action, their loud harangues in society, their unusual language, and more unusual opinions, show at once that they are not formed after the general rule of national character.

'If we go from Italy to England we shall find that the agreeable man gets more reputation, more eating, and more drinking, in return for his talk than anywhere else. He is perpetually invited to dinner, where from ten to five-and-twenty people are invited expressly to meet him; and, after all, it often happens that he is sullen or unwell, and will not speak a word from the beginning of dinner till the end. But if he should happen to be in spirits, he often talks so loud, or so

disputatiously, that you are forced to bow to his opinions till after coffee. But if a rival wit has been asked to meet him, there generally arises a furious contest for superiority; each tries to gain a hearing for himself only, and each attacks his opponent with arguments too important for the hour of digestion.

'France, perhaps, affords the best models of an agreeable man. In them we see the most refined politeness towards others, mixed with a most perfect confidence in themselves—a sprightliness which enlivens all around, and produces as much light by reflection as by radiation—a skill in placing every topic in the situation which alone can make it amusing in conversation—a grace in treating the most frivolous matters, a lightness in touching the most serious, and a quickness in passing from one to the other, which to all other Europeans must seem quite unattainable. They console themselves by saying the French are frivolous, by which they mean that they interest themselves in little frivolous concerns; but they forget to mention that they are the same people who marched into Lisbon and Moscow, and perfected the discoveries of Newton.

'Such are the prominent characters in the conversation of their respective countries. But it may happen, that, although individuals may exist in a society, endowed with every power of entertaining and enlightening, yet the forms of society may be such that it is very difficult to obtain the full advantage of their superior qualities. This difficulty is the misfortune of London, where there are more men of cultivated understanding, of refined wit, and literary or political eminence, than in any metropolis of Europe. Yet it is so contrived, that there is little freedom, little intimacy, and little ease in London society. "To love some persons very much, and see often those that I love," says the old Duchess of Marlborough, "is the greatest happiness I can enjoy." But in London it is equally difficult to get to love any body very much, or to see often those that we have loved before. There are such numbers of acquaintances, such a succession of engagements, that the town resembles Vauxhall, where the dearest friends may walk round and round all night without ever meeting. If you see at dinner a person whose manners and conversation please you, you may wish in vain to become more intimate; for the chance is, that you will not meet so as to converse a second time for three months, when the dice-box of society may, perhaps, turn up again the same numbers. Not that it is to be inferred that you may not barely see the same features again; it is possible that you may catch a glimpse of them on the other side of St. James's Street, or see them near to you at a crowded rout, without a possibility of approaching. Hence it is, that those who live in London are totally indifferent to one another; the waves follow so quick that any vacancy is immediately filled up, and the want is not perceived. At the same time the well-bred civility of modern times, and the example of some "very popular people," have introduced a shaking of hands, a pretended warmth, a sham cordiality, into the manners of the cold and the warm alike—the dear friend, and the acquaintance of yesterday. Hence, we hear continually such conversations as the following:—"Ah! how d'ye do? I'm delighted to see you! How is Mrs.

M——?"—"She is very well, thank you."—"Has she any more children?"—"Any more! I have only been married three months. I see you are talking of my former wife—she has been dead these three years."—Or "My dear friend, how d'ye do,—you have been out of town some time—where have you been—in Norfolk?"—"No, I have been two years in India."' pp. 75—80.

It has been said very justly of science, 'that the profound 'discoveries of the greatest philosophers of one age, become the 'elements of knowledge to the youth of the next:' the Author remarks, that nearly the reverse is the case with conversation.

'The anecdotes which form the buz of card parties and dinner parties in one century, are in the lapse of a hundred years, and sometimes less, transplanted into quarto volumes, and go to increase the stock of learning of the most grave and studious persons in the nation; a story repeated by the Duchess of Portsmouth's waiting woman to Lord Rochester's valet, forms a subject of investigation for a philosophical historian; and you may hear an assembly of scholars and authors, discussing the validity of a piece of scandal invented by a maid of honour more than two centuries ago, and repeated to an obscure writer by Queen Elizabeth's housekeeper.

'The appetite for remains of all kinds, has certainly increased of late to a most surprising extent; every thing which belongs to a great man is eagerly hunted out, and constantly published. If Madame de Sevigné wrote some letters when she was half asleep; if Dr. Johnson took the pains of setting down what occurred to him before he was breeched, this age is sure to have the benefit of seeing these valuable works on hot-pressed paper: all that good writers threw by as imperfect, all that they wished to be concealed from the world, is now edited in volumes twice as magnificent as their chief works. Still greater is the avidity for *ana:* it is a matter of the greatest interest to see the letters of every busy trifler. Yet who does not laugh at such men? To write to our relations and friends on events which concern their interests and affections, is a worthy employment for the heart and head of a civilized man; but to engrave upon the tittle-tattle of the day, with all the labour and polish which the richest gem could deserve, is a contemptible abuse of the pen, paper, and time which is on our hands.

'It must be confessed, however, that knowledge of this kind is very entertaining; and here and there amongst the rubbish, we find hints which may give the philosopher a clue to important facts, and afford to the moralist a better analysis of the human mind, than a whole library of metaphysics.' pp. 85—87.

The desultory thoughts about Political Economy, while they exhibit no great depth of reflection, are the remarks of a shrewd observer, and contain much good sense. 'Political Economy,' he remarks, 'is an awful thing. It is appalling to think that 'the Legislature is often called upon to decide questions which 'involve the immediate happiness, perhaps the very existence, 'of millions of the people by the rules of a science which changes

'from day to day.' After referring to the opposite doctrines of Adam Smith and Lord Lauderdale, M. Say and M. Sismondi, on certain points, he adds: 'These opinions may be *knowledge* 'in the making, as Bacon finely calls the opinions of enlightened 'men, but, until it is made, one would hesitate to stake the hap-'piness of a nation upon them.' This is very just, but there are circumstances under which a Legislature may be called to take some active measures, and those measures must be regulated by some principles either correct or erroneous; and the worst is, that those individuals who shew the greatest contempt for abstract principles and what they deem visionary theories, are often the most tenacious of their own *unwritten* systems, and discover the most slavish adherence to their favourite authorities. It is, however, a good sign, when there exists a pretty brisk conflict of opinions among political writers: it shews that knowledge *is* making. The remark with which the chapter concludes, is, we think, worth transcription.

'Government will always be conducted for the benefit of those who govern. If the few alone govern, the interests of the few only will be provided for; if the people themselves have a share in the government, the interests of the many will be consulted.'

We have been much pleased with some of the remarks in the paper on Marriage. The longest and most carefully written essay, however, is that on the 'State of the English Constitu-'tion,' which we can cordially recommend to the perusal of our readers. It contains a dispassionate review of the events of the late reign, as they bear upon our constitutional liberties.

'In reckoning up what the crown has gained upon liberty during this reign,' remarks the Writer, 'we must take into account its two wars, American and French, and the increase of public debt and establishments. In estimating, on the other hand, what new securities liberty has gained, we must put into the balance Mr. Fox's law of libel, the resolution against general warrants, and the vast increased weight of public opinion; and this again leads us to the alarms and restrictive measures.

'Whatever may have been the reasons, good or bad, which induced the government of this country to undertake a war against the insurgent colonies of America, and whatever may have been the policy, or even the necessity of entering into a contest with the French republic, it cannot be denied that the object of both these wars was to oppose popular revolution, and that their spirit was contrary to popular principles. It may be said, indeed, that both of these wars were supported by the full concurrence of the people of this country. But this objection takes away nothing from the weight of the observation which I wish to make. It must be recollected, that a high-spirited nation is easily incited to take arms; and, whether they do so, in a cause congenial to freedom, depends entirely upon the occasion which presents itself, and the use which is made of it by those whose talents

qualify them to direct public opinion. Now the occasions upon which both of the wars before alluded to, arose, were the resistance of a people to its government; and the arguments adopted to induce this country to declare war, were chiefly an appeal to its insulted dignity, and to its feelings of loyalty and piety. During a long period of this reign, comprising more than half of its extended duration, no attempts have been wanting to inflame the public mind, daily and hourly, against the rebellious subjects of our own king, and against a neighbouring nation, which deposed and executed its sovereign. It is impossible but that these invectives must have had their effect, and it can create surprise in no one that a country so excited, so taught, and so inflamed, and that too by one of the most eloquent writers, and one of the most eloquent speakers whom England has produced, should become at last extremely alive to every supposed misdemeanour against prerogative, and completely dull and insensible to any violation of constitutional rights. Nor will those escape blame in the page of history, if any such there were, who led the people on by exaggerated representations of facts; who inflamed their imagination by highly-coloured pictures of carnage and of murder, and endeavoured to put a stop to internal and civil bloodshed in one nation, by extending slaughter and desolation to every state in Europe, and every region of the globe. The example of the French Revolution, however, has had an influence still more direct on the progress of our affairs: the French Revolution is ascribed to every thing, and every thing is ascribed to the French Revolution. If a book is written containing new opinions on subjects of philosophy and literature, we are told to avoid them, for to Voltaire and to Rousseau is to be ascribed the French Revolution. If an ignorant cobler harangues a ragged mob in Smithfield, we are told that the state is in danger, for the fury of a mob was the beginning of the French Revolution. If there is discontent in the manufacturing towns, we are told that the discontent of the manufacturing towns in France was the great cause of the French Revolution. Nay; even if it is proposed to allow a proprietor of land to shoot partridges and hares on his own ground, we are told that this would be to admit the doctrine of natural rights, the source of all the evils of the French Revolution.

'It is in vain that these absurd clamours are repeatedly refuted; it is in vain that it is shown that the French Revolution arose from one simple cause, the discordance of a brave and enlightened people with a corrupt, bigoted, and despotic government; it is in vain that the atrocities of the revolution are shown to have been owing partly to the cruel character of the people, and partly to the alarm excited by foreign interference.

'It is to no purpose that it is observed, that no comparison can be drawn between a country which had no constitution and no freedom; and one which has a constitution, and where the whole people are free.

'The voice of reason is not listened to; the whole precedent is taken in the gross as a receipt in full for every bad law; for every ancient abuse; for maintaining error, and applauding incapacity. It is as if a patient were worn out with bad fare, and exhausted with debility,

and a physician should administer copious bleedings, because his door neighbour was dying of a pleurisy.'

The Writer then goes on to shew how, 'whilst the powe 'the crown has been thus increased by the doctrines, it has be 'no less augmented by the burdens of the war.' The accessi of patronage, derived from the prodigious augmentation of th revenue and the national debt, is incalculable. The collection o this immense revenue, forms in itself a powerful engine of state influence; upwards of four millions a-year being spent in this 'necessary service.'

'Every year a large book is presented to the House of Commons, containing an account of the augmentation of salaries and superanuations, chiefly in offices of this description. These offices are thus disposed of. The offices of the excise are generally given by the commissioners of excise appointed by government, a few being reserved for the patronage of the Treasury; i. e. in other words for members of the House of Commons. The offices of the customs are entirely at the disposal of the Treasury; the offices of the stamp and post offices are given by the Treasury, at the recommendation of members of parliament *voting with government*. The receivers-general of the land tax, whose poundage alone amounts to 78,000*l*. a year, and whose balances give as much more, are appointed at the recommendation of county members *voting with government*. In the instance of one county, this office was lately divided into two, to increase the patronage. Where the members for the county both vote with opposition, the appointment is given to the person who the first Lord of the Treasury thinks ought to be member for the county. Thus it is, that the influence of the crown has not only been augmented, but organized, and directed in a manner never before known.'

In proceeding to examine the new securities which liberty has gained, the Writer admits that the publication of the debates in parliament, and the more general diffusion of political knowledge, form a most important change.

'The censor of the Roman republic, however austere in the exercise of his functions, could never equal in minuteness of enquiry, or severity of rebuke, the unseen and irresponsible public of the British Empire. What statesman can hear with unshaken nerves, that voice, which, beginning in the whispers of the metropolis, rises into the loud tone of defiance within the walls of parliament, and is then prolonged by means of the hundred mouths of the press, till its innumerable echoes rebound from the shores of Cornwall, and the mountains of Inverness? What minister, however profligate in his notions, does not, in his parliamentary language, endeavour, in some degree, to conciliate the uncorrupted mind of the multitude?'

The effect of this power is, however, he proceeds to shew, very vaguely estimated, when it is supposed to overbalance the influence the crown derives from the increase of the standing

army and ministerial patronage. All our most valued institutions, the safeguards of our liberty, suppose that public opinion is *not* a sufficient counterpoise to power. Besides, the persons who advance such an argument, take it for granted that all the opinion which has been admitted to a share of influence in the state, is in a spirit of inquiry and of control upon the Government. To expose the fallacy of this assumption, the Writer takes a view of the parties into which the public are divided. At the beginning of the late reign, several new parties arose, which are briefly characterised.

'A fourth party, are those who are attached to the laws, but are perpetual alarmists. They would use the Constitution as some ladies do a new gown, never put it on for fear it should rain. They are continually reminding us of the necessity of burying party animosities for the sake of the country; by which they mean, suspending the laws, to quiet their own nerves. It is upon these persons, especially, that the very name of French Revolution has the greatest effect; they shut their eyes to every thing that is encouraging, in order to fix their gaze upon the low trash by which a few miserable individuals gain a precarious livelihood. It is upon these timid creatures also that the government press has the most pernicious effect; nothing, it is well known, is so likely to forward the sale of a newspaper, as an account of any news that is by the newsmen called "bloody;" and now that the war is over, there is no way of obtaining such news, but by exaggerating the numbers and the violence of public meetings. This manœuvre was practised to such an extent last year, that the whole nation took the alarm, and Englishmen were ready to cut each other's throats in the surmise of a plot. Unhappily, in one instance, they went farther, and blood was shed in civil commotion. May that day never be repeated!' pp. 154, 155.

The 'New Party' is next examined at full length, and their mischievous influence ably exposed. The new laws restrictive of the freedom of the Press are then adverted to with becoming indignation, and the words of Burke are recalled to us, in application to the present crisis, that 'liberty is in danger of being 'made unpopular to Englishmen.' The paper concludes with some judicious remarks on Parliamentary Reform.

We have allowed ourselves no room for further disquisition, and we are glad of it. Though this Gentleman has left his lodgings, we dare say we shall hear of him again.

Art. IX. *Lays of Affection.* By Margaret Brown. Foolscap 8vo. pp. 224. Price 8s. Edinburgh. 1819.

WE shall perhaps gratify an interesting circle of friends by our notice of these effusions of friendship; and we can say with truth, that we know of no worthier purpose that Verse can answer, than to be the vehicle and the record of feelings and

ntiments such as in this instance it has been employed to ex-ess. But beyond the circle of those friends for whose gratifi-ation, no doubt, the fairly written, hot-pressed manuscript was ıtrusted to the black hands of the compositor, such a volume n scarcely be expected to excite a permanent interest. Politi-l economists tell us that the real price of a thing always repre-nts the quantity of labour exerted in its production. This mark will in a qualified sense apply very generally to literary oductions; for it is men of the greatest genius that take the eatest pains, and whose works are, in fact, as estimated by the bour bestowed upon them, the most costly. The poems in the llection before us, appear to have severally occupied as much ins or mental labour as the occasion demanded; and the result ars a fair proportion to the pains: if, then, the price set upon em by the indifferent reader be but adequate to the cost of pro-ıction, and their value be estimated by the greater or less cility with which they might be replaced by a fresh supply of a milar article, the Writer will have no reason to complain. In der to favour her interests in this respect as much as possible, e shall make room for two short extracts, in the selection of hich we do her no injustice.

Ode written when the French subjugated Holland, Switzerland, and Geneva.

'Tis holy ground ye tread—
Why o'er the peaceful, wave the gory spear?
Why, scorn the Sufferer in your proud career?
How are their fond hopes fled,
Who late, in praises to the LORD OF ALL,
Hail'd, with exulting heart, the liberty of Gaul!

'Come is thy day of woe,
Batavia! whose renown o'er many a Land
Was spread for ages. Erst thy patriot Band
Appall'd the tyrant Foe.
Their armour Faith, resistless as the sway
Of Ocean rous'd by Storms, they rush'd their fateful way.

'City of equal Laws!
City of Science, and of Lore divine!
Who will not mourn, that Bulwarks *such as thine*
No more the Spoiler awes?
Nameless among the Nations! who shall trace
Where Calvin's wisdom rear'd his chosen holy place?

'Thy Vales, thy Mountains wild.
Helvetia! Freedom roam'd with jocund heart,
And little thought she from the Scenes to part,
Where she so long had smil'd.
Ah! rush'd the Foe—thy Sons, thy Daughters pour;
Heroic deeds are done;—but Freedom smiles no more.

'Why could not Pity spare,
Wide grasping Gaul! the Scenes by love endear'd?
Couldst thou detest the generous toils that rear'd
All that was lovely there?
Even round the dread Volcano smile the Vales;
Around *thee* ruthless Gaul! wide-wasted Nature wails.

'Is Hope forever fled?
Shall Freedom never to her haunts return?
Nations! by all your wrongs indignant burn,
For you your Sires have bled.
"Strong in the Lord," like *them*, undaunted rise,
Nor longer pour your souls in unavailing sighs.'

'*On hearing, when confined by indisposition, the bell ring for Pub Worship.*

'THO' not to me these solemn tones repeat
The oft loved warning to the Holy Place,
My heart will joy, while others happier meet,
Mingling their wishes at the Throne of Grace
In lowliness of soul. On my fixed ear,
Loud as "the voice of many waters," roll
The halleluiahs. O! propitious hear,
Thou Holiest! and each earthly wish control,
Which Sin, insidious to betray, inspires
Even in thy hallowed Courts. O! put to shame
Her impious counsels, and her dark desires;
For where Thy Chosen gather in Thy name;
Hast Thou not promis'd, Lord! to meet them there,
"And make them joyful in Thy House of Prayer?"'

Art. X. *Remarks on the present System of Road Making;* with C servations, deduced from Practice and Experience, with a View a Revision of the Existing Laws, and the Introduction of Impro ment in the Method of making, repairing, and preserving Roa and defending the Road Funds from Misapplication. Third editi with Additions. By John Loudon Mc Adam, Esq. General S veyor of the Roads in the Bristol District. 8vo. pp. 196. L don. 1820.

DR. Johnson, if we recollect right, thought that the acme of po tive gratification was, being whirled along in a post chaise a four. If it be so, it were easy to shew how much of hum happiness must depend on the *state of the Roads*, and h much gratitude is consequently due to the professor—or, shou we say? the discoverer—of the infant science of road-maki To a person of Dr. Johnson's sluggish flow of spirits and i nerves, however, it is possible that no small part of the vigor excitement which formed the essence of the pleasure, would supplied by the very circumstances that Mr. Mc Adam has benevolently stepped forward to obviate: it was the pleas

jolt and rattle occasioned by the resistance of a loose and rough road, or the still more vivacious movement produced by what was once in a country town a pavement, together with the perpetual indefinite expectation of some adventure worthy of being journalized, by which were kept alive a complacent sense of conrage in braving the ever present danger, and that pleasing terror which is so nearly allied to the sublime,—it was, we take it, the stimulating agitation arising from all this put together, that made the great Moralist so happy; happy as a child in a round-about, happy as a well-partnered lass in a country dance, or, as a Parisian taking the gentle exercise of the *Montagnes Russes.* But Mr. M'Adam is for destroying much of this pleasure. He would have a road to be an artificial flooring composed of a strong, smooth, solid surface, over which carriages may pass without any impediment; he would have no *barrelled* roads that keep a carriage upon an agreeable slope,—deeming a fall of three inches in a road thirty feet wide quite sufficient for the purpose of draining it; he would have no ruts, no *gridironed* roads, as they term, in some parts, such as have been cut into longitudinal furrows; he would have no heaps of loose, unsifted gravel thrown on the top of a road already too convex, for the purpose of exercising the dexterity of the coachman and the muscles of his cattle in crossing and quartering, while the wheels grate horrible music:—in fact, he is for reducing the pleasures of travelling to the common-place qualities of safety and expedition. To fathers of families, indeed, to plain, plodding men of business, to all persons of weak nerves and physical irritability, to coach proprietors, who naturally wish their horses to last three years on the average if possible, as well as to all persons who were in favour of Lord Erskine's bill against cruelty to animals,—finally, to all those who grumble at paying a high toll for the privilege of travelling on a bad road, Mr. M'Adam's labours may not appear wholly unimportant and uninteresting; and to them we very strongly recommend the perusal of the remarks and documents contained in the present volume. Next in importance to the consideration which relates to their personal safety and that of their families, and the wear and tear of their property, will appear to them the economical bearings of Mr. M'Adam's scheme. The gross abuses arising both from ignorance and peculation which have long been suffered to exist in the application of the tolls, form one subject to which Mr. M'A. forcibly invites the attention of the Legislature: the waste of public money in this way, is estimated at *one eighth* of the road revenue of the kingdom at large, the proportion near London being much greater. The volume is, in fact, replete with very valuable information.

Art. XI. SELECT LITERARY INFORMATION.

*** *Gentlemen and Publishers who have works in the press, will oblige the Conductors of the* Eclectic Review, *by sending information (post paid) of the subject, extent, and probable price of such works; which they may depend upon being communicated to the public, if consistent with its plan.*

The second volume of Morell's History of England to the close of the reign of George the Third, and which completes the series of Studies in History, will be published in a few days.

Mrs. Graham, author of a Journal of a Residence in India, is printing, an Account of a Residence of three months in the Mountainous Country east of Rome, with engravings of the banditti and peasantry.

The Rev. T. Jebb is preparing a work on Sacred Literature; comprising a review of the principles laid down in the Prelections and Isaiah of Bp. Lowth, and an application of those principles to the illustration of the New Testament.

The Rev. J. Jones, of Newchurch, near Warrington, is printing, a Course of Morning and Evening Prayers, for four weeks.

The Rev. J. Lewis, of Margate, will soon publish in octavo, the History of the Life and Sufferings of the Rev. Dr. John Wiclif.

James Wilson, Esq. is printing, in three octavo volumes, a Journal of Two successive Tours on the Continent, in the years 1816-17-18.

Mr. J. Zweed, of Bocking, will soon publish, Popular Observations on Regimen and Diet; with rules and regulations in regard to health.

Mr. J. W. W. English, of Wellingborough, has in the press, Medical and Surgical Remarks; including an effectual method of removing enlargements from the throat, commonly called Wens.

Mr. E. Howitt is printing, Selections from Letters written during a Tour through the United States, in 1811, illustrative of the native Indians, and of the Emigrants.

George Colman the Younger will soon publish in a quarto volume, Posthumous Letters, addressed to Francis Colman, and George Colman the Elder; with annotations and remarks.

Dr. Thompson is printing a new edition of his System of Chemistry; and is preparing a work on the Practice of Chemistry.

Very shortly will be published, Part X. of Stephens' Greek Thesaurus, which will be accompanied with a reply to the critique in the Quarterly Review.

In a few days will be published, Part I. in 8vo. price 1s. of a new and beautiful edition of Shakespear's Plays: the whole will be completed in nine parts, each of which will contain 4 plays.

In a few days will be published, a new and elegant edition of the Holy War, by John Bunyan. Embellished with eight highly finished engravings, and explanatory notes. By the Rev. George Burder, A.M.

To be published early in August, the School Prayer-Book; being a week's course of prayers for the use of schools and young persons, together with a few on particular occasions: also, the collects throughout the year, with a short explanatory catechism prefixed to each; the Church Catechism in English and French; and some select psalms and hymns.

Art. XII. LIST OF WORKS RECENTLY PUBLISHED.

BIOGRAPHY.

Memoirs of Granville Sharp, Esq. Composed from his own MSS. and other authentic Documents in the possession of his family and of the African Institution. By Prince Hoare. With Observations on Mr. Sharp's Biblical Criticisms. By the Lord Bishop of St. David's. 4to.

CLASSICAL LITERATURE.

Ricardi Porsoni Notæ in Aristophanem quibus Plutum Comœdiam partim ex ejusdem Recensione, partim è Manu-

scriptis emendatam et variis Lectionibus instructam præmisit, et Collationum Appendicem adjecit Petrus Paulus Dobree, A M. Collegii SS. Trinitatis Socius 8vo. 11. 1s. boards, large paper, 2l. 2s.

Joannis Scapulæ Lexicon Græco Latinum e probatis Auctoribus locupletatum, cum Indicibus auctis et correctis. Item Lexicon Etymologicum cum Thematibus investigatu difficilioribus et anomalis, et Jo. Meursii Glossarium Contractum. Indici Græco inseruntur aliquot Verborum millia e Scotto, Bastio, aliisque. Accedunt Prisciani Lib. XVIII. Pars posterior, et Ammonius περὶ Ὁμοίων καὶ Διαφόρων Λέξεων e Cod. MS. Reg. Musei Britannici emendatus: Cum Opusculis grammaticis ex Edit. Valckenærii. Oxonii, e Typographeo Clarendonian. 1820. Fol. 3l. 13s. 6d. in sheets.

EDUCATION.

A System of Education for the Infant King of Rome, and other French Princes of the Blood; drawn up by the Imperial Council of State, with the approbation and under the personal superintendence of the Emperor Napoleon. In English and French. With a beautiful portrait the son of Napoleon, from a very fine original miniature by Isabey. 8vo. 8s.

Early Education; or the Management of Children considered with a View to their future Character. By Miss Appleton, author of "Private Education." 8vo. 10s. 6d.

HISTORY.

An Essay on the Origin and Purity of the Primitive Church of the British Isles, and its Independence upon the Church of Rome. By the Rev. William Hales, D.D. Rector of Killesandra, &c. 8vo. 16s.

An Introduction to Modern History. In continuation of an Introduction to Chronology and Ancient History. By W. Jillard Hort. 2 vols. 18mo.

Letters from Germany and Holland, in 1813, 14, containing a detailed Account of the Operations of the British Army in those Countries. cr. 8vo. 7s.

MECHANICS.

An Essay on the Construction of Wheel Carriages, as they effect both the Roads and the Horses; with Suggestions relating to the Principles on which the Tolls ought to be imposed, and a few Remarks on the Formation of Roads. By Joseph Storrs Fry. 8vo. 6s.

MEDICINE.

Cases of a Serious Morbid Affection; principally incident to females after delivery, abortion, &c. and arising from Uterine Hæmorrhagy, undue Venæsection, Menorrhagia, protracted Lactation, Diarrhœa, Aphthæ, Constipation, Scybalæ, or other causes of exhaustion and irritation. By Marshal Hall, M.D. F.R.S.E. &c. 8vo. 4s. sewed.

An Historic Sketch of the causes, progress, extent, and mortality of the Contagious Fever Epidemic in Ireland, during the years 1817-18-19, with numerous tables; and an appendix, containing various documents, illustrative of its general history, and of the system of management adopted for its suppression. By William Hartz, M.B. Physician to the King's Hospital, and to the Prisons of Dublin.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Tales of the Heart. By Mrs. Opie. 4 vols, 12mo. 1l. 8s.

The Works of the Rev. Thomas Zouch, D.D. F.L.S. Rector of Scrayingham, and Prebendary of Durham; with a memoir of his life. By the Rev. Francis Wrangham, M.A. F.R.S. and Chaplain to his Grace the Archbishop of York. 2 Vols. 8vo. 1l. 4s.

The Rector's Memorandum Book; being memoirs of a family in the north. 12mo. 7s.

The Wharbroke Legend; a tale of the dead. By the author of Forman; a tale. 2 Vols. 12mo. 14s.

Transactions of the Literary Society of Bombay. Vol. II. With engravings. 4to. 3l. 3s.

Lucian of Samosata, from the Greek. With the comments of Wieland and others. By William Tooke, F.R.S. 2 vols. 4to. 5l. 5s.

Essays and Sketches of Life and Character. By a gentleman who has left his lodgings. cr. 8vo.

NATURAL HISTORY.

The Natural History of Ants. By Mr. P. Huber, Member of the Physical and Natural History Society of Geneva, and Corresponding Member of the Natural History Societies of Tarn and Garonne, &c. Translated from the French, with additional notes. By J. R. Johnson, M.D. F.R.S. F.L.S. &c. &c. 12mo. 9s.

POETRY.

Amyntas, a Tale of the Woods: from the Italian of Torquato Tasso. By Leigh Hunt. With a portrait of Tasso, and five wood-cuts. fcap. 8vo. 7s. 6d.

The Battle of Tewkesbury: a Poem. Written on a view of the intrenchments near the Town. With historical notes and observations. By Cecilia Cooper. 3s.

America, an Epistle in Verse. With other poems. 12mo. 3s.

Sacred Leisure; or poems on Religious Subjects. By the Rev. Francis Hodgson, A.M. Vicar of Bakewell, author of the Friends, a poem, &c. fcap. 8vo. 6s.

Julia Alpinula. With the Captive of Stamboul and other poems. By J. H. Wiffen, author of Aonian Hours. 12mo. 7s. 6d.

POLITICAL ECONOMY.

A Vindication of Mr. Owen's Plan, in reply to the misconceptions of a writer in No. LXIV. of the Edinburgh Review.

THEOLOGY.

Lectures on the Holy Bible, illustrative and confirmatory of its character as an economy of religion. By the Rev. Tho. Gilbart, Dublin. 8vo. 8s.

Weekly Prayers, imitating that Form of Worship contained in the Liturgy. Likewise, Evening Prayers. By the author of the Historical Epitome of the Old and New Testament. 2s.

Sketches of Sermons preached to congregations in various parts of the united kingdom, and on the European continent: furnished by their respective authors. Vol. I. 12mo. 5s.

TRAVELS AND TOPOGRAPHY.

Travels in Sicily, Greece, and Albania. By the Rev. T. S. Hughes, Fellow of Emanuel College, Cambridge. Illustrated by numerous fine engravings. 2 vols. 4to. 5l. 5s.

A Survey of Staffordshire: containing the antiquities of that county. By Sampson Erdeswick, Esq. Collated with MS. copies, and with additions and corrections by Wyrley, Chetwynd, Degge, Smyth, Lyttleton, Buckeridge, and others; illustrative of the history and antiquities of that county. By the Rev. Thomas Harwood, B.D. F.S.A.

*** The whole impression has been limited to a very small number, the greater part appropriated to the subscribers 8vo. 1l. 1s. a few copis on large paper. 1l. 11s. 6d.

The Journal of a Short Captivity in Dahomy, in Africa; with some account of the manners and customs of that nation. By John M'Leod, M.D. author of the Voyage and Shipwreck of the Alceste. fcap. 8vo. with plates. 5s. 6d.

Sketches illustrative of the Manners and Costumes of Italy, Switzerland, and France. By R. Bridgens. No. 1. With five coloured plates, and descriptive letter-press. royal 4to. 10s. 6d.

Voyage to South America, performed by order of the American Government in the years 1817-18, in the frigate Congress. By H. M. Brackenbridge, Esq. Secretary to the Mission. 2 vols. 8vo. 1l. 4s.

A Tour through a part of the Netherlands, France, and Switzerland in 1817. With reflections serious and lively. By Thomas Heger. 8s.

*** The Title, Index, and Contents to Vol. XIII. are unavoidably deferred till the next Number.

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Art. I. *Memoirs of Granville Sharp, Esq.* composed from his own Manuscripts and other authentic Documents in the Possession of his Family and of the African Institution. By Prince Hoare. With Observations on Mr. Sharp's Biblical Criticisms. By the Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of St. David's. 4to. lxvi, 524. [Portrait.] London. 1820.

SEVEN years have elapsed since the decease of the venerable Philanthropist who is the subject of these Memoirs, during which period, the Public have been justly wondering that, in an age of exuberant authorship like the present, such a man should not be able to find a biographer. At length, a bulky quarto appears, comprising a copious selection from Mr. Sharp's voluminous papers; and now, we are told, his friends are beginning to talk of collecting the whole of his correspondence, to form the materials of a future publication; on which account his Biographer has been induced to omit several letters referred to in the course of the narrative, the intended insertion of which in the Appendix, was necessary in order to illustrate the text. So that these Memoirs cannot even now be considered as complete without this future publication, whatever may be its bulk and price: they will no doubt be made to match with the present costly volume. This way of proceeding is worse than injudicious. Mr. Sharp was by no means an elegant letter writer, and his correspondence, although it might have been read with interest while the remembrance of his singular worth was fresh in the public mind, can have no pretensions to be considered as of permanent value, except as any part of it may serve to illustrate the history of the important transactions in which he was engaged. The whole of it could at no time have been an acceptable present to general readers; and at this time, the intimation looks a great deal too much like a disposition in some quarter or other, to try how much paper and print may be made to float by means of the e

venerable name of Granville Sharp. The present volume contains a great number of letters selected from his correspondence, which Mr. Hoare would doubtless have refrained from inserting at length, had the announced intention of publishing the whole, been any thing but an after-thought.

The task of drawing up a memorial of Mr. Sharp's long and active career of usefulness, was originally assigned to an intimate friend, whose abilities and professional character rendered him, we are told, eminently suited to the undertaking. 'The pressure 'of other occupations induced him after a time to relinquish it;' and the present Writer was requested by the Executrix to take the charge on himself. For the further delay for which he is responsible, the following apology is offered.

'Obligations of gratitude to the family precluded refusal on my part: and my high respect for the person whose life was to be the subject of the Memoirs, made me accede cheerfully to the proposal: but in giving my consent, I did not form an adequate idea of the task in which I was about to engage. The most voluminous and diffuse documents were confided to my care, from which I had to extract whatever might be thought useful to the public, and (what was far more difficult) in which I was to discover and trace a connected thread of Mr. Sharp's progressive actions through his long and important life. That such a task would be tedious, it was easy to anticipate. But it has been further protracted by causes which could not be foreseen,—by the suffering of repeated illness since the period when I first printed my Prospectus—of illness aggravated not unfrequently by an apprehension that, as the real cause of the delay could be known only to a few, I might suffer no slight imputation of neglect in the performance of what I had undertaken.'

If Mr. Hoare, then, does not unite in himself every qualification which we could have wished for in the biographer of Granville Sharp, it is clear that he is not to blame for the task's being left to fall into his hands; and under all the circumstances of the case, we are not disposed severely to criticise the manner in which he has executed it. The wish to give satisfaction to the family, must have presented a constant inducement to be minute and diffuse to a degree which otherwise he would have felt exposed him to the danger of becoming tedious. We can easily imagine, too, how the same disposition which we see every where prompting the erection of lofty mausolea or gigantic mounds, in order to express by bulk the estimated worth or dignity of the illustrious dead, might seduce the Biographer into the persuasion that he would do honour to the deceased in the eyes of his family, by the magnitude of the literary monument he should construct to his memory. To this feeling, perhaps, we are to attribute the copiousness of these Memoirs; a copiousness far exceeding the proper bounds of biography, and for

which the Author alleges a very insufficient reason. 'Conscious,' he says, 'that contemporary biography loses something of its 'value by each year of delay, I have endeavoured occasionally 'to compress the *individual*, and enlarge the *general* interest 'of the Narrative, so as in some measure to compensate the 'time that has elapsed.' Mr. Hoare cannot require to be told, that the proper interest of biography is that which arises from our sympathy with the individual; that the proper design of biography is, to give this interest a salutary direction, to awaken a spirit of emulation, and to impart a due force to noble example. The style of biographical narration or memoir-writing that he has adopted, is only a round-about way of writing history.

The life of Granville Sharp is indeed identified with the legal and domestic history of the late reign. For nearly half a century, his philanthropic exertions on behalf of the injured and oppressed African race, brought him prominently forward on the stage of public life; a fact elegantly recognised in the inscription furnished by William Smith, Esq. one of the members for Norwich, for the monument erected to his memory by the African Institution in Westminster Abbey: '*Reader, if, on 'perusing this tribute to a private individual, thou 'shouldest be disposed to suspect it as partial, or to censure 'it as diffuse, know that it is not panegyric, but* HISTORY.' The future historian of our country, will not fail to do justice to the character of the private individual whose legal attainments could command the respect of the judicial bench, and whose firmness, perseverance, and well instructed appeals to the great principles of the British Constitution, availed to procure a reversal of declarative decisions which had almost passed into law. To his exertions it must be ascribed, that the iniquitous and illegal opinion of York and Talbot, given in 1729, which he first had the courage to arraign, and which it cost him two years of intense study satisfactorily to refute, was at length solemnly set aside; when, in direct opposition, moreover, to the sentence of Lord Hardwicke, sitting as Chancellor, 'that neither baptism 'nor coming to England made any alteration in the temporal 'state of the slave,' it was determined by Lord Mansfield, '*that no foreigner can in England claim a right over a 'man: such a claim is not known to the laws of England.*' It is not in the private memoirs of the individual, that such a circumstance as this will alone be preserved: the whole of the transactions connected with so important a decision, must find a place in the national annals. A summary account of them is given by Mr. Clarkson in his History of the Abolition of the Slave Trade. The fullest account of the pleadings is to be found in Mr. Hargrave's Collection of the State Trials.

Our present business, however, is rather with those details

which fall more properly within the exclusive province of the biographer; and, independently of the share which Mr. Sharp had in that great national transaction, the abolition of the Slave Trade, and of the part he took on other public occasions, his was a character transcendently worthy of being held up to the esteem and emulation of his countrymen: it was in many respects a very singular character. Considered merely as a subject of philosophical interest, it is far from being devoid of claims to attention on this very account, as presenting social man under a somewhat rare modification. His opinions, political and religious, were such as perhaps never met together in any other individual, although in his mind they cohered by the most simple and necessary relations. And the very direct way in which these opinions were fearlessly acted out in his conduct, his actions being obviously the pure effect of that simple cause, without any co-operating motive of a selfish nature, or without, as it should seem, so much as any opposition to their influence upon his mind and actions, must be allowed to present a very infrequent specimen of integrity and simplicity of character. This undoubtedly constituted the most extraordinary feature in Mr. Sharp's mind. His physical activity was very striking; his moral courage, a still more rare and precious attribute, was equally distinguishing; his perseverance was of that undaunted kind which borders upon heroism; his views and habits of thinking had the extension and the abstract character of philosophy; but what gave the stamp of grandeur to this assemblage of intellectual qualities in the excellent individual we are speaking of, was, the unsophisticated benevolence, and perfect good faith, and lofty disinterestedness which characterized every action of his life. In him, any deviation from the common track, whether of opinion or of manners, was known to proceed from conviction, not from caprice or eccentricity. An ambition to be distinguished as a philanthropist, or a restless impatience of the narrow sphere of ordinary duties, never appears to have blended itself with the purer motives which urged him forward in his beneficent career. The love of liberty which grew in his breast into a passion, was identified with his love of justice and order; and his loyalty was as unimpeachable as his patriotism. While a placeman, he manifested a spirit the very opposite of the cringing servility of a pensioner; and when, rather than hold a place under an administration that were carrying on a bloody war, commenced in oppression and injustice, and persevered in with fatuitous obstinacy, against his fellow-subjects, he resigned his situation in the Ordnance office, he gave a proof of the sincerity of his opinions which must have compelled the esteem of his official superiors. Yet he never sought to indemnify himself for this sacrifice to principle, by allying himself to a

faction, or joining in a party opposition to the government, although, if ever a systematic party opposition by all constitutional means, was a measure of wisdom and virtue, it was then. His thorough consistency presents a fine contrast to the fitful philanthropy of many well-meaning, feeble-minded persons, whose notions of justice and feelings of humanity can accommodate themselves to a certain line of politics, or to the prudential restrictions of that ready cheat—expediency. Granville Sharp had none of that casuistry which would lead a man to be the advocate of the rights of man in one quarter of the globe, and to be the abettor of tyranny under a more specious form in another; to defend the cause of the African slave, and to side with the oppressors of the American freeman. His opposition to the unconstitutional and unjust pretensions of the British cabinet which precipitated this country into the American war, and led to the independence of our colonies, was dictated by precisely the same principles which actuated him in taking up the cause of the negro; and in both cases, his love of freedom was connected with a religious sense of duty. In the same spirit of fearless consistency, he stepped forward in the cause of parliamentary reform, deeming an equitable representation of the people to be not more our constitutional right, than it is absolutely necessary 'to the establishment of law, peace, and good government.' At that period, the convenient subterfuge of a *virtual* representation, appears never to have been thought of by the opposers of such a reform; and if a person had been found hardy enough to maintain that the House of Commons actually constituted an equitable representation of the people, his pretensions to honesty, much more to piety, would have been held very cheap. It is grievous to think that the cause which, as the cause of justice and of freedom, had once such a man among its foremost advocates, in association with some of the most illustrious of his contemporaries, should, through the defection of those who were qualified to instruct, and, by instructing, at once to guide and to moderate public opinion on this agitating question, have fallen into the disreputable hands of demagogues, whose violence and absurdity can never, after all, destroy the essential justice, much as it may obscure the merits, and delay the triumph, of the cause itself. But we are forestalling the remarks which will naturally suggest themselves on tracing the leading incidents of Mr. Sharp's life.

Granville Sharp was born at Durham, on the 10th of Nov. 1735. O.S. He was the ninth son of Dr. Thomas Sharp, prebendary of the cathedrals and collegiate churches of York, Durham, and Southwell, and grandson of Sharp, archbishop of York, the friend of Tillotson, of whom some interesting details are given in the account of the family prefixed to the pre-

sent memoir. As a large part of his father's fortune had been expended on the education of the elder sons, Granville was designed for trade, and with this view was at an early age withdrawn from the public grammar-school at Durham, before he had gained more than the first rudiments of the learned languages, and was sent to a smaller school, to be instructed more particularly in writing and arithmetic. In 1750, he left Durham, in order to be bound apprentice to a linen-draper in London, a member of the society of friends. In a letter to Dr. Fothergill, he gives the following account of the circumstances which attended this part of his life, and which had no small influence on his future character.

' " Though my father was a dignified clergyman of the Church of England, and brought me up in the public profession of that Church, yet he was so far from being prejudiced against any man for being of a different persuasion from himself, that he did not scruple to bind me as an apprentice to a Quaker, at the distance of nearly three hundred miles from home, though I was of so tender age that I could not be supposed capable of discerning the propriety or impropriety of any difficult argument that might be thrown in my way, and, consequently, was liable to receive prejudices of education even in favour of Quakerism. After I had served about three years of my apprenticeship, my master the Quaker died, and I was turned over to a Presbyterian, or rather, as he was more properly called, an Independent. I afterward lived some time with an Irish Papist, and also with another person, who, I believe, had no religion at all.

' " This short history of myself may serve to remove any suspicion of my being influenced by prejudice of education against any particular sect..... This extraordinary experience has taught me to make a proper distinction between the *opinions* of men and their *persons*. The former I can freely condemn, without presuming to judge the individuals themselves. Thus freedom of argument is preserved, as well as Christian charity; leaving personal judgement to Him to whom alone it belongs." ' pp. 28, 9.

At this period, a circumstance occurred which afforded an occasion for a characteristic display of Mr. Sharp's ardour of mind and indefatigable diligence in prosecuting his object, under the strong influence of a simple motive. One of the inmates of his master's house was a Socinian, with whom he found himself continually involved in disputes concerning the person of Christ and the Atonement, under the disadvantage of being unacquainted with the original language of the New Testament, to which his antagonist did not fail triumphantly to appeal, and Granville was doomed to hear his supposed misconceptions referred to his ignorance of Greek. Determined to ascertain this point, he resolved to repair the deficiency in his education by his own exertions. Nearly at the same time, his Biographer informs us, he was engaged in frequent contests with a Jew also,

relative to the truth of the Christian religion, and his appeals to the Old Testament were met in a similar way, by the charge of misinterpreting the prophecies through his ignorance of the sacred language. This made him resolve on the study of Hebrew; with what success, his valuable contributions to philology and biblical criticism, subsequently evinced. In the same spirit in which he afterwards set himself down to the study of the laws of his country, did he now pursue his biblical studies, in the one case from anxiety to ascertain the truth, in the other, from his eagerness to establish a point which involved the essential principles of justice.

Mr. Sharp took up his freedom in the company of Fishmongers in 1757. In the same year he lost his mother, and in the following year his father died also; upon which he resolved to relinquish business. In June 1758, he obtained a subordinate appointment in the ordnance office; in 1764, he was appointed a clerk in ordinary in the minuting branch: on the death of the second clerk, in the year 1774, he succeeded to the place, and acted as assistant to the Secretary, Mr. Boddington.

The year 1765 is the date of his engaging in two very different contests, in both of which, however, the singularity of his character had scope for development. One was with the celebrated Dr. Kennicott, on the occasion of his printing his specimen of supposed corruptions in the Hebrew text of Ezra and Nehemiah, under the form of "A Catalogue of the sacred vessels restored "by Cyrus, and of the chief Jews who returned at first from "the captivity;" the other was with the whole body of slave-dealers and slave-proprietors, whose animosity he braved single-handed in the case of Jonathan Strong. The former was Mr. Sharp's first literary enterprize, and gave a striking proof of his unwearied powers of application. It had the effect of making the Dr. at first very angry, and it appears that he was weak enough to complain of Mr. Sharp's remarks as unfair, 'on the 'ground that the author of them had attacked a proposal which 'had never been published;' but ultimately, it led to his abandoning the project of printing a Hebrew Bible with a new text, and to his printing an edition after Vanderhooght, with the various readings at the bottom of the page, agreeably to his original proposals. To this work, Mr. Sharp immediately became a subscriber. With regard to the validity of Mr. Sharp's objections against printing a Hebrew Bible with a corrected text, there is room for a difference of opinion. He did not attempt to contend for the absolute integrity of the printed Hebrew Bibles, or to deny the value and importance of the various readings, but represented the introducing of alterations in the text as 'a mat-'ter of very dangerous tendency.' He complains that the Doctor had frequently discovered too earnest a desire of altering the

text; and there might be good reason to fear that he was not quite the fittest person to whom the arbitration between different readings might be entrusted. Rash innovations on the Masoretic text, upon the presumption of its imperfection, or on the insufficient authority of the Septuagint or any other single version, cannot be too strongly deprecated; but, difficult as it may be 'to 'set proper bounds to a liberty of correcting or altering the text,' Mr. Sharp went too far in terming it impossible. Many readings which Dr. Kennicott and some of his learned friends would have made no scruple of rejecting or altering in the text, 'because 'they supposed them clearly proved wrong,' Mr. Sharp affirms to have been afterwards as clearly vindicated. This would prove only that the Dr. had not laid down for himself any proper rules for proceeding in the critical emendation of the text, and that his love of hypothesis and speculation had betrayed him into a departure from the strict line of his duty as a biblical editor, which was, to abide by the legitimate evidence of *authorities*. Mr. Boothroyd at one time contemplated publishing a Hebrew Bible on the plan of Griesbach's New Testament, but, like Kennicott, he afterwards abandoned the intention, and has adhered to the text of Vanderhooght.—This was not the only occasion on which Mr. Sharp entered the lists with the literary veteran: he drew up a confutation of the Dr.'s dissertation on 1 Sam. vi. 19, but appears never to have printed it. His literary ardour was not at all of that kind which burns to publish, and often publishes to burn: if his end could be sufficiently answered by the means, he was satisfied to submit his manuscript to the party whom it concerned, or to circulate a few printed copies among his friends.

The story of Jonathan Strong has been often told, but it will bear repetition, especially as now given in Mr. Sharp's own words. Among the crowd of pauper patients who every morning thronged the door of Mr. William Sharp, Granville's brother, a negro presented himself, whose very miserable condition strongly excited the compassion of the Philanthropist. It proved that he had been a slave of a Mr. David Lisle, a lawyer of Barbadoes, who, after having by his ill usage reduced him to a state of complicated disease and utter helplessness, had turned him adrift in the streets. Mr. W. Sharp gave the poor sufferer admission to St. Bartholomew's hospital, where he was cured of his general complaints, but the recovery of his sight long remained very doubtful; and while this calamity rendered him incapable of providing for himself, both Granville Sharp and his brother gave him charitable assistance at different times, not having the least suspicion that any individual whatever had any claim on his person. He was at length placed in the service of a respectable apothecary (Mr. Brown) in Fenchurch street. In

this situation he had remained for two years, when he was one day recognised attending his mistress behind a hackney coach, by his former master, who perceiving the improvement in his appearance, determined to entrap him into his possession again. He followed the coach for the purpose of obtaining intelligence of his abode, and some days after, having two of the Lord Mayor's officers in readiness to take him into custody, he succeeded in decoying his victim to a public house, on the pretence that a person there wanted to speak with him. Jonathan sent for Mr. Brown, but he, on being violently threatened by the lawyer on a charge of having detained *his* property, was intimidated, and left him in Lisle's hands. The following particulars are given from Mr. Sharp's manuscript notes.

' " After this, G. S. received a letter from the Poultry Compter, signed *Jonathan Strong*, a name which he did not at first recollect; he sent, however, a messenger to the Compter to inquire about him, but the keepers denied that they had any such person committed to their charge. G. S. then went himself to the Compter, inquired for the master of the prison, and insisted on seeing Jonathan Strong. He was then called, and was immediately recollected by G. S. who charged the master of the prison, *at his own peril, not to deliver him up* to any person whatever, who might claim him, until he had been carried before the Lord Mayor (Sir Robert Kite), to whom G. S. immediately went, and gave information that a Jonathan Strong had been confined in prison without any warrant; and he therefore requested of his Lordship to summon those persons who detained him, and to give G. S. notice to attend at the same time. This request was complied with.

' " When the appointed day was come, G. S. attended at the Mansion House, and found Jonathan in the presence of the Lord Mayor, and also two persons who claimed him; the one a notary public, who produced a bill of sale from the original master to John Kerr, Esq. a Jamaica planter, who had refused to pay the purchase money (thirty pounds) until the Negro should be delivered on board a ship belonging to Messrs. Muir and Atkinson, bound to Jamaica, the captain of which vessel, Mr. David Lair, was the other person then attending to take him away.

' " The Lord Mayor having heard the claim, said, that the lad had not stolen any thing, and was not guilty of any offence, and was therefore at liberty to go away;' whereupon the captain seized him by the arm, and told the Lord Mayor, ' he took him as the *property* of Mr. Kerr.' Mr. Beech, the city coroner, now came behind G. S. and whispered in his ear the words ' Charge him;' at which G. S. turned upon the captain, and in an angry manner said, ' Sir, I charge you for an assault.' On this, Captain Lair quitted his hold of Jonathan's arm, and all bowed to the Lord Mayor and came away, Jonathan following G. S. and no one daring to touch him.

' " A few days after this transaction, G. S. was charged, by a writ, with having robbed the original master, David Lisle, the lawyer, of a negro slave, and also of another slave, &c. &c." pp. 33—5.

Not satisfied with having commenced a suit at law against Mr. Sharp, Lisle called upon him and demanded 'gentleman-'like satisfaction' because he had procured the liberty of his slave. 'I told him,' says the MS. 'that, as he had studied the 'law for so many years, he should want no satisfaction that the 'law could give him.' And he kept his word. Finding himself, at the very outset, met with York and Talbot's opinion, and assured by the most eminent solicitors that it would be impossible to defend him against the action, he was compelled, he says, to make a hopeless attempt at self-defence, although totally unacquainted either with the practice of the law or with the foundations of it, having never opened a law book, 'except the 'Bible,' in his life, until that time, when he most reluctantly undertook to search the indexes of a law-library. The result of his unassisted researches was drawn up in the form of a tract "On the injustice and dangerous tendency of tolerating "slavery, or even admitting the least claim to private property "in the persons of men, in England;" manuscript copies of which were handed about among the gentlemen of the law for nearly two years: for Lisle, finding the sort of man he had to deal with, had put off the suit from time to time on various pretexts, and at length offered a compromise, which Mr. Sharp rejected. The lawyers employed against the Negro, were intimidated by the proofs adduced to shew the illegality and danger of abetting in any way the imprisonment or transportation of a subject; and the plaintiff was finally compelled to pay treble costs for not bringing forward the action. The tract was printed in 1769.

The case of Hylas occurred in the year 1768; that of Thomas Lewis, in 1770. Mr. Sharp's mind was now fully awakened to the enormous evil of Negro slavery in all its bearings; and letters are inserted in the present volume, which he addressed about this period to Mr. Alderman Beckford, the Archbishop of Canterbury, and Lord Camden, with the view of drawing their attention to the subject. Three other slaves appear to have been rescued by Mr. Sharp, according to a list found among his own memoranda, between the liberation of Lewis, and the decisive trial in the case of Somerset. This important case, which was to put to rest the long agitated question of the claims of the Negro to the protection of the laws in the capacity of a British subject, on his touching the British shores, is said to have been selected at the common desire of Lord Mansfield and Mr. Sharp. In the case of Lewis, his Lordship had manifested a strong disinclination to entertain the discussion of the general question: he had even gone so far as to say, "Per-"haps it is much better it should never be finally discussed or "settled—I hope it will never be finally discussed." And

under this impression, he had declined to pass judgement on the defendant and his accomplices, advising the prosecutrix to remain satisfied with having got the black into her possession. But the question could no longer be eluded, and his Lordship saw there would be no end of similar trials, until the law should be clearly ascertained and made known. The cause came on in January 1772, and, in order to allow of its being fully argued, was respited from term to term, being brought before the court at three different sittings. At length, after handsomely acknowledging that great light had been thrown upon the question by the able pleadings of counsel, Lord Mansfield proceeded to give judgement in favour of the negro, Somerset, who was accordingly discharged. He was the last negro whom Mr. Sharp brought before his Lordship by writ of Habeas Corpus, although he was subsequently instrumental in rescuing four others from on board English ships. 'Thus ended,' says a MS. note, 'G. Sharp's 'long contest with Lord Mansfield on the 22nd of June, 1772.'

Mr. Sharp was all this time, it will be remembered, busily occupied with the duties of his situation in the Ordnance office. The active turn of his mind, as well as his disinterested and independent spirit, however, manifested itself in his spontaneous exertions on various occasions in the cause of freedom and justice. When the unprincipled attempt was made by the minister of the day, to dispossess the Portland family of some lands enjoyed by a grant from King William, Granville was at the pains of drawing out some references to the statutes relating to crown lands, which appeared to him to establish the duke's title, and these he transmitted to his grace, concealing his name under the signature of Amicus; but when, in 1771, it was made a question, whether or not the duke ought to be excluded from the benefit of the *Nullum Tempus* act, which had been passed in the interim, Mr. Sharp drew up a tract on the general doctrine of the alienability of the king's rights, the manuscript of which he enclosed to his grace with a letter bearing his own signature, requesting that his interference might not be made known to any third person, as it might give offence to his official employers. 'However 'such an act,' he adds, 'may be looked upon by courtiers and 'placemen in general, yet I am thoroughly conscious that no 'man can be more zealous for his Majesty's honour and true in-'terest than myself.' About the same period, he was employed to draw up the address of the Ward of Lime-street to Brass Crosby, Esq. then Lord Mayor, on the occasion of his being sent to the Tower by the House of Commons for issuing his warrant to commit their messenger. This address, which is highly worthy of preservation, is given in the Appendix. And in the following year, we find him addressing several letters to Lord Dartmouth on behalf of the Caribbees at St. Vincent's, and

pleading their cause in a personal conference with his lordship to which they led.

His acquaintance and correspondence with the excellent Anthony Benezet, one of the earliest and most zealous friends of the Negro race, commenced about this time. The common object which the American philanthropist and his estimable coadjutor had in view, was simply, the abolition or melioration of Negro slavery in America; but Mr. Sharp soon found himself insensibly involved in legal discussions relating to the constitutional rights of the Americans themselves. His exertions on behalf of the negroes in England, had procured for him the cordial esteem of the friends of their cause on the other side of the Atlantic; his tract on the injustice of slavery, reprinted by Benezet at Philadelphia, had been extensively circulated; and copies of the instructions and legal distinctions laid down in his reply to that benevolent correspondent's first letter, had also been read with avidity. When, therefore, it was proposed by the State of Virginia and other provinces, to apply to the British Parliament for an amendment of their laws respecting the importation of slaves, Mr. Sharp was written to for his advice. The opinion he gave in reply, was, 'That the British Parliament had nothing to do with 'the internal laws of their States, in respect of which it was 'proper for them to address none but the King and his Coun-'cil.' This doctrine was not new to the Americans; it had already been partially acted upon in fact: the arguments, however, by which the general principle was substantiated, were not the less acceptable, and copies of his letters were every where rapidly circulated. It appears from his own memoranda, that he considered himself as responsible for the ultimate effect which certainly his arguments had no small share in producing, of leading the Americans to make a stand against the encroachments of the Mother Country, on the ground of the independence of their several Assemblies with respect to the British Parliament. 'The 'toleration of slavery in the Colonies, and the suggestions of a 'few individuals, that the Americans should apply for a regular 'repeal of the disgraceful Plantation laws enacted by their own 'Houses, and sanctioned by their Assemblies, *through the King 'and Council*, were,' as he states, 'the means of preparing 'them to insist on the illegality of any interference of the British 'Parliament in matters of legislation for the Colonies, in oppo-'sition to the *astonishing system* which unfortunately prevailed 'at that time in England.'

'With the same eagerness,' remarks his Biographer, 'with which he had sought in English statute-books for the defence of individual freedom, he now turned to investigate, by a more extensive research, the natural and political rights of nations in general. The immediate motive was still the love of *the English character*. "The duty of an

Englishman," says his MS., "to maintain the just limits of law according to the *English Constitution of State*, impelled me in the year 1774, to publish another tract, viz: 'A Declaration of the People's natural Rights to a share in the Legislature, which is the fundamental Principle of the British Constitution.'" Of this Declaration, he says in another Note, that he gave to Dr. Franklin two hundred and fifty copies, which were sent to America the same day; and it was there reprinted, in many different provinces, within the same year.

'Various circumstances thus gradually led him to feel the most lively interest in the causes which then began to estrange the British Colonies in America from the parent country; and the result of negotiations in which he was warmly solicited by the Americans to take a share, was, a full possession of his mind in favour of the colonists, who, he conceived, were pleading their natural and legal rights. In consequence of this persuasion, he necessarily considered the war which was now set on foot against their principles, as unjustifiable on the part of England.'

We have already adverted to the proof he gave of the sincerity of his sentiments. As soon as all hope of a speedy accommodation with America was at end, he resigned his post in the Ordnance office, just as the road to preferment had seemed to open before him. The cordial affection which bound together Granville and his two brothers, was now amiably displayed: they insisted on his continuing to live among them as he had hitherto done, sharing their table and purse, with the assurance that they were 'both ready and willing, and, God be thanked, at 'present able to take care that the loss should be none to him.'

It is an agreeable interruption of the course of the narrative, which presents to us the estimable trio, in every sense of the word an harmonious one, indulging themselves, in the hours of relaxation, in their favourite amusement of music on board their yacht. Mr. Sharp had a good bass voice, and played on the common English flute, the clarionet, the oboe, and the double flute. He also constructed a harp with two rows of strings, called a traverse harp, on which he accompanied his own voice, and he was particularly fond of chanting to this harp a portion of the Hebrew Psalms. He belonged for many years to the Madrigal Society. But sacred music was his favourite style; and when in London, he was in the habit of attending the cathedral service at St. Paul's, and of joining in the choral part. On the Sunday evenings, a family concert of sacred music, assisted by the gratuitous assistance of several eminent professional performers, was held alternately at the houses of his brothers, James and William. Granville, on these occasions, beat the kettle drums. On his resigning his situation in the Ordnance office, his brother's barge became the favourite scene of his social recreations; and his manuscript notes contain frequent references to the musical entertainments which were connected with their excursions on the Thames. On more than one occasion, they

had the honour of serenading their Majesties; and among the distinguished visiters whom they received at different times on board the yacht, were the King and Queen, the Duke and Dutchess of Gloucester, Prince William and Prince Edward, Garrick and his wife, and, at the particular request of *Lord North*, the Spanish, Sardinian, Imperial, Danish, Portuguese, and Genoese ambassadors. A communication from Mr. Shield to the Author, inserted in the Appendix, gives us the names of the performers on these occasions; and those of our readers who are old enough to recollect what the vocal powers of Harrison and Miss Linley were in their best days, or to whom the names of Abel, Bach, Barthelemon, Cramer, Giardini, and their contemporary associates are not unfamiliar, will feel no surprise that the *Union* yacht should have attracted so distinguishing notice. The yacht was built in 1775; it was seventy feet long, and thirteen feet six inches wide, forty five tons burthen. 'It was constantly inhabited, except in the depth of winter, by Mr. and 'Mrs. William Sharp, till the death of Mr. James Sharp, when 'the surviving brothers took no longer any delight in their boats.' It was eventually broken up.

The next public occasion on which Mr. Sharp came forward, was connected with the subject of the impressment of seamen. When General Oglethorpe published his "Sailor's Advocate," Mr. Sharp wrote an Introduction. The work passed through numerous editions. His advice and legal researches appear also to have had no small influence with the City Committee in the case of Millachip; but the broad question of an authorized right of pressing, was not brought to an issue. In the course of his exertions on behalf of this class of his fellow-subjects, he called on Dr. Johnson, for what purpose does not appear, and fell into debate with that great sophist about the legality of impressment. A more complete contrast could scarcely have been exhibited, than was formed by the personal appearance, the manners, and the character of Samuel Johnson and Granville Sharp. Granville was no talker, and if his errand on thrusting his head into the philosopher's den was, to argue him into a concurrence with his views and feelings on the subject, he must have heartily repented of his rash and ill advised adventure. Johnson appears to have handled him with little ceremony, and Granville's notes of the interview betray a severer feeling on the occasion than was usual with him.

'"I have been told, that it is the common lot of the poor and laborious part of mankind to endure hardships and inconveniences; that the pressing and forcing them into service is no injustice nor illegality, being nothing more than one necessary contingent circumstance of their low condition of life in which they were bred; and that the *cruelty* rather rests with persons who, like me, take notice of

their grievances, and render them unhappy by persuading them that they are so. All this has been urged to me with such plausible sophistry, and important self-sufficiency of the speaker, as if he supposed that the mere sound of words was capable of altering the nature of things; as if there were no distinction between good and evil, but the circumstances of persons, or occasions, might render it expedient or necessary to practise the one as well as the other. Thus the tyrant's plea of necessity is made to remove all bounds of law, morality, and common right! But 'Woe to them that call evil good, and good evil!' Happy would it be for this nation, and the eternal souls of such as mislead it, if the feelings of the seamen and other laborious poor had no other stimulation than the recital of their unhappy case by such poor advocates as myself! Are they not surely of the same blood; have they not the same natural knowledge of good and evil, to discern, and the same feelings to be sensible of injuries, as those who cause their sufferings?"' p. 169.

In a letter to a friend, after referring to the same conversation with Dr. Johnson, he writes:

'"I am far from being ready at giving an immediate answer to subtle arguments, so that I may seem to be easily baffled; indeed, even when I am by no means convinced that they have the least weight. If this doctrine were really true, that men choosing a seafaring life do thereby forfeit their natural rights and privileges as Englishmen, and lose the protection of the law, some immediate remedy ought to be applied, to remove so unjust a *premunire* from an honest and necessary calling. For, whatever takes away the protection of the law, and common rights, from any man or set of men, is, to all intents and purposes, a *premunire*, which, if we except judgment of death, is the severest prohibition that is known in the English laws; and therefore it is unjust and iniquitous, as well as impolitic in the highest degree, that the honest mariner's condition and employment should be loaded with such a baneful contingency, which must be considered as the most effectual discouragement to the increase of British seamen in this maritime island (though the defence of it depends upon their help), that could possibly have been devised.

'"'But we see,' says an advocate for power, 'that it *does not* discourage; men are still bred up to a sea-faring life: and in times of peace multitudes are allured by the merchant's service to choose that condition, whereby they are subjected to the impress.' True it is, that the necessities of poor labouring men compel them to earn their bread in any way that they can get it; and when a war is over, the discouragement of pressing is in a great measure forgot, and the number of seamen of course is again increased. But this makes no difference with respect to the injustice and *illegality* of the oppression itself; for if the poor man is not protected in an honest calling (which is his estate and most valuable dependence), as well as the rich man in his estate, the law, or rather the administrators of it, are unjust and partial; having respect of persons, which the law itself abhors, and which religion strictly forbids. And therefore, if we can form any precise definition of iniquity, this partiality, of which I complain, comes fairly within the meaning of that term."' pp. 170, 1.

'first bishops that were sent to England for consecration, de-
'clared that they should not have been sent, had not the Author's
'endeavours promoted the business.' Mr. Sharp's name, and the new light in which he exhibited Episcopacy as connected with a popular right, were the means of turning the tide of prejudice against Episcopacy, certainly, in a very extraordinary manner. A few years before, 'the very name of a bishop was,' he remarks, 'an abomination to the Americans; and even the 'members of the English Episcopal churches could not bear 'the idea of introducing Episcopacy into America.' The case was wholly changed, when they found they were to choose their own bishops, and that they had only to get three of their own choosing duly consecrated at either Lambeth or Aberdeen, and they might then, having a sufficient number to perform the rite of consecration, carry on the line of 'pure and irreprehensible 'Episcopacy' *ad infinitum* among themselves, without applying to the Mother Country any further. Accordingly, in consequence of the repeated assurances which Mr. Sharp was authorized to give, of the readiness of the Heads of the English Church to consecrate proper persons, Dr. White, Bishop elect for Pennsylvania, and Dr. Prevost for New York, were sent over in 1787, and being introduced by Mr. Sharp to the Archbishop of Canterbury, received consecration at his hands. About three years after, arrived Dr. Madison, Bishop elect of Virginia, and had the same favour done to him.

'Whether,' remarks Mr. Hoare, 'this *general* desire of Episcopal Establishments (in America) arose from any attendant idea of *power*, or whether all parties acted from the same disinterested motives and religious zeal that influenced Mr. Sharp, is a subject of inquiry for the speculatist of future days.' p. 210.

The atrocious affair of the Ship Zong, in March 1783, recalled the attention of our Philanthropist more specifically to the wrongs of Africa; and afforded a fresh occasion for the display of his personal activity and benevolence. In the year 1786, he first took up the scheme of a free colony of people of colour at Sierra Leone; a measure which recommended itself to him as a means of remedying an inconvenience that had grown out of his philanthropic exertions. The numbers of Blacks in London who had been brought to England and turned adrift by their masters, or who had served in the army and navy during the war, and had now no pay or parochial relief, all flocked to Mr. Sharp for protection and support, to the number at one time, it is said, of four hundred. By means of the voluntary subscription which he set on foot, they were rescued from starvation; but the expense of permanently maintaining them, was clearly beyond his means. A scheme—it must be confessed, an Utopian scheme—of an African settlement, had for some time been in his

thoughts; and now that Mr. Smeathman made a proposal to the negroes to form a settlement at Sierra Leone, Granville was all enthusiasm to give effect and consistency to the project. The Government, who had long regarded the number of negro mendicants as a nuisance, readily consented to lend their assistance to the project. Mr. Smeathman died before he could realize his plan; but Government interposed to make good his offers, and the transports sailed under convoy of the Nautilus sloop of war, Captain (afterwards Admiral) Thompson, on the 8th of April 1787. The history of what Mr. Sharp terms in one of his letters, 'my poor, little, ill-thriven, swarthy daughter, 'the unfortunate colony of Sierra Leone,' is given much at large by Mr. Hoare, and extends to more than a hundred pages; it would, however, lead us too far away from the subject of this brief biographical sketch. On this account, interesting as the narrative is in itself, it would seem to have required a much greater compression in order to justify its insertion in a biographical memoir.

'Granville,' says his Biographer, 'vigilant and resolute, maintained the guard of his enterprise to the last moment of possible safety, and then submitted with humility to his defeat, convinced that he had aimed at an achievement beyond the grasp of mortality. His *hopes* were frequently eccentric, his *expressions* of them nearly as much so; his *conduct* was that of temper, of prudence, of *rational hope*, and of diligent precaution. But although his strong mind perceived the necessity of having recourse to the accessary strength of the Company, which was now formed and incorporated by an Act of Parliament, he must have been more or less than man not to have regretted the demolition of that ideal fabric of happiness, which he had wished to raise for an afflicted portion of mankind. The Writer of these Memoirs has witnessed the struggle of his mind on this occasion: yet his memoranda contain no remarks of this nature.' p. 361.

Mr. Hoare is unable to assign a satisfactory explanation of the means by which Mr. Sharp was for a long time enabled to advance the considerable sums of money demanded by his benevolent enterprises. In 1780, he received a small increase of wealth by a legacy of £550 from his cousin, Mrs. Prowse. In 1783, on the death of his brother James, he undertook the entire management of the business in Leadenhall-street, for more than six years, 'until the whole concern was finally 'arranged and closed, and the widow was at liberty to retire 'into the country,' receiving, during the term of his management, a liberal stipend. But his undertakings were on a scale far too large for these sources of supply. He is moreover stated to have received from his two brothers, on his leaving the Ordnance office, a considerable sum, which was designed to form an income that might preclude the feeling of a conditional depen-

dence on their bounty. A large part of this capital he is supposed to have devoted to the exigencies of the Sierra Leone enterprise. At length, in 1787, the death of his worthy friend, Mrs. Oglethorpe, put him unexpectedly into possession of independence and affluence by the bequest of the manor of Fairsted in Essex. This bequest was accompanied with the recommendation, that Mr. Sharp should in his life time settle its appropriation to charitable uses after his death; but unexpected difficulties arising out of the law of Mortmain, defeated several of the plans he adopted with the view of fulfilling the intention of the testatrix, and it does not appear how the reversion was finally determined.

In May 1787, the ever memorable association of twelve individuals was formed, which afterwards assumed the designation of The Committee for effecting the Abolition of the Slave Trade. Granville Sharp was, as the father of the cause in England, constituted perpetual chairman; and this part of his life becomes henceforth identified with the proceedings of that illustrious body, of which Mr. Clarkson has presented us so ample a detail. The formation of a similar society in Paris under the auspices of the Marquis de la Fayette, Condorcet, and the Duke de la Rochefoucauld, led to communications between Mr. Sharp and some of the most virtuous members of the National Assembly. Mr. Hoare states, that 'he held a continued correspondence with Brissot, La Fayette, and Roland on the most important concerns, 'expressing his opinions with his usual sincerity and benevolence, 'and taking a deep interest in their success.' We pass over the well known transactions which preceded the triumph of the Abolition cause. The following anecdote of the subject of our memoir, is, however, too characteristic to be omitted. When the title of the Society was under discussion, of the ten persons present, Granville stood up singly for including the abolition of *slavery* in its designation.

'"As slavery," he asserted, "was as much a crime against the Divine laws as the *Slave Trade*, it became the Committee to exert themselves equally against the continuance of both: and he did not hesitate to pronounce all present *guilty before God*, for shutting those who were then slaves all the world over, out of the pale of their approaching labours." He delivered this his protest against their proceedings in the energetic manner usual to him when roused on the subject,—with a loud voice, a powerful emphasis, and both hands lifted up towards Heaven. Finding, however, that he could not produce any alteration in the views of the Committee, he shewed no further disposition to differ from it. Unable to effect the whole of his wishes, (which he relinquished with regret, and *but for a while,*) he felt satisfied that he had delivered his testimony against the proceedings which circumscribed them, and from that hour proved himself thoroughly desirous to aid, to his utmost ability, the *part* which he

found could be undertaken with greater and more general consent. So strongly again, in this instance, was marked his distinctive character; extensive in his ideas, enthusiastic in his conceptions, vehement in his efforts; temperate, prudent, earnest in his performances.'

A 'memorandum' with no date, but which should seem to have been drawn up about the year 1797, adverts to this difference of sentiment, if such it can be called, between himself and the Society. He there speaks of his having 'carefully maintained the principles and orders of that Society,' in every transaction in which he had been concerned as a member of it, ever since its formation, and declares himself to 'have always strictly 'limited' his 'official endeavours to the single declared object of 'the institution;' but he goes on to declare his fixed detestation of *slavery* itself 'in whatever form it is favoured;' asserts, 'that no authority on earth can ever render such enormous iniquities legal,' and 'that the Divine retribution will inevitably 'pursue every government or legislature that shall even tolerate 'such abominable injustice.' 'I should,' he adds, 'forfeit all 'title to true loyalty as an Englishman, did I not continue the 'same fixed detestation of slavery which I have publicly avowed 'for about thirty years past.' On being chosen Chairman of the Committee, he told the members that it would be impossible for him to undertake any additional trouble: they replied, that they would only desire the use of his name and signature, and would undertake to write all the letters, if he would sign them; a duty which he regularly discharged, but he never could be prevailed upon to take the chair at the meetings, though, when in town, he regularly attended them, always seating himself at the end of the room.

His strong aversion to occupy that place of distinction, gave way to the strong solicitation of his friends at the first general meeting for the formation of the British and Foreign Bible Society. 'Perhaps,' says Mr. Owen, 'it would not have been 'possible to find throughout the British dominions, a man in 'whom the qualities requisite for the first Chairman of the British and Foreign Bible Society were so completely united as 'they were in this venerable philanthropist.' He presided again at the second general meeting on the 2nd of May 1804, when the constitution of the society was finally determined, and Lord Teignmouth elected president. A letter from the President in the first Report, acknowledges a present from Mr. Sharp to the society, consisting of a valuable collection of Bibles, Testaments, and Psalters in different languages.

On the formation of the African Institution, in April 1807, Granville Sharp, then at the age of seventy-three, was chosen one of the Directors; and he is stated to have assisted regularly at every meeting, even to the last but one previous to his decease.

In the year 1813, the last year of his life, he accepted the call to the chair at the first meeting of the "Protestant Union;" and he continued to attend all the meetings, displaying, says his Biographer, 'an unabated vigour of mind:' he inspected and revised all the Reports and other publications of the Society, besides corresponding with several eminent persons on the subject of the pending Bill. His exertions on this occasion, indeed, are supposed to have accelerated the period of his labours. Perhaps this was not quite the cause in which the last efforts of the venerable advocate of liberty could with the most perfect consistency and appropriateness have been spent; and yet it is evident, that, true to his great principles, it was the essential intolerance of the Papal system that excited him to take part in the defence, as he considered it to be, of the Protestant religion.

After the last meeting of the Protestant Union in 1813, his efforts were few and feeble; his recollection began visibly to fail, and the symptoms of approaching dissolution exhibited themselves in a rapid decay of both his bodily strength and his intellectual energies. He seemed at first less aware than his friends of the change that was taking place, and he persisted in a strict attendance on the public meetings of the Bible Society and the African Institution, where he was always received with a respect bordering on veneration. Since the death of his brother William, he had resided principally with his widow at Fulham. On the day preceding his death, he breakfasted as usual with the family, although his weakness was much increased. On the 6th of July, 1813, he fell into a tranquil slumber about four o'clock in the afternoon, in which, without a struggle or a sigh, he breathed his last. His remains were deposited in the family vault at Fulham, the funeral being attended by a deputation of two vice-presidents and three directors, from the African Institution, besides other friends and the surviving relatives. The monument erected to his memory in Poet's corner, is by Chantrey: it exhibits in the centre, a medallion of Mr. Sharp; on one side, in low relief, a lion and a lamb lying down together; on the other, an African in the act of supplication.

It only remains to notice a few characteristic traits which give the finish of amiableness to the moral portrait. There have been men who were philanthropists abroad, and tyrants or churls at home; Mr. Sharp's benevolence was connected with real kindness of heart. A sure proof of this was given in his fondness for the company of young persons; and it is not unimportant to add, in his humanity to the brute creation.

'In his house,' says Mr. Hoare, 'no part of his character was more remarkable than the even cheerfulness of his temper, and the facility with which he at times consented to dismiss every thought connected with business or study, in order to join in the amusements

of all ages, even of children. How eagerly did the little females of his brother's families watch the opening of his study door, as the signal of their mirth and play!'.....' In fact, nothing in creation escaped his notice, his admiration, or his benevolence. But he more particularly applied the lesson which was the result of his observations on other animals, to a scrutiny of the human bosom. He perceived in the conduct of men toward the creatures destined to their use, an *unsuspected test of moral character*, by which he might safely ascertain the worth of every man's heart, and the grounds of his action towards his own species.'

The strength of his fraternal affection has already been adverted to, as well as his disinterested liberality. He is stated never to have refused or neglected an application for his charitable aid; and, in the latter part of his life, when age had impaired the power of discriminating the proper objects of bounty, without blunting his sensibilities towards the real or fictitious woes of his fellow creatures, he actually 'became a prey to the 'entreaties, importunities, and sometimes almost menaces,' of hundreds, who besieged the door of his chambers in the Temple, or followed him, even during his last illness, to Fulham, 'pleading resistless poverty as a species of *right* to every thing that 'he possessed.'

His piety in all respects answered to the Apostolic definition of pure and undefiled religion: it was the mainspring of all his actions. He was constant in his attendance upon Divine worship on the Sunday, conscientiously abstaining from travelling and all secular business. He was in the practice of fasting frequently, though few persons were aware of the strictness with which he observed it; for nothing could be further from his character than any thing ostentatious or obtrusive. His religious sentiments on some minor points, were slightly tinged with the amiable enthusiasm of his character. In interpreting all passing events with a reference to Scripture prophecy, he sometimes wrote and published under impressions for which it is not easy satisfactorily to account. The near approach of the Millennium was a favourite idea with him; and he cherished to the last the hope that his protracted life would allow him to witness, with the feelings of Simeon, the dawn of that bright era. He once went so far as to declare his opinion of its *probable* commencement in the ensuing spring. Mr. Hoare, in mentioning this anecdote, adds, that on Mr. Sharp's being asked 'if he did not speak of these 'things doubtingly,' he replied, 'Not at all, but as a positive 'truth;' and that a Baptist minister present then exclaimed, 'What would we give, Mr. Sharp, for such a faith as yours!' The retailing of expressions used in private conversation, is not always judicious in itself, or just to the parties concerned. But there can be no question that the strength of Mr. Sharp's faith in

reference to the events which he believed to be the matters of prophecy, proceeded from his habitual and implicit deference to the dictates of Revelation, joined to his steady contemplation of the revealed purposes of God. And it deserves remark, that in what might be termed the optical delusion which led to his imagining the latter days to be so near at hand, he fell into no worse mistake than the primitive Christians, who expected to be the living spectators of the coming of the Lord. The principle, then, in which Mr. Sharp's firmness of persuasion originated, was as honourable to his Christian character, as its influence on his own mind was consolatory. He was orthodox in the best and purest sense, inclining, however, it appears from some of his writings, to the Arminian philosophy. His belief in Divine and Satanic inspiration, to adopt his own terms, as principles of human action, was carried, some persons will be of opinion, to a great extent: he believed that all men 'are by Nature continually liable to receive the inspiration of the Devil and his 'angels as a *principle of action*, if they neglect the necessary 'resistance commanded in the Scriptures;' and 'that God has 'lodged the power of permitting or resisting them, entirely in 'the human breast.' In his "Tract on the Law of Nature and "Principles of Action in Man," from which we have taken these expressions, he enters at large into the question of the Demoniacs in the Gospel, conformably to this view of human nature; and he goes on to argue, that 'Man took upon himself the 'knowledge of good and evil, contrary to the express com-'mands of God; and therefore we have no right to murmur 'at the permission which God has granted to "the Devil and his '"angels," to take possession of all unguarded souls which 'unhappily yield to their suggestions and temptations, without 'resistance or repentance.' 'And more especially,' he adds, 'we have no right to murmur at this permission, if we consider 'that God has given us fair warning of our continual danger and 'warfare with the Principalities and Powers of darkness, as the 'Holy Scriptures plainly inform us, that we are continually 'liable to Satanical influence; and that the Devil will get an 'advantage over us, if we do not resist him as we ought! In 'this necessary resistance, and the objects of it, consist the 'principal exercise of that assumed knowledge of Good and 'Evil for which we are accountable; *viz.* we know Evil from 'Good, and consequently know when we ought to resist; but 'if we do not resist, then we have chosen the Evil, and (in 'whatsoever mode the Evil is manifest) have given advantage 'to the Devil, and submit ourselves to his bondage. The choice, 'therefore, which is set before us amounts to this—Whether 'we will choose the "kingdom of God and his Righteousness," 'and cheerfully assent (as the dignity of human nature re-

'quires) to that "perfect law of liberty" which Christ has ten-
'dered to us for the regulation of our conduct towards all man-
'kind, as well as for self-preservation? or—Whether we rather
'prefer the empire of Satan, the spiritual enemy, for the sake
'of those temporal gratifications and vile indulgences by which
'he holds men in bondage, through their carnal affections, till
'they become personal enemies even to themselves.'* We shall offer no comment on this passage, which we have extracted for the simple purpose of illustrating the theological views of the Writer, further than this, that there can be no question whether his sentiments were, or were not, more nearly related to a Scriptural faith and to practical piety, than the Sadducean notions on this subject which have so extensively gained ground in what is termed the religious world. In Granville Sharp, they produced no other fruits than genuine fortitude and deep humility, a constant sense of a peculiar direction of Providence guiding and impelling his labours, and the devotion and watchfulness of the Christian.

'Once, in a committee of the Sierra Leone Company, after a long discussion of the difficulties which had impeded the progress of their undertaking, he suddenly rose, and said with great warmth, "All these impediments arise from our great enemy, the devil, against whom there is no power of resistance, except by fervent prayers to God."' p. 458.

That this was his own constant practice, he strikingly evinced on another occasion. When Sir William Jones, his intimate friend in youth, was departing for India, Granville, in their farewell interview, thus addressed him: "We have talked to-
"gether on many subjects: we have not yet spoken on the most
"material one, our reliance on the will of our Creator in all
"things. You are leaving us for India. I have drawn up a col-
"lection of prayers: suffer me to present it to you, and to en-
"treat that, when you are far removed from me, you will adopt
"the use of it." Sir William's reply is stated to have been, that the request was a high gratification to him, and that he was glad to be able to say that he was himself constant in prayer. In fact, it is a high but not overcharged encomium which has been passed upon this excellent man by an individual who knew him well, and who was a fellow-labourer in the cause of Africa, Mr. Z. Macauley, that he was one,

'who for near eighty years, stemmed the tide of oppression and corruption; who, animated by a simple view of his duty, and that Christian philanthropy which emanates from the love of God and Christ, stood before kings and judges in the cause of the friendless and the faint; who laboured for God and man with unexampled as-

* Pp. 199—201. Second Edition. sm. 8vo. 1809.

siduity and perseverance, and who yet made no account of his labours; who waged no war but with the devil and the works of the devil and the flesh; and whose highest enjoyment arose from the advancement of Christ's spiritual kingdom in his own soul, and from the anticipation of its full establishment in every heart. I verily believe that a purer and more upright mind, one more single in its aim and intention, and more unequivocally scrupulous as to the rectitude of his means, more simply directed to the glory of God and the good of man, has never left this world.'

Little needs be said beyond what has already been intimated, with regard to the manner in which Mr. Hoare has executed his honourable task. He speaks of a 'tedious research into confused 'and crowded documents,' as having rendered his performance somewhat embarrassing; and to this circumstance we must ascribe the deficiency both of arrangement and of compression, (though there is rather a parade of method and orderly distribution of the materials,) which constitutes the chief defect of the work. Occasionally, but only occasionally, (as at p. 411.) the Author has indulged in the attempt at fine writing: he has for the most part laudably confined himself to the simple style which is adapted to biography. Upon the whole, he has presented to us a very interesting and even valuable volume; but in the event of a new edition in an octavo size, we would earnestly recommend an abridgement of the historical portions of the work, as well as a more concise view of Mr. Sharp's sentiments and character, which are at present too much left to be gathered from notices scattered throughout the Memoirs. If the collected letters are to make their appearance in a complete form, those which are introduced in this volume, will of course, be omitted in a new edition. It were a pity, that the life of such a man should not be exhibited within the compass of a volume better adapted, both as to bulk and price, to general readers. A portrait of Mr. Sharp is prefixed, engraved from a drawing by Dance, made when he was fifty-eight: it presents a physiognomy exceedingly striking, but deficient in that cheerful benignity which was so prominent a trait in Mr. Sharp's countenance as well as character. We much prefer, on this account, the small medallion in Mr. Bowyer's publication of "Poems on the Abolition of the Slave "Trade."

Art. II. 1. *Journals of two Expeditions into the Interior of New South Wales, undertaken by Order of the British Government in the Years* 1817—18. By John Oxley, Surveyor-general of the Territory, and Lieutenant of the Royal Navy. With Maps and Views. 4to. Price 2l. 10s. London, 1820.

2. *Van Dieman's Land.* Geographical and descriptive Delineations of the Island of Van Dieman's Land. By Lieut. Ch. Jeffreys, R. N. 8vo. Price 5s. London, 1820.

3. *The History of New South Wales.* By Mr. O'Hara. 8vo. Price 14s. London.

4. *A Statistical, historical, and political Description of the Colony of New South Wales, and its dependent Settlements in Van Diemen's Land.* With a particular Enumeration of the Advantages which these Colonies offer for Emigration, and their Superiority in many Respects over those possessed by the United States of America. By W. C. Wentworth, Esq. a Native of the Colony. 8vo. Price 12s. London, 1819.

WE have, especially in our own language, a considerable quantity of valuable matter illustrative of the various inquiries connected with the systematic adjustment of Colonial policy, but it is to be found, for the most part, only in a scattered or an imperfect state: a distinct and comprehensive work on that very important and pressing subject, has now become, on many acoounts, highly desirable. Adam Smith discussed the general question vigorously, but on narrow grounds. J. B. Say, in his excellent "*Traité d'Economie Politique*," has adverted to it luminously, but incompletely and with unavoidable brevity. Mr. Brougham's "Inquiry into the Colonial Policy "of the European Powers," is a useful and an able book, but the Writer was then at an age too early to have treasured up the results of mature reflection and protracted inquiry; it is not always clearly written, and its reasonings are too frequently indistinct and unfinished. Some valuable gleanings are to be obtained from Talleyrand; and the somewhat too voluminous "*Collection de Memoires sur les Colonies*" of M. Malouet, will afford many available facts, and just, though merely incidental remarks. M. de Pradt's very lively and by no means uninstructive octavo "On the Colonies and the present American "Revolutions," is altogether too superficial and hasty to supply the deficiency which we are now regretting.

There is a strong and very natural, though perfectly irrational tendency in the administrators of all long established governments, to be guided rather by precedent than by sound principle, and to follow the easy track marked out by custom and routine, in preference to the more difficult, though safer road of reason and general experience. In addition to this, it is obvious to remark, that there is too ordinarily among public cha-

racters, a failure in those personal qualities and political virtues which are necessary to enable them to make a resolute and successful stand against the interests and prejudices by which they are beset; and we much fear that to these prevailing deficiencies and errors, the well-being of the State will, as in former instances, and most grossly in the case of our Colonial connexions, be again and again sacrificed. Perhaps there is not a transaction on record in which the conduct of a parent country towards its colonies, has been entirely free from imputation; but we shall incur no hazard in affirming that, in this respect, Great Britain is entitled to a melancholy pre-eminence in absurdity, obstinacy, and disaster. Her behaviour towards her American colonists, was, we verily believe, perfectly unrivalled in its gratuitous and incredible impolicy; and its result has materially contributed to the exhausted and doubtful condition in which we now find ourselves. Yet we seem, by a conduct which, though not precisely parallel, may be traced to the same principles, to be preparing for a repetition of similar scenes. Whether we colonize our distant possessions, or hold them on the yet weaker tenure of military occupancy, our negligence and apathy take no account of the future: *après nous le deluge*, seems to be the national motto, and it is to be apprehended that we are indeed bequeathing to our posterity, even if we ourselves escape the storm, an inundation of evils. The defects of our Indian system are radical, and the very foundations of our Eastern empire, rotten: the army which secures it to us, is mainly native; and a race of half-casts, the offspring of the English sojourners and Hindoo women, is formidably increasing, who will, probably, like the creoles and *mestizos* of South America, be the future masters of the land. The colonies of New South Wales, though at present necessarily dependent on the mother-country, already claim a more special notice and a far wiser legislation than have yet been deemed necessary by listless and procrastinating statesmen. A strong case for inquiry has been made out by Mr. Wentworth, whose allegations, though rather vehement and altogether *ex parte*, yet bear on their general aspect, the appearance of accuracy and fairness. His statements and documents establish the facts, that our Australian settlements are without a fixed and settled system of administration; that the principles on which they are governed are vague, and in their operation, though not in their intention, oppressive; and that, how desirable soever it may be to encourage the enterprises of free settlers, yet, the impolitic restrictions imposed on commerce, and the want of a sounder scheme of government, must have a decidedly counteractive effect.

The first discovery of New Holland, erroneously ascribed by

Mr. O'Hara to de Quiros, is in reality due to Torres, his second in command, who having been separated from his admiral, accomplished the difficult navigation of the straits since distinguished by his name, and during his passage saw some of the northern projections of that continent. The Dutch, however, were the principal discoverers, since they coasted, at different periods, nearly the whole of the southern, western, and northern limits, including the gulf of Carpentaria. Captain Cook first sailed along the eastern shore, and ascertained the insularity of this immense tract. No serious intention of forming a settlement seems to have been entertained by any of the European nations, until, in 1786, the British Government determined on taking possession of part of the coast discovered by Cook, as an eligible situation for the disposal of convicts sentenced to exile. The spot selected for that purpose, lies on the banks of a spacious inlet, to which, from the profusion and variety of the floral productions which surrounded it, that great navigator had given the name of Botany Bay; but it was soon ascertained that, captivating as might be the appearance that the adjacent country presented to the naturalist, neither the bay nor the land afforded shelter to commerce, or hope to the agriculturist. Another opening, a very few miles northward, had, from some misconception of its nature, been passed by with a superficial survey when Captain Cook explored the coast: it was inserted in his charts as an open bay, and named Port Jackson. This magnificent harbour was now examined by Governor Phillip. The boats under his command entered with no anticipations of any thing more than a common inlet; but the men were astonished by the discovery of a capacious haven, completely landlocked, of depth and extent sufficient to contain all the navies of the world, and most advantageously adapted to commerce, by its innumerable branches, coves, creeks, and islands. Here, then, was made the first and principal settlement, which received the name of Sidney; and wise and vigorous measures were adopted for the regulation of the colony. An establishment was at the same time made on Norfolk Island, chiefly for the purpose of securing a supply of the flax plant, described as growing there spontaneously; but the various disadvantages connected with this settlement, among which the want of a good port was conspicuous, ultimately led to its abandonment. It will be readily conceived that the difficulties encountered by the colonists were for several years multiplied and urgent, and that the successive governors had no easy task in the control and direction of the indolent and immoral association at the head of which they were placed. Generally speaking, they were men of worth and talent: the names of Phillip, Hunter, and King, are to be mentioned with honour; and the affairs of

the colony were administered with skill and integrity until the unfortunate measure was adopted of committing them to the management of Capt. Bligh, whose formerly proved violence of character pointed him out as precisely the most unfit person imaginable for a post requiring extraordinary self-command.

Previously to the extension of agriculture, the resources of the Settlement for food were dependent on supplies which were sometimes delayed so long that the apprehension of absolute want reached a formidable height; but this danger was speedily removed by the increase of cultivation, and the enlightened efforts of some of the settlers to enlarge the stock and improve the breed of domestic cattle. The soil in the range of country round Port Jackson is of various quality: a breadth of five or six miles from the coast, consists of a barren sand, mingled with rocks, on which grow, in the more productive portions, trees and underwood of dwarf proportions and stunted growth; but the greater portion is covered with a various and unprofitable herbage, 'whose infinite diversity,' in the words of Mr. Wentworth, 'and extraordinary beauty, render this wild heath the 'most interesting part of the country for the botanist, and 'make even the less scientific beholder forget the nakedness 'and sterility of the scene.' The tract beyond this, to the distance of about ten miles, changes for the better: it is covered by a thin layer of vegetable mould, and is shaded by trees, whose gigantic elevation leaves far behind the feebler growth of the English forests. Still, there is no soil which can properly be considered as fertile until this belt be passed, when the interior country appears in all the variety of hill and dale, and all the glow and richness of exuberant fruitfulness. The most productive tracts lie along the banks of the Nepean and Hawkesbury rivers, or more properly, river: a great portion of these are frequently flooded, and the fertilizing deposites are a sufficient manure. But this grand stream, which was not discovered till some time after the settlement was made, is subject to such tremendous inundations as to place all the property on its banks in a state of perpetual insecurity. Two of its principal feeders issue directly from the mountains which skirt the colony, and its main originating branch, the Nepean, runs along their base for a considerable distance, serving as a drain to all the torrents which rush from them in rainy seasons. When, in addition to this, we state that the rivers of the Colony have very little fall, and consequently are languid in their current, our readers will be already aware that the swellings of the Hawkesbury are sudden and destructive. The average height of its banks above the usual level of the current, may be about thirty feet, but the rise is not unfrequently seventy or eighty, and in one appalling instance, it rose ninety-three feet

above low water mark. The climate is described as healthy, but during part of the *summer* months of December, January, and February, the heat is excessive, though tempered by the north-easterly sea breeze.

Van Diemen's Land is a large island south of the main, and was always supposed to form part of New Holland, until the adventurous explorations of Messrs. Bass and Flinders ascertained its insularity. It is in all respects highly distinguished by its natural advantages: it contains several noble harbours; its climate is much more steady than that of Port Jackson; and it is well supplied with rivers whose inundations are sufficient to fertilize their banks without attaining an alarming elevation. The facilities of communication are very great: it is a sufficient illustration of this, that Lieut. Jeffreys traversed nearly the whole extent of the Island, 'from Hobart town to 'Launceston and Port Dalrymple on the Tamar, a distance of 'one hundred and twenty-five miles, in a barouche, with three, 'and sometimes four, horses in hand, and yet had not more 'than twenty miles of what could possibly be called a road; 'the whole being a beautiful level pasture, with but few trees 'to obstruct the view or the passage.' The Island, as well as the continent, is infested by venomous reptiles, and, in addition, is liable to the predatory ravages of the bush-rangers; a banditti consisting of such of the colonists as prefer a lawless, unsheltered, and roving life to the quiet comforts of social and civilized existence. Of these, Michael Howe seems to have been the most atrocious. They are, however, said to be now subdued.

In New Holland and its dependencies, nature seems to take pleasure in deserting her usual track, and, if the following statement be correct, has been unusually magnificent in the formation of a grand spring-head for several of the principal rivers of Van Diemen's Land.

'The great lake, on the summit of the Western Mountains, which are supposed to be somewhere about four thousand feet above the level of the sea, and sixty-five miles west of Hobart Town, is said to be upwards of fifty miles in circumference, but its depth has not yet been fathomed: it is described as a most beautiful sheet of water, of an oval form; abounding with variety of fish; the banks moderately covered with wood, and the opposite sides but indistinctly seen from any part. The accounts of its dimensions do not agree: some state that it is much larger than here mentioned. It is much to be lamented that no person whose representations can be perfectly relied upon, has hitherto found time to visit this great wonder of nature.....Those who have seen it, inform us, that at all times there are great overflowings of water from different parts of this lake, but, that in wet weather, the flood is tremendous. It has been already stated that the rivers Derwent, and those emptying themselves into

Macquarrie's Harbour and Port Davey are supposed to have their respective sources in this lake.' *(Jeffrey.)*

This origination of rivers, however, is not without a parallel; but in many of the animal productions of New Holland, there appears to be an apparently capricious blending of the peculiarities of distinct species. Capt. Hunter had already described birds with the head, form, and plumage of the parrot, and the long slender legs of the sea-gull; and others 'with 'the legs and feet of a parrot, the head and neck made and 'coloured like the common sea-gull, and the wings and tail of 'a hawk.' He also states himself to have 'seen trees bearing 'three different kinds of leaves;' and to have 'frequently found 'others, bearing the leaf of the gum-tree with the gum exuding, 'and covered with bark of a different kind.'

'Nature may be said to have in this country indulged in whim. She sometimes mimicks herself in giving to smaller animals, such as the native rat, the general form and characteristics of the kangaroo; she gives to a great variety of species, the false belly of that animal; in numerous instances, animals were discovered which might at first sight be considered as monstrous productions, such as an aquatic quadruped, about the size of a rabbit, with the eyes, colour, and skin of a mole, and the bill and web-feet of a duck, a parrot with the slender legs of a sea-gull, a skate with a head like that of a shark. The whole animal creation appeared to be different from that of every other region: nor less so the vegetable; every tree and shrub, perhaps without exception, was of a species peculiar to the soil, and another Flora diffused an endless variety of unknown tints and forms.' *(O'Hara.)*

We feel exceedingly disinclined to enter upon the question of emigration in its application to the different regions of our Australian possessions. Its correct solution depends on so many and sometimes so minute peculiarities, so much is to be allowed for partiality, and so large deductions or additions are to be made for personal circumstances, that we feel ourselves treading on ground too uncertain and insecure to admit of our adventuring ourselves as the guides of others. Lieut. Jeffreys draws a very attractive picture of Van Diemen's Land. His book is by no means uninteresting; it is well printed, and low in price, and it contains much useful information on various matters connected with emigration and settling. Mr. Wentworth's volume is, in great part, written for the information of settlers: although composed in a very loose and wordy sort of style, and capable of great and advantageous compression, it is altogether creditable to the Author's talents. He strongly points out the necessity of many salutary reforms in the administration of the Colony, dwelling with great force on the want of security arising from irregular and uncertain administration of the law, and of

the injurious effects of impolitic and oppressive duties on commerce; he suggests various alterations and modifications of the present system, and, we think, very satisfactorily establishes the expediency of conceding a colonial legislature as the only effectual way of ensuring the prosperity of the settlements. He stoutly maintains the superior advantages of Australia in comparison with America; and he reasons on this point, if not fairly, at least shrewdly; but we conceive that this is so much a question of circumstances and partialities, as hardly to admit of a general application. Mr. O'Hara's book is a very respectable compilation from the various publications relating to New South Wales: it is fairly written, and is altogether an acceptable work. It contains, moreover, a large selection of extracts from the Sydney Gazette; a paper which seems to vie with some of our own journals in making the most of every little occurrence, and describes the levees of Governor Macquarie, and the parties of his Lady, in a style which would not disgrace the finished productions of the 'court reporter' of Carlton Palace. We give Mr. O'H. some credit for this, since he has by this means furnished us with a better notion of the general *train* of Port Jackson society and habits, than we could have obtained in any other way. From these three volumes, on the whole, persons desirous of information will obtain it more completely than from any other commonly accessible source.

The great novelty, however, remains behind; and we have purposely avoided referring to Mr. Oxley's work, that we might reserve it for an entire and uninterrupted analysis.—At a distance from the sea boundary of the colony, varying from forty to sixty miles, rises a range of lofty and broken elevations which have received the name of the Blue Mountains. Various attempts had been made to pass these, in order to ascertain the nature and aspect of the interior, but without success, till, in 1813, an effort was made which proved that at least no insurmountable obstacle to a further progress existed. Governor Macquarie, who seems to have been always on the alert to improve the condition and prospects of the colony, despatched in the same year, Mr. Evans with a party, to follow the opening thus made, and if possible to push fairly across the range. This was effected: streams running in the westerly direction of the interior, were discovered and traced downward until they united in a river of considerable promise, flowing towards the north west through a rich and open country, and offering every possible advantage to the grazier by the fertility of its banks, and the abundance of its supply; it received the name of the Macquarie. A road one hundred miles in length, not quite so level as the Bath-road, but yet tolerably practicable, having been made, the Governor determined to visit in person the newly

discovered tracts: accordingly, in 1815, accompanied by Mrs. Macquarie, he crossed the mountains, and fixed on a site for a town to be called Bathurst, in honour, as the phrase is, of the secretary for colonial affairs. While he remained here, he sent Mr. Evans on an exploratory tour to the south west; and this enterprise issued in the discovery of the Lachlan river, holding a westerly course with a less deviation to the north than that taken by the Macquarie. The results of this journey encouraged the Governor to prosecute the attempts which had been so successfully made to explore the interior. In 1817, a well equipped expedition was placed under the direction of Mr. Oxley, with instructions to follow the course of the Lachlan, which had been supposed to unite with the Macquarie, and to find its way to the sea between Spencer's gulf and Cape Otway, on the southern coast of Australia. Boats were provided to accompany the party; and to relieve the horses from part of their burden. The first movements of the march lay along the right or northern bank of the stream, through a country of course varied, but generally unprofitable, partly from poverty of soil, partly from the prevalence of swamp, and partly from the frequency of inundation in wet seasons: in fact, it was only in consequence of long continued drought, that the party was able to proceed so far. The tract bordering on the Lachlan is remarkably level, and, in Mr. O.'s opinion, was once under water, until drained by the present channel, the banks of which are still remarkably low. Without any apparent cause, since no rain had fallen, and this singular river has no tributaries, the water had been for some days rising, and so small was the elevation of its margin, as to awaken considerable apprehension in the minds of the travellers, entangled as they were among marshy flats, and in danger of being irretrievably swept away by a further rise of only four feet. At length, the stream separated itself into branches, and these on investigation were found to terminate in 'immense marshes' which seemed to form a 'vast concavity' to receive the great body of water thus continually supplied. Here then, in latitude 33. 15. 34. S. and longitude 147. 16. E., Mr. Oxley determined, though intercepted in this quarter, to cross the country to the south west, and to make for the coast in an oblique course, with the view of intersecting any river which might run towards the sea in that direction On the 17th of May, leaving the boats and such heavy articles as the horses were unable to carry, the party commenced their journey toward the coast; but after persevering for more than three weeks in this purpose, through a barren and desolate region nearly destitute of water, two of the horses having failed, and the rest being much debilitated, it became necessary either to return or to change the track. The last step being preferred,

about the middle of June, the travellers struck off to the north, along the base of a range of mountains which trended nearly north and south. Bearing up against oppressive privations and difficulties under which more of the horses sank, they pressed forward until the 23d inst. when they came suddenly upon a river, which proved to be the Lachlan, diminished in magnitude, from the loss necessarily sustained by absorption and evaporation in the marshes, but still 'running with a tolerably brisk 'stream to the westward.' It was now determined to follow the stream until the state of the provisions should be barely sufficient to secure the return to Bathurst. Fish were found in the river, water was always at hand, and the party were in high spirits. The 7th of July, however, closed every hope of ultimate discovery in this line of progress; for, after following the westerly direction of the river through a country perfectly level, sterile, and swampy, and observing the gradual diminution of its channel, they again lost all traces of it amid 'stagnated lagoons and 'morasses.' Further progress now became impracticable: one boundless flat, without the smallest elevation, extended on every side, and no timber was visible, excepting in the few stunted gum-trees which grew on the immediate borders of the now stagnant Lachlan. In his official report to the Governor, Mr. Oxley thus describes his keen disappointment.

'This unlooked for and truly singular termination of a river which we had anxiously hoped, and reasonably expected, would have led to a far different conclusion, filled us with the most painful sensations. We were full five hundred miles west of Sydney, and nearly in its latitude; and it had taken us ten weeks of unremitted exertion to proceed so far. The nearest part of the coast about Cape Bernoulli, had it been accessible, was distant above one hundred and eighty miles. We had demonstrated beyond a doubt, that no river could fall into the sea between Cape Otway and Spencer's Gulf, at least none deriving its waters from the eastern coast; and that the country south of the parallel of 34 degrees, and west of the meridian 147, 30. E. was uninhabitable, and useless for all the purposes of civilized men.'

'Perhaps there is no river,' (Mr. Oxley writes in his regular journal,) 'the history of which is known, that presents so remarkable a termination as the present: its course in a strait line from its source to its termination exceeds five hundred miles, and including its windings, it may fairly be calculated to run at least twelve hundred miles; during all which passage through such a vast extent of country, it does not receive a single stream in addition to what it derives from its sources in the eastern mountains. I think it a probable conjecture that this river is the channel by which all the waters rising in those ranges of hills to the westward of Port Jackson, known by the name of the Blue Mountains, and which do not fall into the sea on the east coast, are conveyed to these immense

inland marshes; its sinuous course causing it to overflow its banks on a much higher level than the present, and, in consequence, forming those low wet levels which are in the very neighbourhood of the government depot. Its length of course is, in my opinion, the principal cause of our finding any thing like a stream for the last one hundred miles, as the immense body of water which must undoubtedly be at times collected in such a river, must find a vent somewhere; but being spent during so long a course without any accession, the only wonder is, that even those waters should cause a current at so great a distance from their source; every thing however indicates, as before often observed, that in dry seasons the channel of the river is empty, or forms only a chain of ponds. It appears to have been a considerable length of time since the banks were overflowed, certainly not for the last year; and I think it probable they are not often so; the quantity of water must indeed be immense, and of long accumulation, in the upper marshes, before the whole of this vast country can be under water.'

These conjectures are, no doubt, in part accurate: that they are not wholly so, appears from the fact, that the Lachlan cannot be the drain for '*all*' the westward waters of the Blue Mountains, inasmuch as the Fish and Macquarie rivers obviously answer the same purpose, and, we should imagine, to a greater extent. Nor does it seem quite correct to assume this point as the termination of the river, since it is noted in the journal, and marked on the map, that 'a large arm' diverges from the north bank, before the supposed main channel spreads into a marsh. As in an earlier stage of its course, the Lachlan is lost in swamps whence it again emerges, it is by no means improbable that such may be the case at this point.

The direction of their future route, became now a subject for anxious reflection. The marsh-miasma had been of late exceedingly offensive, and every individual of the party was more or less affected by dysentery. To return by the same exhausting track on which they had travelled hither since quitting the boats, was scarcely practicable, and would have thrown no new light on the objects of the expedition; and Mr. Oxley and his companions seem to have at all times deemed their own comfort and even safety entirely subordinate to these. It was therefore resolved to trace the present division of the river quite up to the apex of that triangle of which their late journey had described the base, and by this route to ascertain the fact that the present stream was in reality the continuation of the former channel. The time of their return was extremely critical and providential, for they found the sluggish stream, which before was so shallow as to admit of wading, 'now rolling along its agi-' tated and muddy waters nearly on a level with the banks;' and had this 'fresh' reached them on the lower ground, they would have been placed in circumstances of extreme peril.

Traces of natives had been observed in the neighbourhood, and at one place they had noticed a small tumulus. It was Mr. Oxley's intention, to cross the river at a favourable point, but every attempt at the construction of a temporary bridge, was rendered ineffectual by the rise and consequent rapidity of the stream. On the route, several lakes were seen, and an arm of considerable width branched off from the right bank. On the 29th of July, they discovered a tumulus, of which a coloured plate is given, and had the curiosity to open it, when they first came to 'three or four layers of wood, lying across 'the grave, serving as an arch to bear the weight of the earthy 'cone or tomb above;' below this, a quantity of bark was found, and then dry grass and leaves. The body was 'placed 'east and west, the head to the east,' the face downwards, and the 'feet bent quite up to the head:' it had been 'very care-'fully wrapped in a great number of opossum skins.' The depth of the grave was four feet, and the mound over it was about five feet high and nine in length. Three rows of seats formed by trenching up the earth, composed the segments of three circles, of fifty, forty-five, and forty feet respectively, on one side of the grave, and the other was closed in by a single elevation of the same kind. On the 3rd of August, after many unsuccessful attempts, the travellers effected the passage of the river by means of a raft, and having ascertained the connexion between this part of the Lachlan, and the marshes in which the former merged, they struck off in an easterly track for the Macquarie. The early part of the route was through a sterile and unwatered country, but it soon became varied, and after passing through much fine scenery, and crossing several streams, on the 19th they came upon the Macquarie flowing in a broad and majestic stream to the north-west. On the 29th, after an absence of nineteen harassing weeks, the party arrived at Bathurst.

The hopes of a communication with the sea by means of the Lachlan having been thus completely destroyed, it became desirable to examine the much more hopeful course of the Macquarie; and a second expedition under the same leader, was fitted out for that purpose. On the 28th of May, 1818, it quitted Bathurst, and crossing the river, proceeded along its northern bank. Fine scenery and a promising country every where presented themselves during the earlier part of the progress: sandy and gravelly beaches, with rocky promontories, diversified the immediate borders of the stream, rapids and cataracts had been passed, and every thing indicated that the present journey would have a very different result from the former. But when they had reached the distance of about two hundred miles from Bathurst, the scene began to change, the country to sink and

to assume a more level appearance, and on the 30th of June, flooded marshes in every direction stopped all further progress. As the channel of the river, however, continued deep and distinct, Mr. Oxley, with four volunteers, determined to follow the stream in one of the boats, and made preparations for a month's absence on this desperate expedition; but it was terminated much sooner. On the second day, after having gone about fifty miles down the current,

'although,' writes Mr. O., 'there had been no previous change in the breadth, depth, and rapidity of the stream for several miles, and I was sanguine in my expectations of soon entering the long sought for Australian sea, it all at once eluded our farther pursuit by spreading on every point from northwest to northeast among the ocean of reeds which surrounded us, still running with the same rapidity as before. There was no channel whatever among those reeds, and the depth varied from three to five feet..... To assert positively that we were on the margin of the lake or sea into which this great body of water is discharged, might reasonably be deemed a conclusion which has nothing but conjecture for its basis; but if an opinion may be permitted to be hazarded from actual appearances, mine is decidedly in favour of our being in the immediate vicinity of an inland sea, or lake, most probably a shoal one, and gradually filling up by immense depositions from the higher lands, left by the waters which flow into it. It is most singular, that the high-lands on this continent seem to be confined to the sea-coast, or not to extend to any great distance from it.'

On their return to the station, contemplating the necessity of some stay for the purpose of preparation, Mr. Evans was sent on a short-trip to the north-east; but in this direction too, he was stopped by the same interminable morass covered with water and reeds. Shaping then his course more easterly, he came upon a considerable river flowing towards the all-absorbing gulf. The station had been fortunately shifted from the low ground to a more elevated site, and the party were thus saved from the effects of a rapid rise which 'would have 'swept them from the face of the earth.' On the return of Mr. Evans, Mr. Oxley resolved on striking across the country in the direction of the river discovered by Mr. E., which was *honoured* with the name of Castlereagh. July 20th, he left the station under Mount Harris, in lat. 31. 18. S. long. 147. 31. E. and taking an easterly course, reached, after a trying and even perilous journey over bogs, quicksands, and flooded tracts, the banks of the Castlereagh, which, though tranquil and fordable when Mr. Evans had crossed and recrossed it, now, in consequence of a great rise, rolled before the travellers a deep and furious flood. Their situation was one of considerable jeopardy; behind them an inundated country, and in their front the formidable river, pouring along a body of water which

excited in the mind very magnificent ideas of the extent of the reservoir into which this current and the Macquarie emptied their copious tribute. Happily, the subsidence of the flood was as rapid as its rise, and in the course of a few days they were enabled to cross the stream without danger. At length, after six weeks of labour, privation, and sufferings, they reached, on the 26th of August, a rich and fertile country which, as usual, was *honoured* by the application of a whole host of aristocratical names. On the 23rd of September, they obtained, from the top of the mountains, a distant view of the sea, and could distinguish the windings of a stream flowing towards it: this, which was called Hastings' River, was found to terminate in a useful port for vessels whose draft of water may not exceed nine or ten feet. From the Macquarie to this point is not less, in a direct line, than three hundred and fifty miles. The journey along the shore towards Sydney, was long and arduous, and would perhaps have been impracticable, but for the most fortunate discovery of the boat of an European vessel on the beach, which a little repair made available: this was carried on the shoulders of the men upwards of ninety miles, and it enabled the party to cross lagoons and inlets which might, but for this opportune discovery, have completely stopped all further progress. At length, after narrowly escaping the treacherous attacks of the natives, who wounded one man very dangerously, they reached, on the 1st of November, Port Stephens, after a journey which reflects the highest credit on the skill and conduct of Mr. Oxley, and on the courage and fortitude of all who were engaged in it.

With the slender materials before us, it would be idle to speculate on the effects which these discoveries may produce on the future prospects of the Colony. Southward, the country appears desert and barren; the interior, to a considerable extent at least, lies under water; but, along the banks of the Macquarie, there are extensive tracts of rich and well irrigated land, with all the advantages of water communication. The Hastings, too, with its safe port, will probably become of importance; and future expeditions will, no doubt, ascertain the nature of the country between this line and Port Jackson.

Much has not been added by Mr. O. to our knowledge of the natives. He met with them rarely, and in their habits they appeared to differ but little from the inhabitants of the coast; they seemed, however, to be a finer race of men. We have not much to say respecting the embellishments of the book: the views are not very interesting, but the maps are distinct and well executed.

Art. III *Pompeiana:* The Topography, Edifices, and Ornaments of Pompeii. By Sir William Gell, F.R.S. F.S.A. &c. and John P. Gandy, Architect. Royal 8vo. pp. 300. Plates, (including about 20 Vignettes,) nearly 100. Price £5. 12s. 1817—1819.

THE disclosure to the light of day, of a city which was shrowded from human sight far towards two thousand years ago, with almost the suddenness of a curtain falling before a scene, is unquestionably one of the most remarkable circumstances in the history of the world. It would have been so, even though the spectacle thus unveiled had consisted solely of objects of the same order as those which have remained in full view from ancient times,—the structures of a public character, which suggest to the imagination ideas of the people as viewed in the aggregate, as assembled in their civil or martial capacity, or in their games, or their superstitions. Such ideas come with great force on a contemplative mind while beholding the remains of the ancient temples, theatres, and massive fortresses, which have continued conspicuous on the surface of the earth, not enveloped in any shade but the mysterious gloom of ages. Still more striking would bethe view of any monuments of this public class that should be disclosed to our sight after having been veiled from all human inspection for eighteen centuries. In their aspects thus presented to our contemplation, the character of high antiquity, with all its impressive associations, would derive an aggravation of solemn and magical effect from the idea of this long sepulchral seclusion from the gaze and knowledge of man. Their having existed in perfect separation from forty generations of men, inhabiting the tract around them and over them, would seem to exhibit them in far more intimate and absolute association with the ancient race to which they had belonged. And the thoughtful spectator, in beholding them in the process of being disclosed to the light, would feel himself under a strange attraction away, as it were, from the age in which he was actually living, and would seem to be brought much nearer to a community with the people of remote times, from the reflection, that the eyes which had last beheld these objects were closed, and the feet which had last trod these pavements were laid to rest, within the first century of the Christian era.

But if his mind would be thus affected by this re-appearance of the objects of a more public and general order, which would bring the ancient people to his imagination only as in the mass, and merely in their exterior and national character, how much more vivid and captivating would the impression be while the abodes of the particular families were opening before his eyes, and unfolding the circumstances of their domestic condition! The modes of private life among the Romans, the domestic ac-

commodations, the interior adjustments of their dwellings, the state of the arts as applied to the ordinary uses of life, and to the more elegant and ornamental portion of its economy, had been the subject of a great deal of learned research and conjecture. And it was but a faint, undecided picture that had been made out from the incidental mention of these matters by the ancient authors, assisted by the figurings found in the remains of various kinds of sculpture. All that might have supplied the direct visible illustration, had vanished unknown ages since. The actual material of the frame, if we may so express it, of domestic life,—the abodes, the furniture, the fanciful devices of decoration, the apparatus of daily convenience,—had mingled with the same dust to which the occupants, the owners, the users of these things had been so long reduced. The whole system of tangible local circumstances, which had contained, so to speak, the common life of the people, and been shaped to their individual and domestic habits and employments, was gone, to all appearance irrecoverably gone, from the world; when the accidental restoration to light of two Roman cities, but especially Pompeii, in so nearly the same state as when they were suddenly concealed from view, disclosed a scene in which the moderns might do all but literally hold converse with the ancient inhabitants. The wondering visitant, with his imagination full of the history of the proudest and mightiest of nations, might actually step into their shops, enter their most private apartments, and place himself on one of the seats, which was put just at that spot on the floor when the empire was in the zenith of its magnificence, and has not been moved since that time. He might take up one of the domestic utensils, as a jug or a cup for wine, a dish, a lamp, or one of the irons for stirring the fire, and reflect that it had been last handled and applied to its use, by a Roman, when the Cæsars and the legions commanded the world. He might look at ashes and relics of fuel, extinguished indeed and cold, but which had been hot as *recently* as the earliest recorded eruption of Vesuvius. He might take up a mirror, or some ornaments of dress, just as they had been laid down out of the hands of ladies, since the moment of whose handling them ten thousand millions of their sex have bloomed and gone to the grave. We are supposing him to enter one of these habitations immediately after it has been cleared out, before any of its ancient contents have been removed; and we really can believe that a man of strong and cultivated imagination might, for some moments, be so beguiled by the scene, that he should feel (according to the language employed by some travellers in describing it) as if he were taking almost an improper advantage of the absence of the family, and as if some of them might happen to return and find him impertinently intruding into their apartments and inspecting

what belongs to them. The family are gone out, and not yet returned; the rooms and utensils seem waiting for the owners to resume and use them; and meanwhile, the whole vast series of the events of the decline and fall of the Roman Empire has been accomplished, and even the completion of that series has now retired to the distance of remote history. The stools, the cups, the rings, the pins, the box for ointment, have remained just where they were put down, while *Roma Æterna* has dwindled to a melancholy and inconsiderable town.

The enchanting beguilement is, of course, much diminished in those parts of the city which have been for a good while disinterred and exposed to the operation of the elements, and the houses of which have been despoiled of all their moveable contents to enrich the great repository at Portici, while also the paintings on the walls have necessarily been much injured, and many of them have nearly faded away. But as the greater part of the city still remains entombed, and the process of excavation is likely to be constantly going on, the advantage may be enjoyed by a long succession of beholders, of receiving the full impression of the objects almost at the instant of their being unveiled from the darkness of so many ages. Some of our travellers express regret at the removal of the articles found in the houses to the museum, where, crammed together in a vast assemblage, the particular objects have so little, comparatively, of that striking effect on the imagination which they would produce as seen in their appropriate places in the ancient city. Certainly, it were, as a matter of taste, very desirable, that some part, some selected buildings, had been, or should in future be, left in possession of all their contents, and carefully guarded by appointments to prevent their being rifled, and by every practicable contrivance to defend their interior against the effects of the air and weather. But the accounts given of the mental character of his majesty of Naples, make it improbable enough that he should have the slightest perception of any principle of taste, or of antiquarian or poetical enthusiasm. *His* associations are of no such refined imaginative quality. To make a large showplace, under the appropriating designation of *royal* museum, is probably his utmost conception of any thing to be gained by the revelation of these subterranean antiquities, reflecting so impressively an image of the condition, and haunted as it were by the lingering spectres, of the Romans of nearly twenty centuries ago.*

There are very few things which those of us who must stay at home in this age of general travelling, think of with so much

* Since this was written, it has become a dubious point whether this personage is any longer to be considered as a king or not.

envy of the privileged rovers, as a few days' sojourn among the solitary abodes of Pompeii. We even persuade ourselves, with little difficulty, that some of us would take a far stronger impression of the scene, would feel much more of the sentiment, the reverie, the enthusiasm, than some of those who have taken a fashionable drive to the spot would seem to shew, by their flippant or affected descriptive relations of what they felt when there. Denied this great luxury of inspecting the reality, we are duly sensible of our obligations to those men of taste, industry, and attainment in art and antiquity, who were *not*, while among the dwellings and monuments of Pompeii, constantly reminded how soon they must be back in Naples, to be in time to dress for the evening music party, or the play, or the opera, but could apply their whole attention, with long assiduity, to investigate, describe, and delineate, and have in consequence supplied to us accurate graphical representations of those striking spectacles. Such illustrations have hitherto been, in a great measure, as the Authors of the present work remark, wanting to us here in England. Something less than twenty years ago, there was published in Paris a set of engravings on a large scale, by F. Piranesi, from drawings by the very celebrated J. B. Piranesi, exhibiting views, plans, and details, of some of the edifices of Pompeii. For a number of years past, M. Mazois has been publishing slowly, at intervals, and also on a large scale, a work of the same nature, but more particularly attentive to measurements and details. It is to contain, if ever completed, about a hundred plates, after drawings and measurements on which the author was employed more than two years; the price to exceed twenty pounds. Messrs. Gell and Gandy bear testimony to its truth and splendour. Very recently there has been commenced in England, in large folio, (the size of Stuart's Athens,) a series of 'Delineations of Pompeii,' engraved in a rough, bold, spirited style, chiefly by W. B. Cooke, from drawings by Major Cockburn. It will comprise, including many vignettes and forms in outline, nearly a hundred engravings, about half of which number have already appeared. The work is of a compass, size, and merit, and brought down to a lateness of time, to render it a very satisfactory substitute for that of the Frenchman, excepting perhaps in such details and *minutiæ* as can interest none but architects by profession.

But it is quite obvious how desirable, on such a subject, must be a work adapted to more general circulation. Nor, could any of the examiners and delineators of Pompeii be better qualified to furnish it, than the gentlemen whose names give a pledge for the judicious selection and correct exhibition of the ample series of subjects in this volume. It is a work of great value and beauty, has the testimony of persons who have recently been on

the spot to its truth of representation, and cannot fail to obtain the favour of that very considerable portion of the cultivated public which is interested by the memorials of the remote ages of renowned nations. 'It is presented with the intention,' as the prospectus expressed, 'of giving some idea of the forms of 'the Houses, Public Buildings, Sepulchres, &c. hitherto dis-'covered, without entering into the detail of minute measure-'ment.'

In the Preface we are informed that,

'The original drawings for this work were made with the *camera lucida*, by Sir William Gell. To render the subject clearer, a slight alteration has in two or three instances been made, but always mentioned in the text. The literary parts, with the exception of the first essay, are by his coadjutor.'

The engravings, all in the line manner, are quite as large as the size of the paper would admit. Most of them are what are denominated finished. The much greater number of them are by C. Heath, generally well, in some instances finely, executed. There are several beautiful ones by G. Cooke, and some outlines in the well known style of H. Moses.

The written portion of the work consists partly of explanations, of course in a great measure technical, of the plates, taken individually, throughout the series; and partly of general descriptive observations. It is introduced by a short history of the city, to the period of its catastrophe; an account of the dreadful phenomenon which was the cause; and a chronological notice of the subsequent eruptions of Vesuvius. The interest of the general descriptive observations, and of the whole work, might have been greatly heightened by means of an easy expedient, which we wish the Writer had adopted, namely, that of introducing a good number (there are a few) of the most remarkable circumstances recollected or recorded to have occurred during the process of the excavations. We mean, any appearances particularly striking as indicating the last situations or employments of the inhabitants, at the time the city was overwhelmed; such as, the positions of the skeletons sometimes found, unfinished processes of any kind of employment, situations of furniture and utensils, as shewing what had been their most recent use, circumstances attending the attempted escape of persons who had failed in that attempt,—any thing, in short, the most adapted to place the imagination the directest manner in the living scene, just before it was suddenly covered with the black veil. Many such things would be related or presented to inquisitive persons passing so considerable a time on the spot, and at Naples, as the Authors of this work must have done; and it is quite obvious, we should think, how much the exhibition of the scene of desolation might be vivified by intermingling a por-

tion of them in the description. It is not yet too late to supply in some measure the deficiency; for, though the work was brought to an appearance of completeness and conclusion, a sequel, which might be accompanied by a selection of things of this nature, is announced in the following advertisement.

'This Volume will be found to contain what information was to be derived from the excavated City of Pompeii to the close of 1818; while the large Plan will shew the progress made during the two preceding years, as well as what still remains uncovered. The excavations, however, are still proceeded upon, since new objects continually present themselves, to excite the activity of the labourers, and gratify the curiosity of the learned and antiquarian.

'It is intended by the Authors of this work to collect these as they may turn up; and when a sufficient number of subjects accumulate to form about 20 Plates, to publish them as a Part. In these the colouring will be an object, where it presents any circumstance worthy of notice; and some Plates will be given of Implements, &c. so as to make the whole Work a complete Commentary upon Roman Domestic Economy.'

Every one will have observed how much more is said, in the current notices of the subterranean antiquities of the tract about Vesuvius, of the Pompeian than of the Herculanean discoveries. The case is, that but small progress, comparatively, has been made or attempted in the excavation of Herculaneum: indeed, Sir W. Gell says it is now discontinued. The operation was exceedingly difficult and toilsome, in consequence of the great depth (from sixty to more than a hundred feet) at which that city is buried, and of the much harder quality of the superincumbent substances, consisting of vast strata of stony mud and lava. Many objects of curiosity have indeed been discovered and brought up; but there is no such thing as laying the city open to the light. Nor are there any extensive cavern spaces to be viewed by going down, as the excavation has been carried on by conveying the materials removed at each stage into the spaces which had previously been cleared. Some of the travellers who have descended, have described the scene below as having the appearance of a gloomy and hideous pit. Pompeii, on the contrary, was lost under but a thin covering of ashes and pumice, with a smaller proportion of mud and pebbles.

'The excavations afford an opportunity of observing, that the ruin of Pompeii was not effected by an uniform shower of cinders, or pumice-stones. A section near the amphitheatre, gives the general proportions of the mass under which the city is buried to the depth of about twenty feet. Separating the whole into five portions, we shall find the first three to consist of pumice-stone in small pieces resembling a light white cinder, and covering the pavement to the depth of twelve feet: the next portion is composed of six parts, beginning with a stratum of small black stones, not more than three

inches in thickness; to this succeeds a thin layer of mud, or earth which has been mixed with water, and appears to have been deposited in a liquid state; upon this lies another thin stratum of little stones, of a mixed hue, in which blue predominates; a second stratum of mud, separated from a third by a thin wavy line of mixed blue stones, completes the fourth portion; while the fifth or highest division consists entirely of vegetable earth, principally formed by the gradual decomposition of the volcanic matter from the date of the eruption to the present day.'

'The strata of mud were discharged in a very liquid state from the mountain, an event by no means uncommon during later eruptions: and it is from this circumstance that vaulted passages, of which the covering still remains entire, are usually found as completely full of the deposition as the open courts, or the chambers where the roofs have been consumed.'

The disappearance of the city was not so entire, at the time of its destruction, as we have been accustomed to imagine. The deposition of volcanic matter was not of a depth to cover the higher parts of the greater structures, or even, in many cases, of the more ordinary ones. It appears that the upper stories of many of the houses must have been left prominent above the surface, to be demolished for the materials, or to be reduced to rubbish, and ultimately covered with vegetation, in the lapse of time. Traces of some of them are found in staircases and pieces of the remaining walls. In many parts of the city, however, the upper stories were covered, and therefore have been preserved; 'but they seem to have been of very 'inferior consequence to the apartments on the ground-floor.' A small part of the top of the wall of one of the great public buildings has always remained in sight; but, till accident revealed the secret, it had been considered as only the relic of some structure founded on the surface. So palpable, however, in the opinion of Sir W. Gell, must the signs on the surface always have been of what was inhumed below, that he wonders the antiquaries should have failed to detect the lost city.

'The ruins of the city must always have appeared above the soil: with reference to this assertion, we may recollect, that Pompeii was called by the first excavators Civita, a name the spot seems to have borne some centuries previously, and which it had probably borne from the time of its destruction.'

'As the soil is generally raised but little higher than the top of the lower stories of the houses, the upper apartments and the public buildings might have nearly equalled the trees which now clothe the summit.'

'The ruins of Pompeii might have been observed by any traveller along the road.—No one, however, would have suspected how rich a mine of antiquities existed here, until a labourer, in the middle of the last century, found, in ploughing, a statue of brass; which cir-

cumstance being reported to the government, was one of the causes which led to the first excavations; and subsequently the accidental discovery of the temple of Isis, while some workmen were employed in the construction of a subterranous aqueduct, contributed not a little to confirm the expectations which had been excited. Since that period the operations have always been carrying on, with more or less activity, so that by degrees the whole will be cleared. In the mean time, notwithstanding the great attention which has been bestowed on the preservation of the monuments first found, they are beginning to suffer from the effects of that exposure which has taken place since their second birth. In the short space of time which has elapsed since their discovery, the alternations of winter and summer have generally effaced the paintings, and in many instances entirely stripped every trace of stucco from the walls.'—' So that we are not permitted to hope that the theatres, houses, or temples, constructed as they are of the most perishable materials, can remain for the satisfaction of posterity; and although in this point of view, it may be considered fortunate for the succeeding generation that the operation goes on so slowly, still too much cannot now be done to preserve the memory of what exists. The fortifications, however, which are in some parts built with solid blocks of stone, may yet remain for many centuries, as the Doric temple would have done, had it not been destroyed by external force; whereas a short period must suffice to destroy every vestige of the rest of the city, which is built of bricks and rubble work, without any pretension to durability or excellence of construction. The streets are curiously paved, with irregularly shaped pieces of black volcanic stone well put together, and generally exhibiting the tracks of wheels. The town was originally founded upon an ancient bed of lava, though there exists no record of an earlier eruption than that which destroyed it.'

The city is found in a state of very great dilapidation, which could not be caused by the descent of the dreadful volcanic showers which created its tomb. But a great earthquake accompanied the eruption; and the place is judged to have been very far from having recovered from the effects of a most destructive one which had happened sixteen years before. 'The 'workmen's tools are still in many instances found accompany-'ing the materials collected for the repair of the damages this 'earthquake had caused.'

Very striking memorials have occurred, of the gradual accumulation of the mass formed by these showers, and of the fate of such of the inhabitants as could not escape from the city, in the circumstance of skeletons found many feet above the ancient level. The victims had continued to struggle upward through the deepening stratum of ashes and mud. In one instance this had been done by a female, of whose bosom the mould, impressed in the substance which had subsequently hardened around her, is shewn in the Museum of Portici.

Before describing the sepulchral structures and monuments of Pompeii, Sir William adverts to the notions, feelings, customs, and enacted regulations of the ancient Romans respecting the dead, and gives an interesting representation of their funeral rites and commemorations. In general, they were very desirous to have their tombs placed in conspicuous and public situations, especially by the side of the great roads in the vicinity of the towns. It is striking and affecting thus to behold them seeking to relieve the gloom which oppressed their spirits in their hopeless darkness, or vague, cheerless superstition, respecting a future state, by expedients for making it unavoidable that those who should be alive when they were dead, should see their names, and perhaps sometimes talk of them. That also they, or their memory, might receive sometimes the expression of a transient farewell sentiment, appeared a matter of some importance to beings who had no assurance of surviving to be welcomed in another society.

T. LOLLIUS
HIC. PROPTER. VIAM. POSITUS
UT. DICANT. PRAETEREUNTES
LOLLI. VALE

There were at the same time some in whom either pride or a certain refinement of sentiment, repressed this desire of a vulgar publicity of their names.

'Some families still had burial places at their country-houses; not choosing to have their names exhibited to the popular gaze, or their memory recalled to animadversion. And thus Propertius:

Dii faciant, mea ne terra locet ossa frequenti,
Qua facit assiduo tramite vulgus iter.
Post mortem tumuli sic infamantur amantum.
. . . . . .
Non juvat in media nomen habere via.'

This feeling expressed in contrariety to the general passion for vulgar monumental exposure, is beyond all comparison in better taste, independently of any sentiment of pride, or apprehension of being made the subject of discussion and censorious opinion. It is far more consonant to the solemnity of death, as a total, final withdrawment from the active system of the world. How obvious, too, is the greater congeniality of a seclusion of the memorials of the departed, with the sacredness of a pensive, affectionate remembrance in the surviving friends! Still, if we consider the natural effect of having no decided hold by faith of an invisible world, in combination with that instinctive reluctance to let go entirely the present state, which even Christian hope can seldom wholly suspend, we shall not greatly wonder at the eagerness to retain any possible connexion with the busy scene. We shall not, therefore, wonder that in the prospect of leaving

it, so many of those dark heathen spirits should have solicitously provided for memorials to retain them in some kind of fancied presence in its most thronged social situations. Our Author cites some examples of the care, particularity, and precaution with which testamentary appointments for this purpose were made.

There is one of the enumerated modes of monumental celebration, of which it really is not easy to conceive how it could be felt compatible with any dignified ideas of death and departed excellence. According to our associations with the subject, it would inevitably bear the character of a burlesque show, instead of a solemn commemoration. This was the custom of bringing out, as a part of the funeral ceremonies for persons recently deceased, waxen busts, which had been made in resemblance of the ancestors of those persons, to be publicly exhibited, in the robes, and with the insignia appropriate to their offices and dignities and drawn in chariots to the forum, there to be placed 'in 'the same curule chairs with which when alive they had been 'privileged.' The orator for the occasion, when he had exhausted all the topics of eulogy of the person lately dead, went back to celebrate the virtues and exploits of those former personages whose images were thus exposed in ludicrous pomp, endeavouring to make their examples and honours an incitement to the virtuous ambition of the descendants and all the beholders. 'To modern feelings,' says our Author, 'it is difficult to con-'ceive other than ludicrous effects from the display of a wax-'work ancestry; yet we have the testimony of more than one 'ancient to the good result of such exhibition.'*

The detailed survey of the city begins with the 'Street of the 'Tombs.' In the approach to Pompeii from Naples,

'both sides of the road, for nearly a furlong before entering the city, are occupied by tombs and public monuments, intermixed with shops; in front of the latter, arcades were constructed, affording shelter from the rays of the sun, or inclemency of the weather. The carriage way, *or agger*, exhibiting the tracks or ruts worn by chariots, is narrow, seldom exceeding fourteen feet in width, with foot-ways, *or margines*, on each side, varying from four to six, elevated above the road about a foot, and separated therefrom by a curb and guard stones, raised about sixteen inches, and placed at intervals of from ten to twelve feet asunder.' 'The ruts are sometimes four inches deep; the wheels seem to have been about three inches wide, and from three feet to three feet six inches apart. The wheels of a modern carriage are about four feet six inches.'

'The street of the tombs, as far as hitherto discovered, contains

* 'Sæpe audivi, Q. Maximum, P. Scipionem, præterea civitatis nostræ præclaros viros, solitos dicere; cum majorum imagines intuerentur, vehementissime accendi. Sallust.'

the monuments of those alone who had borne some office in the state; and, in most cases, the ground on which they are respectively erected was voted by the public. From the latter circumstance it may be inferred, that this quarter was especially reserved for that purpose, while we may presume that the places appropriated for general sepulture were more removed from the city.'

These tombs are large structures, of different forms, and generally, but not in every instance, bearing, in conspicuous inscriptions, the names of the persons for whom they were raised, with explanatory additions respecting the offices, merits, and appointments through which this monumental honour was obtained. They are also decorated with carvings and paintings, some of emblematical, and some of literal meaning. The tomb of Scaurus, which is described as the most remarkable one yet found,

' is covered with extremely low relievos, painted, of gladiatorial combats. The gladiators of Ampliatus, whose names and fate appear to have been written over their likenesses, lions, bears, panthers, bulls, wolves, and rabbits, with dogs, stags, and non-descripts, all seem to have been brought upon the scene for the entertainment of the Pompeians, and the satisfaction of Scaurus's ghost.'

The inscription mentions that two thousand sesterces had been assigned by the decurions for the expense of the funeral ceremonies, of which the show of gladiators must have been the principal part. On this it is remarked, that unless a character expressing another thousand has been broken off, ' Human blood ' must have been cheap, when 16l. 2s. 11d. could produce so ' much upon the arena.' The sepulchral interior recess is ' un- ' decorated, about seven feet square, vaulted, and surrounded with ' small niches, four on each side, except that of entrance, where ' the space of two is occupied with the door-way. In the centre ' is a square pillar, which reaches to and supports the ceiling, ' leaving a space round of not more than two feet: it is pierced ' each way with a niche, perhaps for a lamp. An opening for ' light was opposite the door.' It is not said, but may be presumed, that urns and ashes were found in this apartment. It is mentioned that at a spot in the neighbourhood, ' were two sub- ' terranean depositories, now covered up, in which cinerary urns ' were discovered; one of glass, with a cover of the same mate- ' rial, was placed within another of baked earth, and the whole ' enveloped in a third of lead.' In the arched interior of another tomb, ' several vases were found. The door is curious, being of ' marble, little more than three feet high, two feet nine inches ' wide, four inches and a half thick, and moved on pivots formed ' out of the same block. Doors thus constructed seldom opened ' without noise.'

' The interior of the tomb of Nævoleia Tyche was about six feet six inches square, ill stuccoed, arched, and niches formed around for

the reception of cinerary urns. Some were of coarse earth; three others, about fifteen inches high, were of glass, and contained bones, with a liquid, which, upon analysis, was considered to be composed of water, wine, and oil. Each had a lamp, and piece of money for Charon: more lamps were ready in the corner; they were of red common earth.'

It is predicted, that the walls which encircled the city will remain, when all that they were raised to enclose and defend shall have perished.

'They are built with a receding face of large stones, sometimes four to five feet long, laid in horizontal beds; the joints between the blocks, in each course, not preserved upright, but inclining more or less to the plane of the horizon: a style of masonry common to many of the Etruscan cities. They are partly well put together; but with an extraordinary admixture of rubble work, and predominance of the species of brick work called reticulatum, exhibiting an appearance strongly resembling that of some modern Turkish fortresses, where the works, originally Greek, and well constructed, have descended through a series of barbarous possessors, and undergone many centuries of ill-judged repairs.

'Towers are placed at unequal intervals, twenty-seven feet by thirty-three, projecting forward seven, and composed of rubble walls, three feet in thickness, in three stories: between them, supported by a double wall, ranged the ramparts; the whole nearly twenty feet wide, including the two walls, and varying in height from the ground twenty-five to thirty, according to the local level. They communicated through the towers by arched door-ways, on the third or upper story. Embattled parapets were raised upon the outer and inner edge of the rampart: they formed, in appearance, a double line of defence for the town, that nearest the city being some feet higher than the outer. The outer wall of the tower seems invariably to have fallen.

'Five principal entrances have been discovered to the city, two of which only are worthy of notice. The principal, towards Herculaneum and Naples, is about forty-seven feet in depth; its whole extent forty-two. It consisted of an outer and an inner wall, each perforated with three arched openings; the intermediate space being probably left open to the sky, except the lateral ways for foot-passengers, which communicated with the uncovered area in the centre, by two arched openings on each side. A portcullis closed the centre archway, about seven feet distant from the front; and, with another gate on the inside, formed a double security.'

Almost immediately within this gate, is an inn or post-house.

'Chequers are exhibited at the side of the door-way. The bones of horses were found in the stables; and in the cellar, large earthen vases for wine. Rings for tying the horses, and three cars, were found; the wheels light, and *dished* much like the modern; four feet three inches diameter; ten spokes, a little thicker at each end.'

'Guard stones, for mounting horses, were placed, by the law of C. Gracchus de viis muniendis. The holes may here be observed in the curb for passing the halter.'

As that enchanted feeling with which we go back into ancient times, seeks to bring us in contact with the beings of those times *as living*, and as divested of all public formality and pomp, the thoughtful and imaginative visitant of the city will feel a more intense interest in the inspection of the dwelling-houses than of any other of its structures. But, if he should advance to this inspection with his fancy filled with images of Roman magnificence, and prepared to find something of a majestic character adhering to every thing in the economy of that imperial nation, he will feel a strange disappointment in viewing the abodes which contented the generality of these partakers of the empire of the world.

'Pompeii remained, to its fall, a city of lanes rather than of streets. The general uniformity of plan, (in the structure and arrangement of the houses,) admitted considerable variety in the detail; but they were all attended with imperfections repugnant to modern ideas of taste and convenience. The absence of chimneys entirely, and windows generally, may be particularly noticed. The only light received in the rooms was through an aperture formed in or over the door; and even this was borrowed. But we are to recollect that the Romans were not a "Genus ignavum, quod tecto gaudet et umbrâ;" not a domestic people: their society was to be sought in the Forum, and porticoes.

'Good foundations, and stout walls, were not considered of essential consequence, where the skill of the architect was rather directed to the exclusion of heat, than precaution against the less mild months of the year. Hence we find scarcely a house in the whole city of Pompeii, of which the walls are not considerably indebted for their durability to the plaster with which they are covered. Ill built, of the worst brick and rubble work, with mortar generally but insufficiently mixed, their thickness in few instances appears adequate to the services they were intended to perform. Sometimes, however, the plaster is very excellent.'

In the detailed description of a house of quite the aristocratic order, (that of Pansa,) it is noticed that,

'no fire-place exists, nor do any flues remain, by which the house could have been warmed by means of a stove, præfurnium, or hypocaust: for this purpose, in all probability, only braziers were used, with charcoal, as they are frequently found.'

In the account of another house of the same superior order, there is occasion to notice, and to notice as not peculiar to that house, a strange want of good order and good taste in arrangements involving the decencies of civilized life. It has also been told often enough by travellers, that the signs in front of some of the shops, (as of those of the bakers,) are flagrant violations of decorum.

One of the chief of the many circumstances of difference between this ancient domestic architecture and the modern, is the

internal court, round which the apartments were arranged, and lighted entirely from within, so that the exterior presented only a dead wall. The inducements to the adoption of this plan were, seclusion from observation, protection, and jealousy as to the female portion of the family. The apartments for the accommodation of private life, appear to have been what we should deem very inconveniently small, even in those houses of the more stately rank which had circumstances of exterior magnificence, 'a vestibulum, a lofty atrium, with an ample peristyle, and ambulatories.' They were, however, highly ornamented.

'The smallest apartments were lined with stucco, painted in the most brilliant and endless variety of colours, in compartments, simply tinted with a light ground, surrounded by a border, sometimes embellished with a single figure, or subject, in the centre, or at equal distances, and every where exhibiting that taste each individual of Pompeii seems to have been anxious to display. These paintings were very frequently of history, but embrace every variety of subject, some of the most exquisite beauty. Greek artists seem to have been employed; indeed native painters were few, while the former every where abounded.'

There are some interesting observations on the character and merits of this ancient painting, of which the praise, strongly expressed as to some of its characteristics, is strongly qualified as to others. Architectural delineations often occur, of which a number are represented in the engravings. 'Many are continually found,' say our Authors, 'in which it is easy to trace the 'true principles of perspective; but they are rather indicated 'than minutely expressed, or accurately displayed; whereas, in 'most instances, a total want of the knowledge of this art is 'but too evident.'

The description is, perhaps, the most gratifying when it goes into such details as the following.

'The doors, formed of wood, are never found complete; this material, being always reduced to carbon, retaining only the general form. Fir appears to have been much used. The doors revolved upon pivots, and were fastened by bolts, which hung from chains. The windows were sometimes glazed; [a glazed bow-window was found in one instance;] they were closed at night by shutters, not too well put together; but the gaping chinks were covered with curtains. Of wood were also the bedsteads, though sometimes of iron: but beds were more generally made merely of carpets and vests spread upon the ground.

'It does not enter within the plan of this work to give detailed accounts of every article of household furniture or convenience found at Pompeii: suffice it to say, that almost every variety is to be met with in the museum of Portici. Implements of silver, brass, stone, earthenware vases of all sizes, adapted to every use, whether sacred or profane; trumpets, bells, gridirons, colanders, saucepans, some

lined with silver, kettles, ladles, moulds for jelly or pastry, urns for keeping water hot, upon the principle of the modern tea-urn, lanterns with horn, spits; in short, almost every article of kitchen or other furniture now in use, except forks. Chains, bolts, scourges, portable fire-places, with contrivances for heating water; dice, (some said to be loaded;) a complete toilet, with combs, thimbles, rings, paint, ear-rings, with pearls; pins for the hair, but no diamonds; almonds, dates, nuts, figs, grapes, eggs, raisins, and chesnuts.'

In that museum there is a loaf of bread, eight inches diameter, with a stamp expressing its quality and the baker's name. Several remarkable particulars are mentioned, of the kind of which we have expressed our wish that there had been more. For instance; in the rooms around the square called the Soldiers' Quarters, were found the decayed bones of legs and arms retained by iron fetters. Near the gate towards Naples, in a recess, was found a skeleton grasping a lance,—no doubt a sentinel, whom the terrors of earthquake and volcano could not drive from his post. In a room near the temple of Isis, was a skeleton, near which was a plate containing fish bones, while the utensils used in cooking that fish were discovered in the kitchen. In a recent excavation near the Forum, on the removal of the new soil, about eighteen inches thick, 'a body was found scarcely covered 'with the volcanic matter, being ten feet above the ancient pave-'ment: wrapped in a cloth were 360 pieces of silver, 42 bronze, 'and 8 small imperial gold coins.' In the description of the Forum, temples, and theatres, our Authors rate rather low the architectural science and taste of the Pompeian builders. A good deal of the Greek is retained in several of the structures, but in a very corrupted and debased style. We must here close the notice of this interesting and valuable work.

Art. IV. *Lamia, Isabella, The Eve of St. Agnes, and other Poems.* By John Keats. Author of Endymion. fcap 8vo. pp. 199. Price 7s. 6d. London. 1820.

IT is just three years since we were called upon to review Mr. Keats's first production. We then gave it as our opinion, that he was not incapable of writing good poetry, that he possessed both the requisite fancy and skill; but we regretted that a young man of his vivid imagination and promising talents should have been flattered into the resolution to publish verses of which he would probably be glad a few years after to escape from the remembrance. It is our practice, when a young writer appears for the first time as a candidate for public favour, to look to the indications of ability which are to be detected in his performance, rather than to its intrinsic merits. There is a wasteful efflorescence that must be thrown off before the intellect attains its maturity. The mind is then at a critical period: there is equal

danger of its lavishing all its strength in the abortive promise of excellence, and of its being blighted by unjust discouragement. Such appeared to us to be then the situation of Mr. Keats; and in the spirit of candour and of kindness, we made those remarks on his volume which were designed at once to guide and to excite his future exertions, but for which he manfully disdained to be the wiser. His next production had the good fortune to fall into the hands of critics who rarely deal in either half-praise or half-censure, and whose severity of censure can at least confer notoriety upon the offender. According to his own account, the Author of Endymion must, while smarting under their unsparing lash, have claimed pity almost equally on account of his mortified feelings and his infidel creed; for, in the preface to that 'feverish attempt,' he avows his conviction 'that there is not a 'fiercer hell than the failure in a great object.' How complete was his failure in that matchless tissue of sparkling and delicious nonsense, his Publishers frankly confess in an Advertisement prefixed to the present volume, wherein they take upon themselves the responsibility of printing an unfinished poem in the same strain, from proceeding with which the Author was discouraged by the reception given to that poem. And yet, under the sanction, we presume, of the same advisers, Mr. Keats has ventured to proclaim himself in his title-page as the unfortunate 'Author 'of Endymion.' Are we to gather from this, that he is vain and foolish enough to wish that production not to be forgotten?

The present volume, however, we have been assured, contains something much better. Startled as we were at the appearance of the ghost of Endymion in the title, we endeavoured, on renewing our acquaintance with its Author, to banish from our recollection the unpropitious circumstances under which we had last met, and, as it is now too late to expect that he will exhibit any material change as the result of further intellectual growth, to take a fresh and final estimate of his talents and pretensions as they may be judged of from the volume before us. The evidence on which our opinion is formed, shall now be laid before our readers. One naturally turns first to the shorter pieces, in order to taste the flavour of the poetry. The following ode to Autumn is no unfavourable specimen.

'SEASON of mists and mellow fruitfulness,
Close bosom-friend of the maturing sun;
Conspiring with him how to load and bless
With fruit the vines that round the thatch-eves run;
To bend with apples the moss'd cottage-trees,
And fill all fruit with ripeness to the core;
To swell the gourd, and plump the hazel shells
With a sweet kernel; to set budding more,
And still more, later flowers for the bees,

Until they think warm days will never cease,
For Summer has o'er-brimm'd their clammy cells.

'Who hath not seen thee oft amid thy store?
Sometimes whoever seeks abroad may find
Thee sitting careless on a granary floor,
Thy hair soft-lifted by the winnowing wind;
Or on a half-reap'd furrow sound asleep,
Drows'd with the fume of poppies, while thy hook
Spares the next swath and all its twined flowers:
And sometimes like a gleaner thou dost keep
Steady thy laden head across a brook;
Or by a cyder press, with patient look,
Thou watchest the last oozings hours by hours.

'Where are the songs of Spring? Ay, where are they?
Think not of them, thou hast thy music too,—
While barred clouds bloom the soft-dying day,
And touch the stubble-plains with rosy hue;
Then in a wailful choir the small gnats mourn
Among the river sallows, borne aloft
Or sinking as the light wind lives or dies;
And full-grown lambs loud bleat from hilly bourn;
Hedge-crickets sing; and now with treble soft
The red-breast whistles from a garden-croft;
And gathering swallows twitter in the skies.' pp. 137—9.

Fancy has again and again been hymned in lays Pindaric or Anacreontic, but not often in more pleasing and spirited numbers than the following.

'Ever let the Fancy roam,
Pleasure never is at home:
At a touch sweet Pleasure melteth,
Like to bubbles when rain pelteth;
Then let winged Fancy wander
Through the thought still spread beyond her;
Open wide the mind's cage door,
She'll dart forth, and cloudward soar.
O sweet Fancy! let her loose:
Summer's joys are spoilt by use,
And the enjoying of the Spring
Fades as does its blossoming;
Autumn's red-lipp'd fruitage too,
Blushing through the mist and dew,
Cloys with tasting: What do then?
Sit thee by the ingle, when
The sear faggot blazes bright,
Spirit of a winter's night;
When the soundless earth is muffled,
And the caked snow is shuffled
From the ploughboy's heavy shoon;
When the Night doth meet the Noon

In a dark conspiracy
To banish Even from her sky.
Sit thee there, and send abroad,
With a mind self-overaw'd,
Fancy, high commission'd:—send her!
She has vassals to attend her:
She will bring, in spite of frost,
Beauties that the earth hath lost;
She will bring thee, all together,
All delights of summer weather;
All the buds and bells of May,
From dewy sward or thorny spray;
All the heaped Autumn's wealth,
With a still, mysterious stealth;
She will mix these pleasures up
Like three fit wines in a cup,
And thou shalt quaff it:—thou shalt hear
Distant harvest-carols clear;
Rustle of the reaped corn;
Sweet birds antheming the morn:
And, in the same moment—hark!
'Tis the early April lark,
Or the rooks, with busy caw,
Foraging for sticks and straw.
Thou shalt, at one glance, behold
The daisy and the marigold;
White-plum'd lilies, and the first
Hedge-grown primrose that hath burst;
Shaded hyacinth, alway
Sapphire queen of the mid-May;
And every leaf, and every flower
Pearled with the self-same shower.
Thou shalt see the field-mouse peep
Meagre from its celled sleep;
And the snake all winter-thin
Cast on sunny bank its skin;
Freckled nest-eggs thou shalt see
Hatching in the hawthorn-tree,
When the hen-bird's wing doth rest
Quiet on her mossy nest;
Then the hurry and alarm
When the bee-hive casts its swarm;
Acorns ripe down-pattering,
While the autumn breezes sing.' pp. 122—5.

The lines addressed to a friend, on Robin Hood, are in the same light and sportive style.

'No! those days are gone away,
And their hours are old and gray,
And their minutes buried all
Under the down-trodden pall

Of the leaves of many years:
Many times have winter's shears,
Frozen North, and chilling East,
Sounded tempests to the feast
Of the forest's whispering fleeces,
Since men knew nor rent nor leases.

'No, the bugle sounds no more,
And the twanging bow no more;
Silent is the ivory shrill
Past the heath and up the hill;
There is no mid-forest laugh,
Where lone Echo gives the half
To some wight, amaz'd to hear
Jesting, deep in forest drear.

'On the fairest time of June
You may go, with sun or moon,
Or the seven stars to light you,
Or the polar ray to right you;
But you never may behold
Little John, or Robin bold;
Never one, of all the clan,
Thrumming on an empty can
Some old hunting ditty, while
He doth his green way beguile
To fair hostess Merriment,
Down beside the pasture Trent;
For he left the merry tale
Messenger for spicy ale.

'Gone, the merry morris din;
Gone, the song of Gamelyn;
Gone, the tough-belted outlaw
Idling in the "grenè shawe;"
All are gone away and past!
And if Robin should be cast
Sudden from his turfed grave,
And if Marian should have
Once again her forest days,
She would weep, and he would craze:
He would swear, for all his oaks,
Fall'n beneath the dockyard strokes,
Have rotted on the briny seas;
She would weep that her wild bees
Sang not to her—strange! that honey
Can't be got without hard money!

'So it is: yet let us sing,
Honour to the old bow-string!
Honour to the bugle-horn!
Honour to the woods unshorn!
Honour to the Lincoln green!
Honour to the archer keen!

Honour to tight little John,
And the horse he rode upon!
Honour to bold Robin Hood,
Sleeping in the underwood!
Honour to maid Marian,
And to all the Sherwood-clan!
Though their days have hurried by
Let us two a burden try.' pp. 133—136.

Of the longer pieces, Lamia is decidedly the best. The story on which it is built, is taken from the rich repository of old Burton, who cites from Philostratus the memorable account of one Menippus Lycius, 'a young man twenty-five years of age, that 'going betwixt Cenchreas and Corinth, met a phantasm in the 'habit of a fair gentlewoman, which taking him by the hand, 'carried him home to her house in the suburbs of Corinth, and 'told him she was a Phœnician by birth, and if he would tarry 'with her, he should hear her sing and play, and drink such 'wine as never any drank, and no man should molest him; but 'she, being fair and lovely, would live and die with him, that 'was lovely to behold. The young man tarried with her awhile 'to his great content, and at last married her, to whose wedding, 'amongst other guests, came Apollonius; who, by some proba-'ble conjectures, found her out to be a serpent, a lamia; and 'that all her furniture was like Tantalus's gold, no substance, 'but mere illusions. When she saw herself descried, she wept 'and desired Apollonius to be silent, but he would not be moved, 'and thereupon she, plate, house, and all that was in it, va-'nished in an instant. Many thousands,' it is added, 'took no-'tice of the fact, for it was done in the midst of Greece.' This sort of semi-allegorical legend is of the same family of fictions as the Vampire. The plain matter of fact which it envelops, would seem to be, the case of a young man of good talents and respectable connexions, that falls in love with a rich courtezan who has the address to persuade him to marry her. The spell of her charms and her ill-gotten wealth naturally enough dissolve together, and her victim at last discovers her to be—*a lamia*. The story thus interpreted is not without a moral; though Mr. Keats does not make use of it. His account of the transaction is as follows. 'Upon a time,' or, as Mother Bunch has it with stricter precision, once upon a time,

'before the faery broods
Drove Nymph and Satyr from the prosperous woods,
The *ever-smitten* Hermes'

left Olympus for a forest in the isle of Crete, in search of an invisible mistress who lived somewhere or other in that neighbourhood; where, his god-ship could not tell. Here his atten-

tion is arrested by a mournful voice that issues from 'a palpi-
'tating snake,'

'——— a gordian shape of dazzling hue,
Vermillion-spotted, golden, green, and blue;
Striped like a zebra, freckled like a pard,
Eyed like a peacock, and all crimson barr'd;
And full of silver moons, that, as she breathed,
Dissolv'd, or brighter shone, or interwreathed
Their lustres with the gloomier tapestries—
So rainbow-sided, touch'd with miseries,
She seem'd, at once, some penanced lady elf,
Some demon's mistress, or the demon's self.
Upon her crest she wore a wannish fire
Sprinkled with stars, like Ariadne's tiar:
Her head was serpent, but ah, bitter-sweet!
She had a woman's mouth with all its pearls complete:
And for her eyes: what could such eyes do there
But weep, and weep, that they were born so fair?
As Proserpine still weeps for her Sicilian air.
Her throat was serpent, but the words she spake
Came, as through bubbling honey, for Love's sake.' pp. 6, 7.

This feminine incarnation of the Evil Principle is fortunately acquainted with what Hermes wants to know, and a bargain is soon struck between them, by which, as a reward for her obligingly acting as a procuress, she is restored, by virtue of 'the 'Caducean charm,' to the shape of woman, according to the tenour of her demand:

'I love a youth of Corinth—O the bliss!
Give me my woman's form, and place me where he is.'

All this, not being in Burton, we take it for granted is out of Mr. Keats's own head, as the children say; except so far as Mr. Coleridge may have helped him to the portrait of the serpent-elf, in his Christabel. The metamorphose is thus described.

'Left to herself, the serpent now began
To change; her elfin blood in madness ran;
Her mouth foam'd, and the grass, therewith besprent,
Wither'd at dew so sweet and virulent;
Her eyes in torture fix'd, and anguish drear,
Hot, glaz'd, and wide, with lid-lashes all sear,
Flash'd phosphor and sharp sparks, without one cooling tear.
The colours all inflam'd throughout her train,
She writh'd about, convuls'd with scarlet pain:
A deep volcanian yellow took the place
Of all her milder-mooned body's grace;
And, as the lava ravishes the mead,
Spoilt all her silver mail, and golden brede;
Made gloom of all her frecklings, streaks and bars,
Eclips'd her crescents, and lick'd up her stars:

So that, in moments few, she was undrest
Of all her sapphires, greens, and amethyst,
And rubious-argent: of all these bereft,
Nothing but pain and ugliness were left.
Still shone her crown: that vanish'd, also she
Melted and disappear'd as suddenly;
And in the air, her new voice luting soft,
Cried, " Lycius! gentle Lycius!" '—pp11—13.

Away she flies, to waylay the said Lycius, who, as a matter of course, is deeply smitten with her, mistakes her for a naiad, or a dryad, or a pleïad, he cannot tell which, till she throws off the assumed goddess, and ' wins his heart more pleasantly by ' playing woman's part:' in short, he goes home with her. In the enchanted palace to which she conducts him, he lies, like most heroes in similar toils, all dissolved in luxury, till he begins to be tired of doing nothing but being happy, and is one day roused by ' a thrill of trumpets,' into the desire to revisit the noisy world. He wishes, in plain English, to drive his lady out through the streets of Corinth, that his friends may see her beauty and envy him; and he talks of a bridal feast. His lady reluctantly consents, on the condition tha told Apollonius should not be invited; and she proceeds to fit up the hall accordingly, by the help of her demon-servitors, for the occasion. The day arrives, the gossip rout of guests enter, and among the rest, but self-invited, the philosopher; the feast, however, goes forward, the music floats along the perfumed air,—but

' Philosophy will clip an Angel's wings,
Conquer all mysteries by rule and line,
Empty the haunted air and gnomed mine—
Unweave a rainbow, as it erewhile made
The *tender-person'd* Lamia melt into a shade.'

Lycius pledges his old master in a bumper; father bald-head makes no answer, but fixes his eye ' without a twinkle' on the alarmed beauty of the bride,

' Browbeating her fair form and troubling her sweet pride.'

Her lover, seeing her start and turn pale, asks her a very silly and insulting question, considering the previous warning she had given him; to wit, whether she knew that man.

——— ' Poor Lamia answer'd not.
He gaz'd into her eyes, and not a jot
Own'd they the lovelorn piteous appeal:
More, more he gaz'd: his human senses reel:
Some hungry spell that loveliness absorbs;
There was no recognition in those orbs.
" Lamia!" he cried—and no soft-toned reply.
The many heard, and the loud revelry

Grew hush; the stately music no more breathes;
The myrtle sicken'd in a thousand wreaths.
By faint degrees, voice, lute, and pleasure ceased;
A deadly silence step by step increased,
Until it seem'd a horrid presence there,
And not a man but felt the terror in his hair.
" Lamia!" he shriek'd; and nothing but the shriek
With its sad echo did the silence break.
" Begone, foul dream!" he cried, gazing again
In the bride's face, where now no azure vein
Wander'd on fair-spaced temples; no soft bloom
Misted the cheek; no passion to illume
The deep-recessed vision:—all was blight;
Lamia, no longer fair, there sat a deadly white.
" Shut, shut those juggling eyes, thou ruthless man!
" Turn them aside, wretch! or the righteous ban
" Of all the Gods, whose dreadful images
" Here represent their shadowy presences,
" May pierce them on the sudden with the thorn
" Of painful blindness; leaving thee forlorn,
" In trembling dotage to the feeblest fright
" Of conscience, for their long offended might,
" For all thine impious proud-heart sophistries,
" Unlawful magic, and enticing lies.
" Corinthians! look upon that gray-beard wretch!
" Mark how, possess'd, his lashless eyelids stretch
" Around his demon eyes! Corinthians, see!
" My sweet bride withers at their potency."
" Fool!" said the sophist, in an under-tone
Gruff with contempt; which a death-nighing moan
From Lycius answer'd, as heart-struck and lost,
He sank supine beside the aching ghost.
" Fool! Fool!" repeated he, while his eyes still
Relented not, nor mov'd; " from every ill
" Of life have I preserv'd thee to this day,
" And shall I see thee made a serpent's prey?"
Then Lamia breath'd death breath; the sophist's eye,
Like a sharp spear, went through her utterly,
Keen, cruel, perceant, stinging: she, as well
As her weak hand could any meaning tell,
Motion'd him to be silent; vainly so,
He look'd and look'd again a level—No!
" A Serpent!" echoed he; no sooner said,
Than with a frightful scream she vanished:
And Lycius' arms were empty of delight,
As were his limbs of life, from that same night.
On the high couch he lay!—his friends came round—
Supported him—no pulse, or breath they found,
And, in its marriage robe, the heavy body wound.' pp. 42—45.

Isabella, or the Pot of Basil, is founded on a tale in the Decameron. A poetical rival of Mr. Keats, whose volumes are now on our table, has taken the same subject in his 'Sicilian Story;' and in a future Number, we shall, perhaps, afford our readers the opportunity of comparing the different versions. The Eve of St. Agnes, is the story of a young damsel of high degree, who loves the son of her father's foe. Having heard that upon St. Agnes' eve, young virgins might, if they would go to bed supperless, and perform certain other rites, enjoy a vision of their lovers, she determines to try the spell; and Young Porphyro, who learns her purpose from her Duenna, resolves to fulfil the legend *in propriâ personâ*. Every thing succeeds to admiration; Madeline is quite delighted when she finds the supposed vision is a palpable reality; and while all in the castle are asleep, they elope together; the old nurse dies in the night; and thus endeth the tale. A few stanzas must suffice for further extracts:—

'Full on this casement shone the wintry moon,
And threw warm gules on Madeline's fair breast,
As down she knelt for heaven's grace and boon;
Rose-bloom fell on her hands, together prest,
And on her silver cross soft amethyst,
And on her hair a glory, like a saint:
She seem'd a splendid angel, newly drest,
Save wings, for heaven:—Porphyro grew faint:
She knelt, so pure a thing, so free from mortal taint.

'Soon, trembling in her soft and chilly nest,
In sort of wakeful swoon, perplex'd she lay,
Until the poppied warmth of sleep oppress'd
Her soothed limbs, and soul fatigued away;
Flown, like a thought, until the morrow-day;
Blissfully haven'd both from joy and pain;
Clasp'd like a missal where swart Paynims pray;
Blinded alike from sunshine and from rain,
As though a rose should shut, and be a bud again.

'Stol'n to this paradise, and so entranced,
Porphyro gazed upon her empty dress,
And listen'd to her breathing, if it chanced
To wake into a slumberous tenderness;
Which when he heard, that minute did he bless,
And breath'd himself: then from the closet crept,
Noiseless as fear in a wide wilderness,
And over the hush'd carpet, silent, stept,
And 'tween the curtains peep'd, where, lo!—how fast she slept.

'Awakening up, he took her hollow lute,—
Tumultuous,—and, in chords that tenderest be,
He play'd an ancient ditty, long since mute,
In Provence call'd, "La belle dame sans mercy:"

Close to her ear touching the melody;—
Wherewith disturb'd, she utter'd a soft moan:
He ceased—she panted quick—and suddenly
Her blue affrayed eyes wide open shone:
Upon his knees he sank, pale as smooth-sculptured stone.

'Her eyes were open, but she still beheld,
Now wide awake, the vision of her sleep:
There was a painful change, that nigh expell'd
The blisses of her dream so pure and deep
At which fair Madeline began to weep,
And moan forth witless words with many a sigh;
While still her gaze on Porphyro would keep;
Who knelt, with joined hands and piteous eye,
Fearing to move or speak, she look'd so dreamingly.

'"Ah, Porphyro!" said she, "but even now
"Thy voice was at sweet tremble in mine ear,
"Made tuneable with every sweetest vow;
"And those sad eyes were spiritual and clear:
"How chang'd thou art! how pallid, chill, and drear!
"Give me that voice again, my Porphyro,
"Those looks immortal, those co m plainings dear!
"Oh leave me not in this eternal woe,
"For if thou diest, my Love, I know not where to go."
* * * * * *

'She hurried at his words, beset with fears,
For there were sleeping dragons all around,
At glaring watch, perhaps, with ready spears—
Down the wide stairs a darkling way they found.—
In all the house was heard no human sound.
A chain-droop'd lamp was flickering by each door;
The arras, rich with horseman, hawk, and hound;
Flutter'd in the besieging wind's uproar;
And the long carpets rose along the gusty floor.

'They glide, like phantoms, into the wide hall;
Like phantoms, to the iron porch, they glide;
Where lay the Porter, in uneasy sprawl,
With a huge empty flaggon by his side:
The wakeful bloodhound rose, and shook his hide,
But his sagacious eye an inmate owns:
By one, and one, the bolts full easy slide:—
The chains lie silent on the footworn stones;—
The key turns, and the door upon its hinges groans.

'And they are gone: ay, ages long ago
These lovers fled away into the storm.
That night the Baron dreamt of many a woe,
And all his warrior-guests, with shade and form
Of witch, and demon, and large coffin-worm,
Were long be-nightmar'd. Angela the old
Died palsy-twitch'd, with meagre face deform;
The Beadsman, after thousand aves told,
For aye unsought for slept among his ashes cold.' pp. 95—10

We have laid before our readers these copious extracts from Mr. Keats's present volume, without any comment, in order that he might have the full benefit of pleading his own cause: there they are, and they can be made to speak neither more nor less in his favour than they have already testified.

Mr. Keats, it will be sufficiently evident, is a young man—whatever be his age, we must consider him as still but a young man,—possessed of an elegant fancy, a warm and lively imagination, and something above the average talents of persons who take to writing poetry. Poetry is his mistress,—we were going to say, his *Lamia*, for we suspect that she has proved a syren, that her wine is drugged, and that her treasures will be found to be like the gold of Tantalus. Mr. Keats has given his whole soul to 'plotting and fitting himself for verses fit to live;' and the consequence is, that he has produced verses which, if we mistake not, will not live very long, though they will live as long as they deserve. The exclusive cultivation of the imagination is always attended by a dwindling or contraction of the other powers of the mind. This effect has often been remarked upon: it is the penalty which second-rate genius pays for the distinction purchased by the exhaustion of its whole strength in that one direction, or upon that one object, that has seized upon the fancy; and it is the true source of affectation and eccentricity. In no other way can we account for the imbecility of judgement, the want of sober calculation, the intense enthusiasm about mean or trivial objects, and the real emptiness of mind, which are sometimes found connected with distinguishing talents. Poetry, after all, if pursued as an end, is but child's play; and no wonder that those who seem not to have any higher object than to be poets, should sometimes be very childish. What better name can we bestow on the nonsense that Mr. Keats, and Mr. Leigh Hunt, and Mr. Percy Bysshe Shelley, and some other poets about town, have been talking of 'the beautiful mythology of Greece?' To some persons, although we would by no means place Mr. Keats among the number, that mythology comes recommended chiefly by its grossness—its alliance to the sensitive pleasures which belong to the animal. With our Author, this fondness for it proceeds, we very believe, from nothing worse than a school boy taste for the stories of the Pantheon and Ovid's Metamorphoses, and the fascination of the word *classical*. Had he passed through the higher forms of a liberal education, he would have *shed* all these puerilities; his mind would have received the rich alluvial deposite of such studies, but this would only have formed the soil for its native fancies; and he would have known that the last use which a full-grown scholar thinks of making of his classical acquirements, is to make a parade of them either in

prose or verse. There is nothing gives a greater richness to poetry, we admit, than classical allusions, if they are not of a common-place kind; but they will generally be found to please in proportion to their slightness and remoteness: it is as illustrations, sometimes highly picturesque illustrations of the subject, not as distinct objects of thought,—it is as metaphor, never in the broad and palpable shape of simile, that they please. It was reserved for the Author of Endymion to beat out the gold of ancient fable into leaf thin enough to cover four long cantos of incoherent verse. And now, in the present volume, we have Hyperion, books one, two, and three! We do not mean to deny that there is a respectable degree of inventive skill and liveliness of fancy displayed in this last poem, but they are most miserably misapplied; nor should we have imagined that any person would have thrown away his time in attempting such a theme, unless it were some lad with his fancy half full of Homer and half full of Milton, who might, as a school exercise, try to frame something out of the compound ideas of the Titan and the Demon, of Olympus and Pandemonium. But Mr. Keats, seemingly, can think or write of scarcely any thing else than the 'happy pieties' of Paganism. A Grecian Urn throws him into an ecstasy: its 'silent form,' he says, 'doth tease us out of thought as doth Eternity,'—a very happy description of the bewildering effect which such subjects have at least had upon his own mind; and his fancy having thus got the better of his reason, we are the less surprised at the oracle which the Urn is made to utter:

> '"Beauty is truth, truth beauty,"—that is all
> Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know.'

That is, all that Mr. Keats knows or cares to know.—But till he knows much more than this, he will never write verses fit to live.

We wish to say little of the affectation which still frequently disfigures Mr. Keats's phraseology, because there is very much less of it in the present volume than in his former poems. We are glad to notice this indication of *growth*. An imperfect acquaintance with the genuine resources of the language, or an impatience of its poverty and weakness as a vehicle for his teeming fancies, is still occasionally discernible in the violence he lays upon words and syllables forced to become such: *e. g.* 'rubious-argent?' 'milder-moon'd;' 'frail-strung heart;' a 'tithe' of eye-sight,—

> '—— With eye-lids closed,
> Saving a tythe which love still open kept.'

(N. B. An American Keats would have said, '*a balance*;')

'trembled blossoms;' 'honey'd middle of the night;' and other splendid novelties.

We would, however, be the last persons to lay great stress on such *minutiæ*, in estimating the merits of a writer; but we feel it our duty to warn off all persons who are for breaking down the fences which language interposes between sense and nonsense.

The true cause of Mr. Keats's failure is, not the want of talent, but the misdirection of it; and this circumstance presents the only chance there is that some day or other he will produce something better: whether he ever does or not, is a matter of extreme insignificance to the public, for we have surely poets enough; but it would seem to be not so to himself. At present, there is a sickliness about his productions, which shews there is a mischief at the core. He has with singular ingenuousness and correctness described his own case in the preface to Endymion: 'The imagination of a boy,' he says, 'is healthy, and 'the *mature* imagination of a man is healthy; but there is a 'space of life between, in which the soul is in a ferment, the 'character undecided, the way of life uncertain, the ambition 'thick-sighted: thence proceeds mawkishness.' The diagnosis of the complaint is well laid down; his is a diseased state of feeling, arising from the want of a sufficient and worthy object of hope and enterprise, and of the regulating principle of religion. Can a more unequivocal proof of this be given, than that there does not occur, if our recollection serves us, throughout his present volume, a single reference to any one object of *real* interest, a single burst of virtuous affection or enlightened sentiment, a single reference, even of the most general kind, to the Supreme Being, or the slenderest indication that the Author is allied by any one tie to his family, his country, or his kind? Mr. Keats, we doubt not, *has* attachments and virtuous feelings, and we would fain hope, notwithstanding the silly expressions which would justify a presumption to the contrary, that he is a Christian: if he is not, it will matter very little to him in a few years what else he may or may not be. We will, however, take it for granted that he is an amiable and well principled young man; and then we have but one piece of advice to offer him on parting, namely, to let it appear in his future productions.

Art. V. *Voyage to South America;* Performed by Order of the American Government in the Years 1817 and 1818, in the Frigate Congress. By H. M. Brackenridge, Esq. Secretary to the Mission. 2 Vols. 8vo. pp. xx, 688. Price 1l. 4s. London. 1818.

THESE volumes comprise, under cover of the covering title, A Voyage, an historical view of Spanish America, by way of Introduction, observations on the geography and history of the United Provinces, disquisitions on the affairs of South America, and an appendix of public documents. Although there is rather too perceptible a disposition on the part of the Author, to make the most of his subject and of himself, and although we could sometimes have wished that he had adhered more closely to his professed object,—namely, 'to give a narrative of a voyage of nearly twenty thousand miles, with all 'he saw and heard, or could collect from authentic sources, at 'the places where he touched,'—yet, upon the whole, we must acknowledge our obligations to him for having brought together a valuable mass of information relative to the state of things in the United Provinces of South America.

The Mission to which Mr. B. was attached in the capacity of Secretary, was composed of Cæsar A. Rodney, John Graham, and Theodoric Bland, Commissioners: its objects were—'To 'obtain correct information on every subject in which the United 'States are interested; to inspire just sentiments in all persons 'in authority, on either side, of our friendly disposition, so far 'as it may comport with a strict neutrality, and to secure proper 'respect to our commerce in every port and from every flag.' The Congress frigate, having the Commissioners on board, sailed from Norfolk on the 4th of December 1817, and about the 27th of January, cast anchor in the harbour of Rio Janeiro. Here the Commissioners landed, but having no communication to hold with the court, they 'did not think proper to claim the 'honour of a presentation to the king.' His majesty is described as 'rather below the middle size, enormously fat, of a very 'dark complexion, large black eyes, with a good natured face.' The coronation took place while the Congress lay off Rio; and it affords a fine occasion for a burst of republicanism from our Author, who could not but

'draw a comparison between the simple and unaffected ceremony of installing the chief magistrate chosen by a free people to guide their affairs, and all the noise and glitter calculated to intoxicate, astound, and stupify the human intellect. I could not but reflect,' he says, 'how small the number among this wretched rabble, that *reasoned justly and wisely' (comme moi)* 'on the scene before them.' 'The real enthusiasm of a freeman, stands in no need of these aids.'

It would be useless, our Author elsewhere tells us, to conceal

the truth: 'Every American who goes abroad, has a contempt 'for royalty and its attendants, and he is only restrained by 'prudence or good manners from expressing it.' Mr. Brackenridge having 'read a great deal of kings, and queens, and 'princesses,' had no idea he should have felt so little *awe* in the presence of majesty. If, however, he wished us to believe that this contempt was quite unaffected, he should have bragged less of his magnanimity. Contempt is not precisely the feeling in which those who reason very justly or very wisely would indulge, either towards the wretched rabble, or their rulers. But the swaggering spirit of a raw *ultra*-democrat, is as remote from benevolence as it is from philosophy. We shall not, we trust, be mistaken for either admirers of empty pageantry, or worshippers of the decrepit institutions of Continental Europe, because we deprecate the cant of republicanism. To us it appears strange, that a high-spirited American gentleman should think it at all necessary to boast of feelings in which we have not a blackguard in London that would not vie with him, and come up to the same pitch of philosophical elevation.

Mr. B. is of opinion that the Portuguese royal family never will, nor ever can, quit the Brazils, unless driven away by the people, inasmuch as every day increases the difficulty of 'putting 'them back again to the colonial state.' Brazil, he says, is in fact, 'the body and heart of South America.' This metaphorical language is not very correct, since Spanish America has quite as good a claim to be considered as the body, being a more extensive, though less compact territory. But the Author means, that the Brazilian empire is the most important, that it has the greatest capacities and resources, and that it has the most formidable pretensions to be regarded as the destined *rival of the United States*; on which last account, he thinks it is very well that she is placed under a race of kings, instead of being inspired with the tremendous energy of a republic!

Monte Video exhibited all the signs of the ravages of war. 'There is something,' our Author justly remarks, 'extremely 'painful in the contemplation of scenes of recent and rapid 'decay.' 'Ancient ruins are associated with beings who, in 'the course of nature and time, would long since have passed 'away at any rate, but we unavoidably share in the miseries of 'our contemporaries where we are surrounded by their sad 'memorials.' Within eight years, the population has been reduced 'at least two thirds, and it is now, in fact, since its 'occupation by the Portuguese, nothing but a garrison with a 'few starved inhabitants, who are vexed and harrassed by the 'military.'

'Traces of the most rapid decline of this lately flourishing and populous town, every where presented themselves. The houses, for

the greater part, were tumbling down or unoccupied; whole streets were uninhabited excepting as barracks for the soldiery. I am told, that, notwithstanding this misery, there is a theatre here, and that the evenings are spent in balls and dances, perhaps for want of better employments.'—'There is little doubt, that had this place remained attached to the government of Buenos Ayres, the Portuguese would not have molested it; but the result of Artigas and his disorganizing system, furnished too fair an opportunity for making themselves masters of a territory they had coveted for more than a century and a half.'

Mr. Brackenridge does not think it possible, however, that they will make any further progress in the conquest of the country, which is entirely in the hands of the *gauchos*, as the *demi*-savage native population are termed, the Tartars of the boundless plains of this province. These are the banditti at whose head Artigas has been able to make a stand as an independent chief. The following account is given of this extraordinary person.

'General Carrera had paid a visit some time before to Artigas, and from what I gathered from him, his gratification was not high. He painted him as a kind of half savage, possessing strong natural mind, taciturn, but shrewd in his remarks when he chose to speak. He wore no uniform or mark of distinction, and took up his abode in a cart or waggon, caring little for the refinements or comforts of civilized life, to which, in fact, he had never been much accustomed. His life had been passed in the plains, and he had an aversion to living in towns, and to the constraints of polished society. His residence then, was at a small village on the Rio Negro, called Purification, consisting of a few huts constructed with mud, or ox hides; but his seat of government often shifted place. He lives on the same fare, and in the same manner, with the gauchos around him, being in truth nothing but a gaucho himself. When told of a pamphlet published against him at Buenos Ayres, he spoke of it with the utmost indifference, and said, "My people cannot read." He has about him a small body of men, who are considered regular soldiers, but his chief force consists of the herdsmen of the plains; its numbers, therefore, extremely fluctuating, as it cannot be kept long together. His followers are greatly attached to him. His fame and superior intellect commands their respect, at the same that he indulges them in a certain kind of familiarity, which wins their affections.* A few simple words, liberty, country, tyrants, &c. to which each one attaches his own meaning, serves as the ostensible bond of their union, which in reality arises from "their pre-disposition to an unrestrained roving life." His authority is perfectly absolute, and without the slightest control; he sentences to death, and orders to execution, with as little formality as a dey of Algiers. He is under the guidance of an apostate priest, of the name of Monterosa, who acts as hi[s]

* 'They address him by the familiar name of *pepe*.'

secretary, and writes his proclamations and letters; for although Artigas has not a bad head, he is by no means good at inditing. Monterosa professes to be in the literal sense, a follower of the political doctrines of Paine;* and prefers the constitution of Massachusetts as the most democratic, without seeming to know that the manners and habits of a people are very important considerations. The men bearing arms under Artigas, probably amount to six or eight thousand, but the number at any time embodied is much less; the want of commissaries and regular supplies, rendering it impossible to keep them together. The neighbouring Indian tribes are also devoted to him, principally through the means of his adopted son, an Indian named Andres.' pp. 208, 9.

'These Indians have occasioned great terror in the settlements on the Parana. I saw several families at Buenos Ayres, who had fled down the river in consternation, even from the neighbourhood of Santa Fee. Mr. Bonpland, the celebrated naturalist, had intended to ascend the river for the purpose of pursuing his researches, but was prevented by the accounts he heard of the Indians around that place; the defeat of the troops of Buenos Ayres was chiefly effected by them in the thick woods of the Entre Rios. This philosopher, whose opinion is worth attending to, observed to me, "It is a fortunate circumstance that Artigas is very old, and cannot live long, otherwise it would be in his power to do irreparable mischief." pp. 209, 10.

Artigas is a native of Monte Video, the son of respectable parents; but when quite a youth, he became enamoured of the wild life of the herdsmen, and joined a band of robbers and smugglers who infested the country. In the course of time he became a noted leader. When, however, about the year 1798, the depredations and murders committed by these marauders compelled the Spanish Government to establish a provincial corps for the express purpose of scouring the country and repressing their excesses, Artigas, after having been for nearly twenty years an outlaw, was induced to accept of a free pardon and a commission, which his father had interest enough to obtain in the hope of reclaiming him; and so effectually did he hunt down his old companions, that the country was restored to comparative tranquillity. At the commencement of the civil war between Monte Video and Buenos Ayres, he had risen to the rank of Captain in the Spanish service; but in 1811, having, it is said, taken offence at some real or fancied insult, he deserted the royalists, and came to Buenos Ayres, where he was gladly received by the patriot government. At the head of his guerillas, he gained considerable reputation by defeating the Spanish troops under Elio, at Las Piedras. It was not long, however, before his impatience of control discovered itself

* Paine's Common Sense, and the American constitutions, have been widely circulated in every part of South America.

in a reluctance to obey the orders of Sarratea, the commander in chief; and he at length became quite unmanageable. On the convention of an oriental congress by General Rondeau for the purpose of nominating deputies for a national congress and a provincial governor, Artigas took fire, annulled the transactions of the assembly, and then, on finding his opposition fruitless, deserted Rondeau, at a critical moment, and betook himself with all his guerillas, to the plains. Posadas, who had in the interim been appointed to the supreme authority, under the title of Director, proceeded upon this to offer a reward for his apprehension as a deserter; but this had no other effect than to exasperate the rebel general into a declaration of independence. The people of Buenos Ayres now became alarmed at the prospect of a civil war; and, as Artegas grew powerful and dangerous, they began to blame the government for the hostile measures which it had taken against him. A revolution took place; Alvear, who had succeeded to the Directorship on the resignation of Posadas, was compelled to fly; and a series of humiliating but unsuccessful negotiations was entered into with Artigas, by the new government, in the hope of bringing about a reconciliation. Monte Video was at this time in the possession of Artigas; he had taken possession of it in his title of 'chief of the orientals,' on the withdrawment of the Buenos Ayres troops: the city of Santa Fee and the Entre Rios, of which he claimed the protectorship, had also submitted to him. Such was the state of things at the period of the Portuguese invasion. General Lecor, in answer to the remonstrances of the Buenos Ayres government, stated, that he had no hostile intentions against *their* territories, but alleged, that the country he had invaded, had declared itself independent. Artigas being unable to stand his ground against the Portuguese, without the aid of Buenos Ayres, Monte Video, and other principal places, submitted to the invading army with scarcely a shew of opposition; many of the inhabitants, as well as the regiment of Libertos, having previously joined the standard of the United Provinces.

At the first sight of Buenos Ayres, our Republican goes off into another rhapsodical flourish, to the following tune.

'How different the thoughts which rushed across my mind from those which suggested themselves on my approach to Rio Janeiro! There is no king here—no hereditary nobility—the power of the state is acknowledged to be in the people and in no other. The public functionaries have been made, and can be unmade by them; of how many countries of the world can this be said? I own myself one of those who prefer the whirlwinds of democracy to the stagnant pool of despotism. Never shall I again behold a scene more sublime.' &c. &c.

Mr. B. elsewhere speaks of the simplicity and *humility* of *true republicanism*, which attaches no importance to outward shew; *that* being 'more properly,' he says, 'a cloak for empti-'ness and conceit than any part of native worth.' But emptiness and conceit sometimes venture out without a cloak; what are we to say then? Why, only that the humility of republicanism is not always the private virtue of republicans.

The population of Buenos Ayres is of a very mixed description. Great numbers of *gauchos* and other country people, are seen in the streets, but always on horseback. In the skirts of the town, 'much of the Indian race,' our Author states, 'is visible.' The people are in general very poor, harmless, and indolent; they commonly speak nothing but Spanish, and, but for their complexion and inanimate countenances, would not be distinguishable from the lower orders of the Spanish Americans. Numbers of Indians have found their way here from the missions of Paraguay since the expulsion of the Jesuits, as well as from the provinces of Peru. The old Spaniards, of whom there remains a considerable number, are said to be easily distinguished 'by 'their darker complexion, the studied shabbiness of their dress, 'and their morose and surly expression of countenance,' arising from their being treated 'as a sort of Jews, by those 'whom they were wont to regard as greatly their inferiors.'

'They are also distinguished by not mounting the blue and white cockade, which is universally worn by the citizens of the republic. The same number of Chinese could scarcely form a class more distinct from the rest of the community. There can hardly be a greater affront offered to an *Americano del Sud*, than to call him a Spaniard. A young fellow told me, in a jesting way, that the monks, friars, and Spaniards, were generally old, and would soon die off, which he said was a great consolation.' 'I am informed there are two convents in the city, but I did not go to see them, as I was told the nuns were all old and ugly!'

'A very animated and martial scene was presented to me, by the exercising of the regular troops and civil militia. The black regiments made an uncommonly fine appearance, and seemed to be in a very high state of discipline. The civil militia is said to be fully as well trained as the regulars. I *saw* several very fine *bands of music*. A battalion of slaves, consisting of five or six hundred men, were also mustered, and then marched to one of the churches. With all these things going on, the city exhibited one of the most animating scenes I had ever witnessed. They are certainly a more enthusiastic, and perhaps warlike people, than we are; if they possessed, with these qualities, by way of ballast, something of our *steady habits* and general stock of information, I think they would nearly equal us.'

The arrival of the commissioners, Mr. Brackenridge tells us in the true French style, 'produced a *great sensation* through

'the city in all classes of the people: for some days it in fact 'engrossed all the public attention.' And he has no doubt that the government and the people 'will make the most of the 'mission.' 'It will certainly,' he thinks, 'have a most power-'ful *moral* influence on the cause of South America;' for 'man,' he informs us, 'is a moral agent.' And then he goes on to explain this very original observation, and to shew how this moral influence is to operate; all which, being better adapted to American than to English readers, we pass over. On the day appointed, the Commissioners, accompanied by the secretary of state, waited on the supreme Director, Pueyrredon, who is thus described.

'He seemed to be upwards of forty years of age; his appearance upon the whole was commanding and dignified; his address and manners were those of a person accustomed to the best society. It was easily discoverable, that he was a man who had been long accustomed to act a distinguished part in life. He certainly looked like a person who might be chosen by a nation for its magistrate, and no stranger could be surprised at seeing such a man at its head. Though a native of this place, his father was a Swiss, who settled in this country as a merchant in early youth. His complexion is fair, with blue eyes; his countenance expressive of intelligence and humanity. He has the character of great application to business, and of that temperate energy so essential in revolutionary times.'

The Director's reply to the address of the Commissioners, opened with an assurance of the high sense he entertained of the honour conferred by this friendly notice on the part of the United States.

'"We have long since been aware," said he, "that the most friendly feelings and wishes existed towards us, on the part of your country and government. We have ever regarded your country with enthusiastic admiration. We appreciate fully its high character for justice, disinterestedness, and sincerity, and it is beyond the power of words to express, how gratifying to us all, is this proof of its good wishes. That there should exist a real and unfeigned friendship and sympathy between us is natural. We inhabit the same portion of the globe, our cause has been once yours, and we are in pursuit of the same objects, which you have so happily achieved.

"You will see many things amongst us, to excite your surprise. *We are a people who are just beginning to be.* We have had great difficulties to encounter, and have laboured under extraordinary disadvantages. I feel confident, however, that when you come to be better acquainted with our country, you will find that the most ardent love of liberty and independence, pervades every part of this community; that in pursuit of these great objects, we are all united, and that we are resolved to perish, sooner than surrender them. At the same time, we must confess with deep regret, that dissentions still prevail between different sections of this republic, and which have

rtunately placed one of the most important portions of our country, ıe hands of a stranger.

" With respect to the objects of the mission, I am anxious to : the wishes of the commissioners in every particular. I hope orms of diplomacy may be waived; that all communications may ıeld as between friends and brothers; that, whenever it may the pleasure or convenience of the commissioners, they will ess themselves personally to me, or to the secretary of state, who always be found at leisure to attend to them." ' pp. 273, 4.

lvarez and Rondeau were among their visiters. The ıer is described as a man under thirty, of fine appearance elegant manners, his conversation interesting and intelligent, his character elevated and manly. He is a native of quipa in Peru, has been in the army from his youth, and several brothers in the Spanish service. He is married to ece of General Belgrano, who is said to be a very superior ıan. Rondeau is a small man, apparently about fifty years ge, of firm and manly carriage. Sarratea, who was formerly nspicuous member of the government, and afterwards ' an ent of the court of London,' is said to be a man of conrable talents; ' but from all I could learn,' says Mr. B. does not stand high with the government, and still lower th the people.'

r. Brackenridge became acquainted with several persons Buenos Ayres, who carry on a small trade with Artigas: were of course loud in praise of his good intentions and ıine patriotism. There are other persons also, who, from ctious opposition to the present administration, have of late me his advocates; and from the same motive, they almost spouse the cause of Carrera, the Chilian ex-general. Some ıese men were extremely virulent in their abuse of the ernment, and especially of San Martin. The provinces at time manifested a great jealousy of the ascendancy acquired Buenos Ayres; and it seems to be admitted, that causes of plaint did exist, both on account of the acts of the governt and its agents; but these misunderstandings promise to be amicably adjusted by the general congress, and Mr. B. con- s that the only dispute now lies between Banda Oriental the United Provinces.

As far as the destinies of the nation can at the present depend articular men, they apparently rest on three individuals, Pueyn, Belgrave, and San Martin, who have a perfect understanding each other, and are supported by the leading men in the country. respect to the first two, they have been actors in the scenes of evolution from the commencement, and have both been abroad. rredon has been much abused in the United States, but this originated with personal enemies. From the most impartial

examination of every thing that has been said of him by friends and foes, I am convinced that he is not only a sincere patriot, but a great man.'

'The great man of the country is unquestionably San Martin, although only acting as a military chief. He is a native of the missions on the Parana, of respectable connections, but not distinguished. From his youth he possessed a military turn of mind, and in the struggles of Spain against the French, he served on the Peninsula as an aid to one of the Spanish generals, but returned to his own country when his services were required. He first distinguished himself in 1812, in the defeat of the Spaniards, who attempted to maintain a position at San Lorenzo, on the Parana; in this affair, he displayed great boldness and intrepidity, and his success had a happy effect in reviving the drooping spirit of a people whose fortunes were at this time much obscured. San Martin, almost from the moment of his return from Spain, had fixed the attention of his countrymen; and his reputation made a silent but rapid progress. There are some men, who possess an indescribable something, which commands confidence and respect, even before any thing remarkable has appeared in their actions. His great application to the duties of his profession, his high character for integrity, prudence, and moral rectitude, insured him at once the esteem of the respectable among his fellow-citizens. By foreigners he was still more admired, than by his own countrymen, as being more free from the vices of the creoles, and having the most enlarged and liberal views. At first, the strict discipline which he introduced, and the great application to study, which he required of the young officers, made him enemies, and afterwards friends. In 1813, he was appointed governor of Cuyo, and at the same time was invested with the military command in this quarter. His strict justice, and his general deportment gained the affections of these people, and when on one occasion there was some idea of removing him, they earnestly remonstrated against it. On the conquest of Chili, the people of Mendoza, apprehensive of the Spaniards, reposed all their hopes of safety on San Martin, who immediately set to work in organizing an army for their defence, and, at the same time, secretly cherishing the design of freeing Chili from her enemies. We have seen that his success was complete.' Vol. II. pp. 212—14.

'There are some traits in his character, which I shall, however, notice. His self-denial in refusing any promotion, had its effect, where every one was striving for it, without regard to his merits, and became a malcontent if disappointed. The fact of many officers of superior rank serving under him, is a proof that this compliment is due to his personal merit; and it must be admitted, that the circumstance is either a very extraordinary one, or a very high testimony in his favour. After the battle of Chacabuco, when the Spaniards were driven out of Chili, the supreme director promoted him to the rank of major-general, but he declined accepting, having already publicly declared, that he would accept no higher rank, than that which he held. The affair was referred to the congress, which decided that for

this time, San Martin should have his own way; but if, on a future occasion, his services to the country should be such as to merit promotion, it would be his duty to accept. After the battle of Maipu, he was accordingly promoted. When we consider the necessity of checking that vicious impatience for promotion, by examples of self-denial and noble disinterestedness, the conduct of San Martin will be viewed in a more favourable light. He has publicly declared his determination *to accept of no civil office whatever, and to renounce his military situation, as soon as his country shall gain her independence.* I have no doubt, that the examples of self-denial, set by Belgrano, San Martin, and recently by Pueyrredon, will have the most happy effects on the character of the people. The pains taken by San Martin to avoid all public demonstrations of gratitude for his services, I have been told by persons well acquainted with him, proceeds from natural plainness and simplicity of manners. It was not possible for him to avoid them; and to none of the chiefs of the revolution, have such honours been paid by every description of people,' pp. 214, 15.

'Towards the latter part of our stay the affairs of the country wore a most gloomy aspect. Accounts were daily received that the Spanish army was continully advancing towards Santiago. The uneasiness of the public mind cannot well be conceived. But when the news arrived of the dispersion of the army of San Martin at Talca, the effect was such as to produce a kind of settled gloom over the city. The streets were almost deserted, and an anxiety prevailed among all classes which could not have been greater if their own fate had been at issue. The enemies of San Martin were busily at work; placards were stuck up, it was supposed by the old Spaniards, and the friends of Carrera experienced a secret satisfaction, which they could with difficulty conceal. Before this they represented San Martin as a deep designing man, who made a tool of O'Higgins, they now spoke of him as an imbecile pretender; and one of them observed to me, "If he can get out of this scrape, I will acknowledge that he is a clever fellow." They told me that he had resigned the command of the army to general Brayere, on finding himself entirely incompetent to the task, and had resolved to fight at the head of cavalry. If true, the fact only proved, that he was actuated by a higher motive than selfish pride. A few days, however, brought the account of the splendid victory of Maipu. I shall not attempt to describe the sensation produced in the city by this important event, and which greatly surpassed all expression of popular feeling I had ever witnessed. "The capital," says Funes, "from its extreme depression was now elevated to the highest pitch of joy. The streets, before silent and fearful, were suddenly filled by the inhabitants; like the blood, which after some moments of deep suspense, and anxious fear, rushes again from the heart to the extremities of the body. The scenes which ensued, can only be conceived by those who have witnessed the sublime effusion of popular feeling, when each thinks his own happiness that of his posterity, his friends, and his country are entirely involved. There was a general and almost universal exclamation,

'AT LAST WE ARE INDEPENDENT!' While San Martin was hailed as the genius of the revolution." ' pp. 224—26.

The Commissioners remained at Buenos Ayres till the latter end of April, and then took their departure on board the Congress. After touching at St. Salvador, they anchored off the island of Margaritta. Here they went on shore, and near the town of Assumption, which is some miles in the interior, were shewn the valley where Morillo had been defeated, with the loss of fifteen hundred men. 'When we consider,' says our Author, 'that this victory was achieved by peasants, the greater part of 'whom were armed only with stones, it deserves to rank with 'those of the days of William Tell.' They paid a visit to the governor, Gomes, 'a kind of Indian, about seven feet high;' and some of the party accepted an invitation to dine with general Arismendi. The next morning they returned on board the Congress.

We have had occasion to advert to the flippancy, the consequential tone, and the republican slang into which Mr. Brackenridge has sometimes fallen. It is but just to bear in mind, that he is an American, writing for the American public. He is very evidently a young man, and an intelligent young man; but his studies have been confined, we suspect, to a limited circle, and he has unhappily received, like most of his countrymen, the infection of the shallow vulgar philosophy of the American oracle, Tom Paine. We respect his love for his country, but regret that it should assume at times, so braggart, and intolerant, and offensive a character. Whether self-conceit is the root or the offspring of that nationality in which our Author glories as the distinguishing characteristic of his countrymen, it appears to be so intimately blended with it as to make even their patriotism seem ridiculous. The reiteration of *tirades* against kings and nobles, looks like the operation of a sore feeling which philosophical republicans should think it beneath them to betray. Why can they not be happy without boasting so continually of their happiness? Mr. Brackenridge can at times write much more sensibly; and had he observed a little more method, a little more conciseness, and a little more modesty in that portion of the volumes before us in which he has displayed his authorship, we should have been able without qualification to recommend them to the attention of such readers as are desirous of becoming better acquainted with South American affairs. The following remarks do him credit.

'I have frequently repeated, that it would be folly to look here for a state of things any way approaching that of the United States, in correct practical ideas of civil liberty. The government is not to be compared with ours or that of Great Britain, as to the security of personal rights, and the impartial administration of the laws. A com-

parison may be drawn with that of ancient Greece or Rome, with Switzerland, Holland, or with the Italian states. France was never more despotically ruled than under the reign of the jacobins: and we have too many false brethren of the republican party, who in heart and spirit are jacobins; who delight in mean detraction and slander of those above them in worth and merit, and yet prove the worst of tyrants, if by chance they find themselves clothed with authority.' Vol. II. p. 205.

'I was not disappointed in the progress made here since the revolution. To criticise their institutions as though they were of some of our neighbouring territories, shows a most pitiful narrowness of mind. To look here for liberty with all its proper guards, at a season like the present, is childish, and more especially, if some particular spot of the earth, be selected as the model by which to try their institutions. The manners, habits, and previous education of a people are to be considered, *and until these are changed, nothing can be said to be changed;* for in spite of the visionary projects of paper constitution men, no matter what form be adopted, or what it may be called, despotism will still have sway and break any restraint attempted to be imposed on it. The forms of free government will only be so far operative as the people are fitted for freedom, and if they are fitted for a government in some measure free, its adoption will in time fit them for one still more free. Such is the present state of Buenos Ayres; their present constitution is even more free in *theory* than in *practice*, and why? Because the great body of the people are indifferent about the details of government. They have been accustomed to be ruled by men, and they have not yet learned that reverence is alone due to the laws. In our country I would ask, if there be not such shades of difference in the character of the different states, as unavoidably to produce a variety in the state constitutions? Would the constitution of Massachusetts and Virginia, suit every other state in the union? They certainly would not. Why then must we insist on the South Americans establishing a government precisely like ours, before we can extend to them our friendship? They must form their goverments as they build their houses; with the materials they have at hand. There is no doubt it will be essentially republican, but will also differ considerably from ours.' p. 206, 7.

'The downfall of Napoleon had a most happy effect on political opinion in South America, as well as over the whole of the civilized world. This effect was to bring the solid pyramid of republicanism into higher repute. The splendid monarchy established by this man, seemed to deride the poverty and plainness of popular government; but its fall clearly proved that monarchs are much more easily overturned than nations. The European sovereigns, by shewing that the mightiest throne which ever existed, could be overturned, did much more in favour of republicanism, than our example or principles. Since that time, the nations of Europe have regarded our institutions with a degree of admiration which before they did not feel; and if in South America, there had been any intention to follow the

example of the French in the result of their revolution, it was completely changed by the overthrow of Napoleon. It is since that time that republicanism has been in all minds inseparably connected with the establishment of new governments, even in countries whose habits were previously monarchical.' pp. 208, 9.

Art. VI. *Discourses on the Three Creeds*, and on the Homage offered to our Saviour, on certain and particular Occasions during his Ministry, as expressed in the Evangelical Writings, by the Greek term ΠΡΟΣΚΥΝΕΩ, preached before the University of Oxford, at St. Mary's, in the Years 1816, 1817. With a copious and distinct Appendix to each Set of Sermons. By Edward Nares, D.D. 8vo. pp. 343. Price 10s. 6d. London. 1819.

THE proper title for these Discourses on the Three Creeds, would seem to be, 'An Apology for the Creed of St. 'Athanasius as embodied in the Formularies of the Church of 'England,' it being the object of the Author to offer a justification in particular of that religious symbol. Great pains are taken, and much nicety of discussion is employed by him in the prosecution of his purpose; but, after all the labour he has bestowed, he entirely fails to make out a satisfactory case: the Athanasian Creed will still be a stumbling block to the members of the Episcopal Church, and will still furnish to its opponents one substantial reason for declining its communion.

The recent declaration of the Earl of Carnarvon in Parliament, in the case of the Rev. Pike Jones, in reference to some alleged impropriety on the part of his Diocesan the Bishop of Exeter, will be in the recollection of our readers. 'As to the 'damnatory clauses of the Athanasian Creed,' said his Lordship, 'he had not heard even the right reverend bishop himself 'say, that he approved of them. If he did approve of them, 'though perhaps he might think himself a good member of the 'Church of England, he would say that he was not a Christian.' The sentiment of the noble Earl, divested of its direct personal application, has, it is well known, been the opinion of many religious persons; and something of the feeling which such opinion imports, has been strongly exhibited by some of the mitred clergy of the English Church, who, disliking the Athanasian Creed, would have congratulated themselves on being '*well rid of it.*' And certainly, a Christian may well wish to be rid of a human creed which 'sentences to eternal 'perdition all those who do not hold and profess the doctrines 'inculcated' in it. To attach the sentence of everlasting damnation to a series of propositions set down by some unknown theologian, as being incurred by every individual who withholds assent from them in their principles and modes of expression, savours not less of impiety than of intolerance. To

Dr. Nares, however, there appears to be nothing of either impiety or intolerance in the damnatory clauses of the Athanasian Creed; and it may surprise some of our readers to learn that, in his judgement, 'all that has been alledged against this 'Creed, or, at all events, whatever has been alleged against 'the *Church* upon its account, have arisen totally and entirely 'from *mistake*.' That mistake should still exist on a subject so frequently and so minutely brought under discussion and examined in all its bearings as this, will be thought a hazardous assertion. The abettors and the oppugners of the Creed have again and again exhibited the strength and weakness of the whole question till it has become an exhausted argument; so that if misconception is now to be assumed as the manner of accounting for the resistance of the opposers of this particular formulary, it cannot but occasion surprise that the grounds of it have not been discovered and removed by some one or other of the numerous and able writers who have wielded their pens in the controversy relating to subscription to the religious formularies of the Church of England. If *data* necessary to the complete elucidation of the whole subject had now been obtained from sources unknown to preceding controvertists, mistake might seem to be assignable as a reasonable cause of dissent and hostility in the opposers of the Creed. This, however, is not the fact, and therefore it may be presumed that the allegations against the Creed, 'or against *the Church* 'upon its account,' have *not* arisen 'totally and entirely from 'mistake.'

In this defence of the Athanasian Creed, 'a just and proper 'consideration of certain *historical* circumstances' connected with it, is proposed as the method of making out its sufficient vindication. Those historical circumstances, however, after the fullest and fairest consideration of them, will, we apprehend, leave the Creed and the Church precisely in the same condition in which the considerer found them: they relieve none of the difficulties which they are supposed to remove.

'It is something,' says Dr. Nares, 'to know that there *is* 'a history belonging to the three Creeds, distinct from all 'consideration of their contents.' But in what sense can it be said that there is a history of documents the origin, and age, and authors of which are altogether unknown? This is undeniably the case as it respects both the Athanasian and that which is commonly called the Apostle's Creed. Who is their author? When were they composed? On what occasion were they written?—are questions to which no definite answer can be given. Instead, therefore, of presenting his readers with the sentences from *Ludolphus of Saxony* and *Alexander de Ales*, (pp. 8, 9.) as being historical description, Dr. Nares

should have quoted them as containing the opinion of those writers: for it is only opinion and hypothesis, that the '*first* ' or *Apostle's Creed*, is a mere exposition or statement of ' the primary articles of Christian faith; the *second*, or *Nicene*, ' a brief explanation of some of those articles; and the *third*, ' or *Athanasian*, a defence of the several articles from the ' misconstructions and forced interpretations of certain sects ' and parties.' The Nicene Creed is as much a defence of the several articles, as is the Athanasian; and the Athanasian is as evidently an explanation of some of those articles as is the Nicene. As such, it was adopted by the Romish Church, whence it was taken into the formularies of the Church of England. The following remark is wholly unworthy of any other writer than a prejudiced and determined partizan.

' Whosoever will be saved (or as it runs in *Latin*, in which it was originally written, and *not* in *Greek*, as is commonly supposed, " Qui- " cunque vult *salvus esse*") before all things it is necessary that he " *hold* the catholic faith:" we must be careful not to stumble upon the word catholic—*universalis* is its proper interpretation, and universalis must mean not what every one actually believes, much less what any particular church believes, but what every one is *bound* to believe, *if it can* but be proved to be the undoubted gospel and word of God.'

The subscription required of the clergy of the Church of England, the assent and consent which they give, is to the Three Creeds as they are contained in the Book of Common Prayer; it would, therefore, be of no consequence whatever what may be the import of the *Latin* terms, *salvus esse* and *universalis*, were they even different in meaning from the English words, ' be saved' and ' *catholic*' faith, which they clearly are not. No one would for a moment imagine that *universalis* means what every one actually believes; but every person must perceive that the Athanasian Creed contains a definition of doctrines which, as they are defined by its exclusive and particular terms, are ' the Catholic faith, which unless every one do keep ' whole and undefiled,' it declares, ' without doubt he shall '. perish everlastingly.' The anathema which it denounces, is attached to every person who does not receive its exclusive *dogmata* as it has defined them. And how does Dr. Nares attempt to justify this intolerant and shocking anathema? By a process the most extraordinary,—by a method which includes the veriest sophism that was ever applied to sanction a theological dogma: ' Those who are through any misfortune actually blind ' to the great truths displayed in Christ's Gospel, will be ex- ' cused for their ignorance; but those who pretend to see, ' must be circumspect, for sin will lie at their door if they be ' not careful both to believe what is actually there revealed, and

'to keep *whole* and *undefiled* whatever they feel bound to 'believe.' Who doubts this? It is quite a clear case, that criminality attaches to persons who do not truly and suitably regard whatever *they* feel bound to believe. But what has this to do with the damnatory clauses of the Creed of St. Athanasius?

'But,' continues Dr. Nares, 'St. *Mark's* own account of 'the matter is expressly to the purpose:—"And Jesus said 'unto his apostles, Go ye into all the world, and preach the 'Gospel unto every creature: he that believeth and is baptised 'shall be *saved*, but he that *believeth not* shall be damned."' If Jesus Christ had on that occasion published the Athanasian Creed, and annexed to it this awful sanction, St. Mark's 'account' might have been to the purpose. But Dr. Nares's logic, and his Christianity too, we should imagine, would teach him that the reception of the Gospel on the authority of Jesus Christ, is a very different case from the reception of the Athanasian Creed, or any other explanatory or defensive formulary, on human authority; and that the sanctions of the Gospel established by Jesus Christ himself, are not to be paralleled by the damnatory clauses of a Creed composed by some presuming and fallible man or men, to whom no person ever could owe responsibility.

Dr. Nare sis a critic; the '*undoubtedly*' of the following passage, is not, however, a very favourable testimony to his caution.

'There seems most undoubtedly to have existed a formulary of faith (in substance at least) to which the New Testament itself bears witness, and to which therefore it must have been prior and antecedent. Such as the τυπος διδαχης, of St. Paul, (Rom. vi. 17.) and which we very justly render "*form of doctrine.*" Such also the κανων or "*rule*" of the same Apostle, alluded to in his epistle to the Galatians; (ch. vi. 15, 16.) such the *depositum* or παραθηκη committed by him to Timothy, and the ὑποτυπωσις ὑγιαινοντων λογων, "*form of sound words*" mentioned in his second Epistle.'

We are at a loss to imagine what a 'formulary of faith in 'substance at least' can be; unless, indeed, the Author's account in another page (p. 21) be adopted. 'It does not ap-'pear,' he remarks, 'consistent with the history of the times 'to suppose, that the Apostles themselves used any *precise* 'form of words, but rather a variety of forms, not differing at 'all in *substance*, but merely in the *expression*, which, as 'they were all guided by inspiration, was a liberty they might 'safely take.' Unquestionably, there was an identity of doctrine among the Apostles; and there was also a diversity and variety of expression. In reference, then to the preaching of the Apostles, to the doctrines which their instructions conveyed

to their disciples and hearers, we can understand Rom. vi. 17, &c.; but, with Dr. Nares's account, in the last quoted passage it is impossible, we think, to elicit any plausible argument for a formulary of faith as existing in those early times.

There is much more curious matter in this volume than we can find room to notice. When Dr. Nares speaks of the Church of England, as having the right to define her faith, and to denounce the doom of unbelievers in her doctrine, and of her being a competent judge of such warrants of Holy Scripture as she cites in support of her tenets, it will occur to his readers to ask, Who, or what, is this Church? A question which, we dare say, Dr. Nares is by much too discreet a person ever to think of seriously taking in hand. And when the learned divine asks, 'Has nothing ever 'been advanced within these walls, for instance, and from the 'very place where I am speaking, to prove *why* the tenets and 'doctrines of this church *ought* to be thoroughly received and 'believed?—'it might, with great propriety, and with great truth, be replied, that the clergy deliver from University pulpits, as the doctrines of the Church, tenets the most opposite and irreconcileable. The 'truly tolerant' character of 'the Church,' is another of his assumptions, on which, for the Church's sake, it might be better for her advocates to be silent, than to provoke discussion.

In an appendix to the first series of these discourses, Dr. Nares notices the statements of some writers who have asserted that the Nicene and Athanasian Creeds are in direct opposition: this he describes as a mistake that occurs in books directly opposed to the Church, and which, he states, are constantly in circulation, to the great disturbance of the minds of the public.

'I find it,' he adds, 'strongly insisted upon in the latest editions of the Dissenting Gentleman's Letters, in answer to Mr. White, by *Towgood*, a work in which such misrepresentations occur continually.' p. 288.

Will Dr. Nares pledge his respectability on the rigid truth of this paragraph? He may, we apprehend, be safely challenged to cite any passages from Towgood's work, deserving the character of misrepresentations. Nothing, we believe, occurs in Towgood respecting the agreement, or the disagreement, of the Nicene and Athanasian Creeds with each other, except the following reference, *in a note*, to the opinion of the author of the Essay on Spirit, who was not a Dissenter, but a Bishop of the Church of England. We quote from one of the 'latest editions.'

'It is something (more than odd), a learned bishop of your 'own has lately observed, to have two creeds established in the 'same church, in one of which those are declared accursed who 'deny the Son to be of the same hypostasis with the Father: and, 'in the other, it is declared they cannot be saved, but perish ever-

'lastingly, who do not assert that there is one hypostasis of the 'Father and another of the Son.' Essay on Spirit, sect. 146.*

In another part of the volume, we are glad to find Dr. Nares, having escaped from the trammels of the Three Creeds, employing his criticisms on a more worthy object than the damnatory clauses of an exclusive dogmatical formulary of religion. The homage offered to our Saviour, is the subject of the second series of discourses, in which the use of the word προσκυνεω is examined, and the instances of its highest application, as importing worship strictly religious and divine, are severally pointed out. This argument is not new, nor does any novelty of remark or illustration occur in the sermons; but the whole case is stated with clearness, and the reasoning is conducted in an impressive and forcible manner. The following extracts will bring the case under the view of our readers, and furnish them with the means of estimating the merit of the argument.

'St. John and St. Luke have clearly proved by their writings, that προσκυνεω was a term which *required to be qualified*, where any circumstances might concur to produce a wrong impression; that in the cases particularly of St. Peter, and the Angel of the Revelation, any homage or prostration approaching to religious worship was sure to be checked, and I may even say, *resented*: does any thing of this kind occur, where the term is used in reference to our Saviour? This is the whole purport of my inquiry: why, in the writings of the Evangelists, is our Saviour never represented as checking such homage, though the occasions were such as might, in the nature of things, particularly lead men into error, in regard to the use of so ambiguous a word as the verb προσκυνεω? I trust, that an examination of the several passages in which, according to our English version, *worship* is ascribed to our Saviour, in the *four Gospels*, may have the effect of showing that it is altogether most extraordinary, if not indeed incredible, that the Evangelists should have spoken of such acts of homage in so unqualified a manner, had they been *quite certain*, as Unitarians pretend, that he was a *mere man*; and that it is equally incredible, that under the circumstances in which the homage was offered, our Saviour should not have resented it, had he been no object of religious adoration.' pp. 114—116.

'Is it reasonable to suppose that the Evangelists, knowing the importance of the term προσκυνεω, from the very incidents I have mentioned; knowing also that they were using it to express an homage offered to a Being of the most transcendent powers, under circumstances as plainly as possible implying full possession of the *attributes of Deity*, could have used such a term in so unqualified a manner, unless they either knew that such homage was due to Christ, or *that they were honestly recording mere matters of fact just as they happened?* For, secondly, this is perhaps, after all, the principal point of my argument. If the Evangelists related mere matter of fact, then we ascend

* Towgood's Letters. Ed. the ninth, 1804. p. 205.

much higher in the scale of demonstration that the blessed Jesus was a proper object of adoration and worship. If *he received* such homage, without resentment or remonstrance, what is to be concluded, but that he countenanced and sanctioned such open acknowledgments of his Divinity?" pp. 167, 8.

The Improved Version was not 'first edited by the Unitarians 'in 1811.' The date of its publication is 1808.

Art. VII. *The Beloved Disciple:* a Series of Discourses on the Life, Character, and Writings of the Apostle John. By Alfred Bishop. 12mo. pp. 292. Price 5s. London. 1819.

IT would be injustice to the Author of this little volume, to represent it in any other light than that of a series of plain discourses addressed to his own congregation. They do not aspire to the character of lectures, nor are they of the nature of a biographical essay. The prominent circumstances in the history of the Apostle John, are successively made the subject of a short illustrative comment, followed up by a practical address, in the first twelve discourses of the course; the last two being devoted to some remarks upon the date, authenticity, design, and general scope of his writings. The volume appears chiefly adapted to family or village reading, for which purpose it recommends itself as well by the useful information which it conveys, as by the interest that the form into which the sermons are thrown, is likely to awaken.

In the twelfth discourse, 'John in Patmos,' Mr. Bishop cites the well known anecdote of the Apostle's hastily quitting the bath where he had met Cerinthus. After remarking that 'it 'does not follow that it would be proper for us to evince our 'aversion to similar errors in the same way,' he adds:

'Christian prudence and liberality will *easily decide* the just limits of intercourse with such as, in the present day, appear to hold the most dangerous opinions in matters of religion.'

Now, we must confess that to us the decision appears the reverse of easy, and that this way of evading a practical question of peculiarly great importance in the present day, looks a little like running away from an embarrassing difficulty. Of this we are quite sure, that the 'just limits' are continually overstepped by modern liberality. We are surprised that in connexion with such an anecdote, no reference occurs to the Apostle's own language: "If there come any unto you and bring not this doctrine, "receive him not into your house, neither bid him God speed." If the present circumstances of the Christian profession warrant any departure from the strict letter of the Apostolic prohibition, it behoved the Preacher to shew very distinctly the grounds which at once authorize and limit the deviation.

Mr. Bishop will excuse another passing remark. He premises, in citing the above and two or three other anecdotes, that 'even 'these' he shall leave entirely to the judgement of his hearers, 'either to embrace, or to reject, wholly or partially,' as they may be disposed. But how was this judgement of theirs to be guided? The only ground for rejecting or receiving such anecdotes is, the evidence on which they rest; a point on which it is not likely that any ten persons—or even, perhaps, a single individual—in his congregation, had the information requisite to enable them to form an opinion: it was the duty, then, of the Preacher to tell his hearers, as the result of his own investigation, what degree of credibility attached to them, instead of inviting them to exercise an equivocal right of private judgement, in matters about which they were uninformed. There is such a thing as a public teacher's surrendering too much, as well as such a thing as his claiming too much in his official capacity.

As the volume is both designed and adapted for popular instruction, we must express our regret that polemical matter should have been introduced, in one instance, in the form of a note to the fifth discourse. The extract itself appears to us highly exceptionable; it contains some positions absolutely erroneous, the argumentation is very far from conclusive, and the style partakes both of coarseness and flippancy. We regret its insertion the more, because we are persuaded that Mr. Bishop would not himself have written the passage he has allowed himself to quote, and because the title of his volume seems peculiarly to look reproof on the spirit which that passage discovers. *Non tali auxilio.* We hope to see this note cancelled.

As a specimen of Mr. Bishop's neat and perspicuous style in these Discourses, we give, almost at random, the following paragraphs from the sermon, entitled 'John during the Forty Days.'

'"*What is that to thee?*"—How many enquiries are there, which incur censure from Jesus Christ, rather than applause! Such a reply *we* deserve, when we indulge a vain and inordinate curiosity respecting the hidden mysteries of religion—the inscrutable designs of providence—the motives which actuate our fellow men—or their future, everlasting fate.

'The grand truths of revelation, essential to our present and immortal happiness, are plain and clear. Obscurity can only be thrown over them by "the perverse disputings of men of corrupt minds." But while we rejoice in this, let us remember there are also "deep things of God;"—"secret things" which "belong unto" Him, as he has concealed them in his own mind. Who can ascertain the numberless and curious questions which arise on the subject of divine decrees and human agency;—or the personalities of the divine Essence, —or the state of the invisible world;—or many other topics on which men seek to be "wise above what is written?"—The very attempt is

absurd and fruitless, and generally tends to distract the mind from the weighty matters of faith and practice.

'"Where reason fails, with all her powers,
There faith prevails, and love adores."

'"What shall be on the morrow?"—What shall be the lot of succeeding generations?—or what times are in reserve for ourselves?—How shall we be disposed of, supported, and connected in the days that are to come?—How long, or how contracted will be our span of life?—What will become of such a child, or such a relative, or such a friend? &c. &c.—Is it not evident that enquiries like these, ready as they are to arise in the bosom even of a true disciple of Christ, are unbelieving, vain, profitless, and deserving his high displeasure?

'It is, indeed, under all circumstances, an absolute duty to promote, in the highest possible degree, the information, virtue, and happiness of those around us. But here our responsibility ends: and therefore here should terminate our solicitude. Duty is ours, events are the Lord's.

'The motives of others in their profession or conduct, are not amenable at our bar. We have only to do with their external conduct, and avowed principles. To every one around us, let us apply the principle we claim for ourselves—"To his own master he standeth or falleth." I tremble when I hear persons,—and we do sometimes witness it even in professors of religion—taking upon them to pronounce, with a sort of authoritative decision, on the eternal destiny of their fellow-mortals; and even consigning, with an air of satisfaction and pride, all who presume to differ from them in points of a *trifling or questionable* nature, to "the uncovenanted mercies of God"—in other words, to endless perdition!—Vain mortal! "Who gave thee this authority?"—Look at home;—and instead of impertinently asking, "Are there few that be saved?—strive" thyself "to enter in at the strait gate, for many shall seek to enter in but shall not be able!"

'To conclude:—We have seen that both Peter and John, however they might differ in the circumstances of their individual history, were in one point perfectly united—they both followed Christ. But what are *we* doing? Are we following him, following him fully? Have we chosen his service as our main employment, his glory as our grand aim, through life? Are we ready to say—Happy Peter, who having worn out his better years in this blessed cause, at length stretched out his aged arms to be bound to the cross, and there shed the last slow ebb of his blood as a martyr for Him who had "loved him, and given himself for him!"—And no less happy John, who though not actually called to lay down his life as a martyr, was so willing to hazard it in the same cause!

'O! my brethren! "the time is short:"—too short to be spent in frivolous disputations, in unprofitable questionings, or in the mere speculations of a notional religion. "He that sitteth on the throne saith, "Behold, I come quickly; and my reward is with me, to give every "man according as his work shall be." And if, in the view of complicated trials and dangers connected with a life of devoted piety, we are

ready to draw back, let us remember grace is above nature, and He has said —" Lo, I am with you always, even to the end of the world.'

' " If nature at the trial shake,
And from the cross or flames draw back,
Grace can its feeble courage raise,
And turn its tremblings into praise.

While scarce I dare, with Peter say,—
' I'll boldly tread the bleeding way ;'
Yet in thy steps, like John, I'd move
With humble hope and silent love." '

Art. VIII. *A Collection of Hymns;* designed as an Appendix to Dr. Watts's Psalms and Hymns. The Fourth Edition. 32mo. Price 3s. bound. London. 1820.

THIS Collection, though bearing no Editor's name on the title-page, appears from the Preface to be by the Rev. Mr. Cloutt. It is decidedly the best Appendix to Dr. Watts's Psalms and Hymns that has yet appeared. It comprises, within the compass of a very small volume, six hundred and thirty-five hymns, among which are found above two hundred of Dr. Doddridge's, and between forty and fifty of Cowper's. The Editor acknowledges his obligations to the Rev. Mr. Kelly and Mr. Montgomery for the permission to insert several of their compositions. A proper use has also been made of Charles Wesley's truly poetical effusions. The selection does, upon the whole, high credit to the Editor, and it is no more than due to him to add, that it is the cheapest, as well as the most neatly printed collection that we have yet seen. We do not however notice the usual advertisement, *To be had in the Vestry.*

Selections and Collections, professedly designed, for the most part, as Appendices to Dr. Watts's Psalms and Hymns,—have now become so multiplied, and are in so general use, that Dr. Watts is in some danger of sharing the fate of Sternhold and Hopkins, and of being silently superseded by modern competitors. We will confess, that much as we admire the devotional poetry of Wesley, and Cowper, and Mrs. Steele, there is to us a charm, derived perhaps in part from early associations, in the psalms and hymns of Dr. Watts, that rarely attaches to the compositions of other writers. We are speaking of them now as adapted for public worship, in which point of view their acknowledged general excellence as a collection, is such as places them above all comparison with the productions of any single author; and this is indeed tacitly recognised by those who profess to offer their volumes only as supplements to his. A direct attempt to substitute another hymn-book, would be resented as an almost sacrilegious wrong; and yet it is by no means unusual to hear

in some Dissenting chapels, two hymns out of three in the course of the service, given out from 'the Supplement.' So that Dr. Watts would in many cases stand a better chance of obtaining the preference with the clerk or reader of hymns, were his compositions imbodied in one general Collection.

It is, we readily admit, a circumstance of very trivial moment, who is the author of the devotional compositions which are selected for the public service. With all our reverence for Dr. Watts as the reformer of English Psalmody, with all our prejudices in favour of poems which have connected themselves with our earliest religious impressions, and which have acquired a sacredness from having inspired the devotion, and cheered the gloom, and formed the daily text-book, and supplied the death song of so many thousands of the pious dead—of those whom loved, and those we aspire to follow; yet, let us have pointed out to us a work that shall really better answer the purpose of a hymn-book for public worship, and we pledge ourselves not to be backward in recommending its general adoption. Till then, we must beg to be indulged in our predilections for Watts's Psalms and Hymns, in preference to, though by no means to the exclusion of, any appendix.

The two pleas which we have most frequently heard adduced for the introduction of Selections, are, the necessity of a greater variety, and, the occasional difficulty of finding in Dr. Watts, a hymn appropriate to the Preacher's subject. Now, with regard to the first of these reasons, we are prepared to maintain that less regard to variety is very often observed where there obtains the freest use of a collection; for the probability is, that the person to whom the choice is committed has his favourite or his familiar hymns, to which he perpetually recurs, tempted in some cases to do so by the bewildering number that solicit his attention. And as to the difficulty of finding appropriate hymns, it would seem at the most to justify only a very occasional use of the Supplement. But this difficulty is very often imaginary; and we regret that the notion should be given into, that hymns must be furnished to suit every possible subject, because it has led to the introduction of a number of compositions of very inferior character, which have no claims whatever to keep their place, except as being written upon certain texts. Indeed, in many cases, the omission of singing after the sermon would be a most advisable deviation from the general practice. How often, when some eloquent appeal to the conscience, or solemn exhibition of eternal realities, or perhaps, the language of consolation addressed to the mourner, have excited feelings which almost involuntarily sought to vent themselves in prayer, have the drawling 'Let us sing' of the clerk, and the shouts of the choir, put all those feelings to flight, and produced a something

very nearly bordering upon vexation. We recollect an instance in which this uncongenial interlude so completely discomposed and distressed the Preacher, who had sat down under the evident emotions excited by the full sense of his sublime topic, that he could not endure it, but interrupting the vocal performer in the desk, he rose, and with an energy and solemnity of manner that spoke his feelings, exclaimed, 'Let us pray.'

We hope we shall not be understood as intimating the opinion, that Psalmody forms an unimportant part of the public service. On the contrary, we are disposed to complain that it has never yet received due attention. When properly conducted, it is capable of being rendered one of the most affecting, and elevating, and delightful modes in which the ends of public worship can be attained. Instead of being an interlude, as it is too often regarded, the chief object of which is to relieve the speaker, and to enliven the audience, we consider it as an integral part, and an essential part, of the service. On this account, nothing appears to us more highly indecorous than the surrendering of the direction of it to a hired clerk or a band of singers. We cannot conceal our opinion, that something besides appendices to Dr. Watts, is very urgently called for, in order to regulate the proper choice of hymns for public worship. The range for selection is, under present circumstances, too wide, rather than too circumscribed; and till a better taste and more correct ideas shall prevail, to guide that selection, little advantage is likely to result from multiplying hymns.

There are, it must be admitted, compositions bearing the venerable name of Watts, which are, to say the least, totally unfit for congregational use. This remark will in some degree apply to several of the most beautiful, inasmuch as they express a state of feeling which the most devout Christian, in his most elevated moments, rarely, and then only in deep retirement, is enabled to realize. Others are positively objectionable; in particular those which are taken from the Canticles. It is true, the Author is not wholly to blame for the bad taste of his day, and those were juvenile productions; but their preservation is not the less to be regretted, as they seem to authorize a very mistaken use of scripture language. It would, perhaps, be impossible to convey to an illiterate English reader a just idea of the warm expressions and highly figurative style of Oriental poetry. But there is one important distinction that demands to be pointed out. Wherever the love of Jehovah to his people or their peculiar relation to Him, is represented under the figure of the nuptial union, it is the collective body of the faithful—the Church, that is the subject of the allegory, as the bride; not the individual believer. It is the Church that is supposed to utter the language of affection and endearment to

her Lord; and it is the connexion between the Saviour and this mystical personification of the catholic church that is illustrated by the conjugal relation. It is obvious how very different a meaning the same language may be made to bear, as attributed in the one case to an allegorical abstraction, and in the other case as appropriated to personal feelings. For want of observing this distinction, a style of address and a familiarity of expression have been indulged in by many pious persons, which is at once unmeaning and unbecoming, and approaches far more nearly to a *travestie* of Scripture, than to an imitation of it.

Some of the hymns in general use are objectionable upon other grounds; as expressing sentiments, true in deed, but extremely remote from that class of sentiments which allow of being appropriately expressed in the language of praise or rejoicing. Of this kind is the doctrine that 'Broad is the road 'that leads to death,' which has often been given out with the best intentions, but with an effect absolutely revolting, as *performed* by the singers. We could with ease multiply references of this nature, but our object is simply to point out the evil of losing sight of the primary design of sacred music and singing, or of those proprieties which ought to be observed in selecting hymns for a mixed congregation.

If any thing could reconcile us to giving up Dr. Watts's Psalms and Hymns as a hymn book for *public service*, it would be the appearance of a Selection that should be rigidly and exclusively adapted to public worship, with an express reference to its true design, and to the especial purpose of Psalmody. Such a selection might with great propriety comprise a very large proportion of the psalms and hymns of Dr. Watts, although many of the most beautiful must, on this principle of selection, be omitted. The original volume would still remain as the treasured companion of the Christian's retirement; and those hymns would be with the greatest advantage sung in the privacy of the family or the select circle, which offend the feelings when performed by the congregation. If such a plan as this should be deemed objectionable, we know of no other way of remedying the impropriety, than by ministers' taking upon themselves more generally the task and the responsibility of selection. We dare not harbour a doubt as to their having the taste and judgement requisite to guide the choice.

The present Appendix to Dr. Watts is professedly designed 'to assist the devotions of Christians, whether in the public as-'sembly, around the domestic altar, or in the retirement of the 'closet.' No distinction is observed in the arrangement of the hymns, founded on this difference of purpose; and we are aware that it would have been difficult to have drawn the line of such

distinction. But it is obvious that the choice is, to use Mr. Cloutt's own words in the preface to a former edition, ' more ' likely to be bewildered than assisted' by means of so enlarged a collection; a very large proportion of the Hymns being wholly unfit for congregational use. The Editor will, however, reasonably plead, that for this he is not responsible. As a body of devotional poetry, the volume will at all events be highly acceptable; and its introduction into public use, under proper regulations, might be rendered very advantageous. It is not usual to give extracts from such a compilation; but we cannot resist the temptation to present a specimen of the originals which bear the initials of Mr. Montgomery.

HYMN 603.

1 ' O where shall rest be found,
Rest for the weary soul?
'Twere vain, the ocean's depths to sound,
Or pierce to either pole:
The world can never give
The bliss for which we sigh;
'Tis not the whole of life to live,
Nor all of death to die.

2 ' Beyond this vale of tears
There is a life above,
Unmeasur'd by the flight of years,
And all that life is love.
There is a death whose pang
Outlasts the fleeting breath:—
O what eternal horrors hang
Around the second death!

3 ' Lord God of truth and grace,
Teach us that death to shun;—
Lest we be driven from thy face,
And evermore undone;—
Here would we end our quest;—
Alone are found in Thee,
The life of perfect love,—the rest
Of immortality.'

The following is a version of the cxxxth Psalm.

' Out of the depths of woe,
To thee, O Lord! I cry;
Darkness surrounds me, yet I know
That thou art ever nigh:
Then hearken to my voice,
Give ear to my complaint;
Thou bidst the mourning soul rejoice:
Thou comfortest the saint.

' I cast my hopes on thee:
Thou canst, thou wilt forgive:
If thou shouldst mark iniquity,
Who in thy sight could live?
I wait for thee; I wait,
Confessing all my sin;
Lord, I am knocking at thy gate,
Open, and take me in.

' Like them, whose sleepless eyes
Watch till the morning star,
Though late, and seen through tempests rise,
Heaven's portals to unbar:
Like them I watch and pray,
And though it tarry long,
Like them I wait for dawning day,
Then break into a song:

" Glory to God above!
" The waters soon will cease:
" For lo! the swift-returning dove
" Brings home the pledge of peace!
" Though storms his face obscure,
" And dangers threaten loud,
" Jehovah's covenant is sure,—
" His bow is in the cloud." '

Art. IX. *A Voyage to America* with some Account of the Manners and Customs of the Dahomian People. By John M'Leod, M.D. fcp. 8vo. pp. 162. [Four Plates] Price 5s. 6d. London. 1820.

THIS amusing little volume professes to be nothing more than a history of personal adventures; but it tells us, within the compass of a few pages of easy reading, all that a costly quarto could have to say worth our knowing, about the kingdom of Dahomy. The service which led our Author into his sable majesty's dominions was not of the most honourable description, but he was at that period, 1803, a young man, a navy surgeon on no pay, and was glad to accept the appointment of surgeon to a ship bound from London to the coast of Africa in the Slave Trade. The captain, we are told, was 'a very worthy man,' as slave-dealers generally are. And when the ship arrived in the Whydah road, he proposed to Mr. M'Leod to leave the medical duties of the ship to him, as he understood those matters well enough, and to act as factor at that point of the coast, while the captain proceeded about an hundred and twenty miles further down the gulf. Our surgeon fell in with the plan; his establishment as factor consisted of six hammock men, (whose office resembles that of palanquin bearers in India,) two factory men, an interpreter, cook, washerwoman, and some porters; he had apartments and storehouses in the fort, and messed with Governor Abson.

Whydah was formerly an independent kingdom; but in the year 1727, it was conquered by Guadja Trudo, the king of Dahomy. Grigwee, the present capital, which lies a few miles up from the sea coast, it is stated somewhat equivocally, 'may 'contain about twenty thousand inhabitants.' The kingdom of Dahomey, including the subjugated district, extends at least a hundred and fifty miles into the interior:

'It is bounded by the Mahee and Ashantee countries to the northward and westward; by Eyeo to the north-east; Popoe is on the south-west side; and several inconsiderable states, such as Jacquin and Badagry, intervene between it and the kingdom of Benin, to the south eastward.'

The government of Dahomy is, in the fullest sense of the word, despotism: there being no law but the king's will, his majesty may dispose of either the property or the heads of his loyal subjects as he sees fit. He has from three to four thousand wives; 'a proportion of whom,' Mr. M'L. informs us, 'trained 'to arms under female officers, constituted his body guard.' There are also about the court another very singular sort of attendants, who act as king's messengers: they are called *half heads*, because one side of their heads is always shaved, while the hair on the other side is allowed to grow to its full length. 'They are men who have distinguished themselves 'in battle, and wear as the badge of their office, strings of the 'teeth of those enemies they have actually killed with their 'own hands, slung round their necks, like thecollar of an order.' What holds the place of religion, is paganism of the darkest degree of infernality. In Whydah, the favourite divinity is worshipped in the form of a particular species of snake, called *Daboa*, which is stated to be tameable and inoffensive. These Daboas are 'taken care of in the most pious manner,' and well fed on rats, mice, or birds in their *Fetish* temples. In Dahomy proper, the tiger is worshipped; the skins of tigers being stuffed for the purpose of forming a *safe* object of adoration. An immolation of human victims for the purpose of watering the graves of the king's ancestors, and of supplying them with servants of various descriptions in the other world, takes place every year at a grand festival which is held generally in April or May,—about the period, possibly, that the Missionary and Bible Societies in this country are holding their anniversaries.

'On this occasion, the chief magistrates, or *caboceers*, of the different towns or districts; the governors of the *English*, French, and Portuguese settlements, are *expected to attend* at the capital with their respective retinues; *and the captains of ships and factors trading at Whydah, usually take this opportunity of paying their respects to the king.*'

The victims are generally prisoners of war reserved for the purpose, but should 'there be any lack of these, the number' (between sixty and seventy) 'is made up from the most convenient of his own subjects.'

'The immolation of victims is not confined,' adds our Author, 'to this particular period, for at any time should it be necessary to send an account to his forefathers of any remarkable event, the king despatches a courier to the shades, by delivering his message to whoever may happen to be near him, and then ordering his head to be chopped off immediately. It is considered *an honour* where his majesty personally condescends to become the executioner in these cases; an office in which the present king prides himself in being expert. The governor was present on one occasion when a poor fellow whose fear of death, outweighing the sense of the honour conferred upon him, on being desired to carry some message to his father, humbly declared on his knees, that he was unacquainted with the way; on which the tyrant vociferated, "I'll shew you the way," and, with one blow, made his head fly many yards from his body, highly indignant that there should have been the least expression of reluctance.

'The performance of the annual sacrifice is considered a duty so sacred, that no allurement in the way of gain—no additional price which the white traders can offer for slaves,—will induce the king to spare even a single victim of the established number.'

Next to the slave trade, this shocking practice is, Mr. M'L. thinks, the greatest barrier to African civilization; a barrier which it would 'be an attempt worthy of Britain,' he says, 'to 'remove,' and he does not imagine that it would be a work of very great difficulty, trouble, or expense. The Dahomians are stated to have a very exalted opinion of Europeans.

We have termed this an amusing volume, for such it is; but, perhaps, the most amusing passage in it, is the following:

'I must confess that I have since observed a different kind of tyranny, which, though happily not permanent, is yet, whilst it lasts, more disgusting and intolerable than even the despotism of Dahomy. I mean the tyranny of demagogues and the mob, in those countries where real freedom is abused, and the rabble cry of 'Liberty' made the watch-word for every species of brutality and excess.'

Was this inserted at the suggestion of the Secretary to the Admiralty, or at that of the Bookseller?

ART. X. SELECT LITERARY INFORMATION.

*** *Gentlemen and Publishers who have works in the press, will oblige the Conductors of the* ECLECTIC REVIEW, *by sending information (post paid) of the subject, extent, and probable price of such works; which they may depend upon being communicated to the public, if consistent with its plan.*

In the course of next month will be published, a new edition of Fleury's Manners and Customs of the Ancient Israelites, with considerable additions, and an interesting life of the author. By Adam Clarke, L.L.D. F.A.S.

In a few days will be published, Anti-Scepticism, or an Inquiry into the nature and philosophy of Language, as connected with the Sacred Scriptures. By the Author of the Philosophy of Elocution.

Just ready, The Abbot. By the Author of Waverley. In 3 vols. 12mo.

The Rev. Robert Stevenson, of Castle Hedingham, has in the press, a small work on the nature and importance of the Christian sabbath, with hints for its better observance, and remarks on the awful consequences of the profanation of that sacred day.

Preparing for publication, a Treatise on the Plague, designed to prove it contagious, from facts, founded on the author's experience during the visitation of Malta in 1813. With observations on its prevention, character, and treatment; with an appendix, containing minutes of the author's evidence, given before the contagion committee of the House of Commons, accompanied by their Report. By Sir A. B. Faulkner, M.D. Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians, &c. &c.

Mr. Jos. Swan, Surgeon to the Lincoln County Hospital, has in the press, a Dissertation on the treatment of morbid local affections of nerves, to which the Jacksonian prize of the College of Surgeons was adjudged.

In the press, and speedily will be published, Popular Observations on Regimen and Diet: in which the nature and qualities of our common Food are pointed out and explained; together with practical rules and regulations in regard to health, from infancy to old age. By J. Tweed, Surgeon, &c. Bocking, Essex.

We are requested to state, that the best illustration of the Divorce proceedings, in the time of Henry VIII. is to be found in Strype's Memorials of the Reformation; of which an edition of 250 copies only has been recently published.

The admirers of Chess will very shortly be gratified by the appearance of a selection of fifty games from above 300, played by the celebrated Automaton Chess-Player during its late public exhibition, against various opponents, some of whom rank amongst the first players in England. Many of these games are admirably well contested. In all of them the Automaton gave a pawn and the first move to his adversary, with nearly uninterrupted success; and the various and skilful combinations it displays, form a fine study for the amateur.

Speedily will be published, in 8vo. (price to subscribers, 5s.) Devonia, a poem descriptive of the most interesting scenery in the county of Devon; interspersed with historical anecdotes and legendary tales. By the Rev. G. Woodley, of St. Mary's, Scilly, author of "The Church-yard, and other Poems."

Shortly will be published, lithographed in quarto, a series of designs for private dwellings, comprising perspective elevations adapted to geometrical measurement, and plans of the several stories, with explanatory references. By J. Hedgeland.

Mr. Aspin is preparing for publication, an account of the Naval and Military Exploits which have distinguished the reign of George the Third. The work will be embellished with numerous coloured plates.

In consequence of the very considerable alterations which have recently taken place in the laws that come under the immediate cognizance of magistrates, and the still more important changes which are likely to be made in the next Session of Parliament, Mr. Dickinson is preparing a new edition of his "Practical Exposition of the Office and Duties of a Justice of the Peace," which will be ready for publication, immediately after the close of that session.

Mr. Accum has in the press, a Treatise on Domestic Chemistry, containing instructions for making good and whole-

some bread, beer, wine, vinegar, pickles, &c.

The Rev. G. Holden is printing, in an octavo volume, the Scripture Testimonies to the Divinity of Christ, collected and illustrated.

Mr. Henry Brook will soon publish, in quarto, with twelve plates, a Guide to the Stars; being an easy method of knowing the relative position of the fixed stars, from the first to the third magnitude.

The Rev. G. Townsend has in the press, in two octavo volumes, the Holy Bible arranged in Chronological and Historical Order, that the whole may be read in one uniform connected history.

Miss Benger has nearly ready for publication, the Life of Ann Boleyn, queen of Henry VIII, being the first of a series of historical female portraits.

W. M. Mason, esq. has in forwardness for publication, the History and Antiquities of the Collegiate Church of St. Patrick, Dublin, in a quarto volume, with seven engravings.

Prof. Leslie has in the press, Geometrical Analysis, and the Geometry of Curve Lines; also, a Treatise on Heat, theoretical and practical.

The Rev. H Gauntlett will soon publish, Lectures on the Book of Revelation, being the substance of forty-four discourses, preached at Olney.

Mr. J. Noble, of Edinburgh, is preparing an Arabic Vocabulary and Index for Richardson's Arabic Grammar, with tables of oriental alphabets, points, and affixes.

Rome in the Nineteenth Century, is printing in three duodecimo volumes.

Travels in England, Wales, and Scotland, in 1816, by Dr. Spiker, librarian to the king of Prussia, are translating for the press.

Lectures on the Philosophy of the Human Mind, by the late Dr. Thomas Brown, are printing in three octavo volumes.

On the 1st of September, Mr. Brookshaw, (author of that celebrated work, the "Pomona Brittannica,") will produce the first two parts of an entirely new work on Fruit, entitled, the "Horticultural Repository," containing delineations of the best varieties of the different species of English fruit; to which are added, the blossoms and leaves, in those instances in which they are judged necessary: accompanied with full descriptions of their various properties, their time of ripening, and directions for planting them, so as to produce a longer succession of fruit; such being pointed out as are particularly calculated for open walls, and for forcing. It will be completed in about twenty-six parts, price 5s. each.

ART. XI. LIST OF WORKS RECENTLY PUBLISHED.

ARCHITECTURE.

The Heraldic Origin of Gothic Architecture. In answer to all foregoing systems. By Rowley Lascelles, Esq. Barrister of the Middle Temple. royal 8vo. 7s.

EDUCATION.

A Selection of Greek Sentences, with an index and lexicon, in Greek and English. Intended as an initial book in learning the Greek language. By the Rev. G. N. Wright, A.M. Author of the Rudiments of the Greek Language. 12mo. 4s. bound.

The Greek Primer; or, a praxis on the various terminations and formations of nouns and verbs, regular and irregular, including rules for the genders of nouns, conjugation of verbs, &c. with copious lists of examples. Greek and English. By D. B. Hickie. 12mo. 4s. 6d. bound.

GEOGRAPHY.

A New and improved Map of India, on one large sheet; compiled from the latest documents, and engraved by John Walker. One sheet, 16s. Or on cloth bound, in a case, or with rollers, 1l. 1s.

HISTORY.

The History of British India. By James Mill, Esq. The second edition. In 6 vols. 8vo. 3l. 12s.

A Dissertation on the Passage of Hannibal over the Alps. By a Member of the University of Oxford. With four maps. 8vo. 12s.

Lectures on the Philosophy of History, [illegible]

illustrative engravings. By the late Rev. Ezekiel Blomfield. 4to. 1l.

Historical Account of Discoveries and Travels in Asia, from the earliest ages to the present time. By Hugh Murray, F.R.S. E. 3 vols. 8vo. 2l. 2s.

MEDICINE.

Observations on Variolous Inoculation, and Vaccination; in a Letter to a Friend. With an appendix, containing some remarks on the extension of Small-Pox, in the town of Melksham and its vicinity. By J. F. Hulbert, member of the Royal College of Surgeons, London; honorary member of the Medical and Physical Society of Guy's Hospital, &c.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Private Correspondence of David Hume, the Historian, with several distinguished Persons; now first published from the originals in the possession of the editor. 4to. 1l. 11s. 6d.

Letters from Mrs. Delany (widow of Doctor Patrick Delany) to Mrs. Frances Hamilton, from the year 1779 to the year 1788; comprising many unpublished and interesting Anecdotes of their late Majesties, and the Royal Family. Now first printed from the original manuscripts. post 8vo. 6s. 6d.

The Whole Correspondence of Horace Walpole, Earl of Orford, now first collected. 4 vols. 8vo. with portrait. 2l. 8s.

Collections relative to the Claims at the Coronations of several of the Kings of England, beginning with King Richard II. being curious and interesting documents, derived from authentic sources. 8vo. 5s.

The Athenian Oracle, abridged; containing the most valuable questions and answers, in the volumes of the original work; on history, philosophy, divinity, love and marriage. 8vo. 10s. 6d.

An Account of the Improvements on the Estates of the Marquess of Stafford, in the counties of Stafford and Salop, and on the Estate of Sutherland; with remarks. By James Loch, Esq. Illustrated by numerous plans, &c. 8vo. 12s.

The Improvement of English Roads urged, during the existing Dearth of Employment for the Poor. 8vo. 2s.

Transactions of the Literary Society of Bombay; containing Papers and Essays, by John Crawford, Esq.; Mr. Charles Bellino; W. Erskine, Esq.; Mr. Joseph Hammer; Mr. N. Pearce; Capt. Vans Kennedy; A. Stewart, Esq. Charles Linton, Esq.; Capt. F. Dangerfield; Capt. Jas. Macmurdo; Thos. Coats, Esq.; Capt. John Stewart. With a list of the members. Vol. II. 4to. 3l. 3s. boards.

The concluding Part of the New Cyclopædia; or, Universal Dictionary of Arts, Sciences, and Literature. By Abraham Rees, D.D. F.R.S. F.L.S. &c. Editor of the last edition of Mr. Chambers' Dictionary; with the assistance of eminent professional Gentlemen.

Aristarchus anti-Blomfieldianus; or, a Reply to the Notice of the New Greek Thesaurus inserted in the 44th Number of the Quarterly Review. By E. H. Barker, O. T. N. to which are added, the Jena Reviews of Mr. Blomfield's Edition of Callimachus and Æschyli Persæ, translated from the German. 8vo. 4s. 6d.

A General Index to the first forty Numbers of the Classical Journal. 6s.

The Establishments of M. Emmanuel de Fellenberg, at Hoffwyl, considered with reference to their claim upon the attention of men in public Stations. By the Count Louis de Villevieille. 2s.

NATURAL HISTORY.

A Compendium of the Ornithology of Great Britain; with a Reference to the Anatomy and Physiology of Birds. By John Atkinson, F.L.S. Member of the Royal College of Surgeons in London, &c. and Curator of the Museum and Librarian to the Philosophical and Literary Society at Leeds.

POETRY.

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classes discontented with their situation, to encourage a spirit of insubordination; and therefore, though knowledge may be in itself a good, it is not good for them: which is only saying, in other words, that popular ignorance is not an evil.

In terming this a prevailing sentiment at the present time, we shall no doubt be reminded of the unparalleled exertions which are being made to educate the lower classes, as seemingly confronting the assertion with fact. But, without going into the general subject of the causes which have produced this reluctant and unnatural movement, on the part of the new friends of national education, it is sufficient to remark, that a conviction of the evils of popular ignorance, had an extremely small share in originating it. We have known many an institutor of a national school, who has retained and avowed his sentiments of hostility to the modern scheme of making education general. To suppress a Dissenting Sunday school has, in hundreds of instances, been the only motive for establishing a rival institution under the auspices of the Church. And the incumbent and the patron of the district have yielded to the spirit of the times, or to the necessity of the case, not without sagacious intimations of doubt or alarm with regard to the probable issue.

There is another class of persons, who more cheerfully concur in plans of education from a sense of duty, from the persuasion that the people ought to be taught, but who have by no means clear or adequate ideas of the greatness of the mischief and calamity which are involved in their being left in a state of ignorance. A distrust of the efficiency of mere knowledge in certain relations, leads them to underrate its vast importance, and its necessary effects in other directions. It is possible that some benevolent persons may have their exertions discouraged by the consideration of the accountableness which attaches to knowledge, and of the aggravated guilt which those who shall have been rendered more accountable by instruction, are but too likely to incur. Such a feeling is manifestly wrong, since it is at variance with the clearest precepts of duty, and would equally militate against all attempts to promote even the diffusion of religious truth.

In short, while the advantages and the usefulness of knowledge have now come to be generally admitted, and plans are being every where set on foot for the better education of the lower classes, the subject of the present Essay has never received that distinct attention which it deserves; has never been fairly laid open in all its length and breadth to the view of the legislator, the political economist, and the reflective Christian. The very obviousness of the truth, that ignorance is a prodigious evil, seems to supersede the necessity of any formal method of proof to establish it; but yet, in showing how absolutely evil it is, and

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Art. I. *An Essay on the Evils of Popular Ignorance.* By John Foster. 8vo. pp. 304. Price 7s. 6d. London. 1820.

LONG before Philosophy framed it into the shape of a proposition, that '*Knowledge is power*,' an indistinct conviction of the fact seems constantly to have guided the policy of the dominant few, in their treatment and government of the subject many. Because knowledge is power, therefore it has been deemed unwise and unsafe to intrust it in the hands of the people. Accordingly, the Papal system, which had its foundations laid in popular ignorance, has always dictated the most jealous assertion of this prerogative of the privileged orders. It was doubtless upon the principle of self-preservation, that the Church of Rome sealed up the fountains of instruction, knowing them to be, at the same time, the sources of moral power. It is a very different position from the philosophical axiom just referred to, that has been laid down by a wiser than Bacon: "That the "heart be without knowledge," Solomon has said, "it is not "*good*." And this position is very far indeed from having obtained the general assent of mankind. Few persons, perhaps, in our own country, would deny, in general terms, that ignorance is an evil, or that the people are, in many respects, the worse for being grossly ignorant; but a very little knowledge, almost as little of this sort of power as possible, is deemed sufficient for *them*. The prevailing feeling among a very large class of the nation is, an anxiety lest the lower classes should come to know too much. If the question were fairly and closely put to such persons, whether they consider knowledge to be absolutely a good thing, they would hesitate, they would plead for its being good under certain circumstances, and with certain qualifications; or they would, perhaps, at length broadly intimate, in a sense for which the poet is not responsible, that

> —'where ignorance is bliss,
> 'Tis folly to be wise.'

Knowledge, it is imagined, tends only to make the labouring

classes discontented with their situation, to encourage a spirit of insubordination; and therefore, though knowledge may be in itself a good, it is not good for them: which is only saying, in other words, that popular ignorance is not an evil.

In terming this a prevailing sentiment at the present time, we shall no doubt be reminded of the unparalleled exertions which are being made to educate the lower classes, as seemingly confronting the assertion with fact. But, without going into the general subject of the causes which have produced this reluctant and unnatural movement, on the part of the new friends of national education, it is sufficient to remark, that a conviction of the evils of popular ignorance, had an extremely small share in originating it. We have known many an institutor of a national school, who has retained and avowed his sentiments of hostility to the modern scheme of making education general. To suppress a Dissenting Sunday school has, in hundreds of instances, been the only motive for establishing a rival institution under the auspices of the Church. And the incumbent and the patron of the district have yielded to the spirit of the times, or to the necessity of the case, not without sagacious intimations of doubt or alarm with regard to the probable issue.

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In short, while the advantages and the usefulness of knowledge have now come to be generally admitted, and plans are being every where set on foot for the better education of the lower classes, the subject of the present Essay has never received that distinct attention which it deserves; has never been fairly laid open in all its length and breadth to the view of the legislator, the political economist, and the reflective Christian. The very obviousness of the truth, that ignorance is a prodigious evil, seems to supersede the necessity of any formal method of proof to establish it; but yet, in showing how absolutely evil it is, and

wherein its evil effects consist, there is scope for the utmost force of illustration, in order to bring the considerations that belong to the subject to bear upon the prejudices which still maintain their hold upon the public mind. This appears to have been more particularly Mr. Foster's aim in the present Essay. Its design is, to rouse the sensibility to a perception of the momentous fact, that the people are being "destroyed for lack of knowledge;" to present it with graphical vividness, in every point of view that may be adapted to lay hold of the imagination or the conscience; to shew that ignorance is emphatically destruction; and that all that has been done, or that is doing, to rescue the population from intellectual and moral debasement, falls very short of what is required to be done in order to the discharge of individual and national duty. The general cast of the Essay is that of an address: it in fact grew out of a Sermon delivered at a public meeting of the Bristol Auxiliary British and Foreign School Society. The field for expatiation naturally widened as the Writer advanced in the discussion of his fertile topic, and as the evil in question disclosed itself to him in all its gigantic dimensions, till the Essay swelled to its present form. Some deficiency in point of distribution and arrangement may be detected, arising out of the circumstances attending the composition; and for this the Author bespeaks his reader's indulgence. We are inclined, however, to complain far less of any real want of method, than of the absence of the usual formal indications of it, and the extreme faintness of the lines by which the distinct topics and trains of thought are marked out. Mr. Foster has done quite well to avoid the technicalities of first place, and second place, and so forth; but the reader's eye, after travelling through one score of pages after another, without finding a resting place, not so much as a milestone or a finger-post, begins to be wearied with the unbroken and measureless continuity. It therefore behoved the Author to supply at least some marginal indication of the commencement and end of each section, if not to present a map of the general plan. No one can reasonably be expected to read the whole Essay at a sitting: it would require an effort fairly beyond the average power of sustained mental exertion. But if so, it would seem to be the more necessary that the convenience of the reader's memory should have been consulted by the introduction of seasonable breaks. In our judgement, the work would, with advantage, admit of being distributed into chapters.

What would in that case claim to be the first chapter, comprises an historical review of the prevailing condition of the great mass of mankind in an intellectual respect, at different periods, and under the various moral predicaments of Judaism, Heathenism, Popery, and Reformed Christianity. This review extends to the first ninety-six pages. Mr. Foster introduces it by ad-

verting to the inaptitude of the mind to take the due impression of any adequate representation of human misery and destruction; such, for instance, as is conveyed in the striking language of his scriptural motto: "My people are destroyed for lack of know-"ledge." This habitual insensibility he seems to think mainly referrible to a sort of instinctive selfish policy, by which the mind excludes whatever would disturb its tranquillity and ease. It is no doubt connected, in most cases, with a criminal callousness of feeling, with what the Scripture denominates hardness of heart; but yet, something must be allowed for the operation of the general law by which our feelings are regulated, it being with the individual only, not with the species, that we sympathize. The sensitiveness of our emotions, too, is very far from affording a criterion of the strength of the moral habit in which those emotions are designed to terminate. Real benevolence, active benevolence, is often found, on the one hand, the eminent characteristic of persons whose feelings are by no means very acute. On the other hand, there have been individuals whose personal happiness has been through life sensibly diminished by a keen perception of the evil and wretchedness around them, without its inspiring a benevolent effort, or perhaps a devout aspiration. The holy and happy beings who ceaselessly minister to the heir of salvation, behold the scenes of this evil world, we may be well assured, with infinite composure: in the discharge of their benevolent errands, it is not conceivable that they should suffer any interruption of their joy, although that joy may be susceptible of increase. Yet to them, the whole extent of the grand calamity that has befallen the human race, is distinctly visible; and their not being implicated in that calamity, supplies no reason that they should feel less benevolently than mortals towards the victims of moral destruction. There must, then, be a holy sensibility, that is perfectly consistent with an undisturbed stillness and serenity of mind, in the prospect of surrounding calamities; and this sensibility would seem to be of a kind wholly different from that which consists in a susceptibility of pleasing or painful emotions. It is but natural and inevitable that small things affecting ourselves, should produce a more vivid impression than great things relating to others. The evil and the crime consist in excluding from our attention and feelings altogether, those great things, respecting which to feel adequately were impossible, and only to feel were unavailing.

There can, however, be no question that the prevailing insensibility, with regard to the moral circumstances in which the greater part of our fellow creatures are involved, has its origin in a supine selfishness, or a heart-withering scepticism. 'Is it 'possible,' inquires Mr. Foster, 'to conceive that beings put in 'one place, so near together, so much alike, and under such a

'complication of connexions and dependencies, can yet really be 'so insulated, as that some of them may, without any thing wrong 'in feeling, behold, with unmoved composure, innumerable com-'panies of the rest in such a condition, that it had been better for 'them not to have existed?' To such a condition a vast multitude, he remarks, have been consigned by "the lack of know-"ledge;" and that this has been the especial cause, he then proceeds to illustrate by a series of observations descriptive of the wretchedness inseparable from prevailing ignorance in the people. The Jews are first cited, as furnishing a most melancholy instance of the denounced effects of their inexcusable ignorance.

'The prophets had their exalted privilege of dwelling amidst the illuminations of heaven, effectually countervailed by the daily spectacle of the grossest manifestations and mischiefs of ignorance, among the very people for whose instruction they were under the prophetic vocation. One of the most striking of the characteristics by which their writings so forcibly seize the imagination, is that strange fluctuating visionary light and gloom, caused by the continual intermingling and contrast of the emanations from the Spirit of infinite wisdom, with the disclosures from the dark debased souls of the people. We are tempted to pronounce that nation not only the most perverse, but the most unintelligent and stupid of all human tribes. The revealed law of God in the midst of them; the prophets and other organs and modes of oracular communication; religious ordinances and emblems; facts, made and expressly intended to embody truths, in long and various series; the whole system of their super-human government, constituted as a school—all these were ineffectual to create so much just thought in their minds, as to save them from the vainest and the vilest fancies, delusions, and superstitions.

'But, indeed, this very circumstance, that knowledge shone on them from Him that knows all things, may, in part, account for a stupidity that appears so peculiar and marvellous. The nature of man is in such a moral condition, that any thing is the less acceptable for coming directly from God; it being quite consistent, that the state of mind which is declared to be "enmity against him," should have a dislike to his coming so near, as to impart his communications as it were, by his immediate act, and bearing on them the fresh and sacred impression of his hand. The supplies for man's temporal being are conveyed to him through an extended medium, through a long process of nature and art, which seems to place the great first Cause at a commodious distance; and those gifts are, on that account, more welcome, on the whole, than if they were sent like the manna. The manna itself would not, probably, have been so soon loathed, had it been produced in what we call the regular course of nature. And with respect to the intellectual communications which were given to constitute the light of knowledge in their souls, there can, on the same principle, be no doubt that they would more willingly have opened their minds to receive them, and exercised their faculties upon them, if they could have appeared as something originating in human wisdom, or at least

as something which had been long surrendered by the Divine Revealer, to maintain itself in the world on much the same terms as the doctrines worked out from mere human speculation. But truth declared to them, and inculcated on them, through a continual immediate manifestation of the Sovereign Intelligence, had a glow of Divinity (if we may so express it) that was unspeakably offensive to their minds, which therefore receded with instinctive avoidance. They were averse to look toward that which they could not see without seeing God; and thus they were hardened in ignorance, through a re-action of human depravity against the too luminous approach of the Divine presence to give them wisdom.'

The absence of knowledge is likely, remarks Mr. Foster, to be something worse than simple ignorance: false notions, crude indeed and incoherent, will nevertheless acquire consistency enough to spread to all the points left unoccupied with truth. 'It is,' he adds, 'frightful to see what a space in an ignorant mind, one 'false notion can fill, so as to be virtually the reverse of a great 'number of distinct truths that are wanting there.' And not only is the absence of right apprehensions practically equivalent to wrong ones, but 'that small portion of knowledge which an 'ignorant people might really possess, could be of very little 'avail.'

'For one thing, from its being most confined in its compass, and scanty in its particulars, there would be a vast number of things and occasions by which it would not, (as bearing no direct relation to them,) be called into exercise, and in which, therefore, the bad activities generated from ignorance would be left to have their unrestrained play. For another thing, a few notions conformable to truth cannot, in understandings left mainly in ignorance, and so given up, as we have seen, to error, maintain the clearness and power of truth for application even to the very things to which those notions are applicable. A mind holding but a little of truth will, commonly, hold that little with both a feeble apprehension, and a great liability to have it perverted to subserve the errors that occupy that same mind. The conjunction of truths is of the utmost importance for preserving the genuine tendency, and securing the efficacy, of each. It is an unhappy "lack of knowledge" when there is not enough to preserve, to what there is of it, the honest beneficial quality of knowledge. How many of the follies, excesses, and crimes, in the course of the world, have taken their pretended warrant from some fragment of truth, dissevered from the connexion of truths indispensable to its right operation, and in that detached state easily perverted into coalescence with the most noxious principles, which concealed and gave effect to their malignity by the advantage of this combination.

'There was no want of exemplifications of all we have said of ignorance, in the conduct of that ancient people at present in our view. Doubtless an awful share of the iniquities which, by their necessary tendency and by the divine vindictive appointment, brought plagues and destruction upon them, were committed in violation of

what they knew. But that also it was in part from the non-admission into their minds, of the information which pressed almost in a palpable form on their very senses, that they were betrayed into crimes and consequent miseries, is evident equally from the language of the prophets, and from the surprise which they sometimes seem to have felt on finding themselves involved in retributive suffering. How could such things as these, (they have seemed to say of their conduct, with sincere unknowing amazement,) bring on us such inflictions? It seemed as if they had never so much as dreamed of such a consequence; and their monitors had to represent to them, that it had been through their own stupid inattention to divine dictates and warnings, if they did not know that such proceedings would have such a termination.

'How one portion of knowledge admitted, with the exclusion of other truths equally indispensable to be known, may not only be quite unavailing, but be perverted to coincide with destructive error, is dreadfully illustrated in the final catastrophe of that favoured guilty nation. They were in possession of the one important point of knowledge, that a Messiah was to come. They held this assurance not slightly, but with strong conviction, and as a matter of the greatest interest. But then, that this knowledge might have its appropriate and happy effect, it was indispensable for them to know also the character of this Messiah, and the real nature of his great design. This they did not, because they would not, learn, and were absolutely ignorant of. Literally the whole people, with an exception awfully diminutive, had failed, or rather refused, to admit, as to that part of the subject, the inspired declarations. Now comes the fatal consequence of knowing only one thing of several that require to be inseparable in knowledge. They formed to themselves a false idea of the Messiah, according to their own vain and worldly imaginations. They extended the full assurance which they justly entertained of his coming, to this false notion of what he was to be and to accomplish when he should come. From this it was natural and inevitable that when the true Messiah should come they would not recognise him, and that their hostility would be excited against a person who, while evidently the reverse of all their favourite and confident ideas of that glorious character, demanded to be acknowledged as realizing the declarations of heaven concerning it. And thus they were placed in an incomparably worse situation for receiving him when he did appear, than if they had had no knowledge at all that a Messiah was to come. For on that supposition they might have received him as a most striking moral phenomenon, with curiosity, and wonder, and as little prejudice as it is possible in any case for depravity and ignorance to feel toward sanctity and wisdom. But this delusive preoccupation of their minds formed a direct grand cause for their rejecting Jesus Christ. And how fearful was the final consequence of *this* "lack of knowledge!" How truly, in all senses, the people were destroyed! The violent extermination at length of multitudes of them from the earth, was but as the omen and commencement of a deeper perdition. And the terrible memorial is a perpetual admonition what a curse it is *not to know*. For He by the rejection of

whom these despisers devoted themselves to perish, while he looked on their great city, and wept at the doom which he beheld impending, said, *If* thou hadst *known*, even thou in this thy day——.' pp. 21—25.

This exposition of the fatal effects of that modification of ignorance which consists in partial knowledge, is highly striking and philosophically just. But the Author's style warms into greater richness, and attains a dignified and stately eloquence, when he proceeds to descant on the total eclipse which overshadowed the old Gentile world, after the feeble traditional glimmering of the truth that had been originally received by Divine communication had become extinct, 'having, as it were, 'gone out in the act of lighting up certain fantastic inventions 'of doctrine, of which the element was exhaled from the cor-'ruptions of the human soul.' The debasing influence of the classical Polytheism on the vulgar, has never, perhaps, been placed in so strong a light, as that which could not but be its direct operation; the necessary consequence of the human tribes being surrendered to their own understanding for all that they were to know and feel.

'Melancholy predicament! The understanding, the intellect, the reason, (whatever name or distinction we designate it by,) which had not sufficed even for seeing the necessity of preserving the true light from heaven, was to be competent to give light in its absence. Under the disadvantage of this loss,—after the setting of the sun—it was to exercise itself on an unlimited diversity of important things, inquiring, comparing, and deciding. All those things, if examined far, extended into mystery. All genuine thinking was a hard repellent labour. The senses were feeble organs for the action of intellect on exterior existence. Casual impressions had a mighty force of perversion. The appetites and passions would infallibly, for the most part, occupy and actuate the whole man. When his imagination was put in activity, it would not be at all more favourable to the attainment of truth. His interest, according to the gross apprehension of it, would in numberless instances require, and therefore would gain, false judgments for justification of the manner of pursuing it. And all this while, there was no grand standard and test to which the notions of things could be brought. If there were some spirits of larger and purer thought, that went out in the honest search of truth, they must have felt an oppression of utter hopelessness in looking round on a world of doubtful things, on no one of which they could obtain the dictate of a supreme intelligence. There was no sovereign demonstrator in communication with the earth, to tell wretched man what to think in any of a thousand questions which arose to confound him.' pp. 26, 27.

But if their predicament was hopeless as regarded the discovery of abstract truth, it was emphatically melancholy in point of their utter ignorance of the essential nature of practical goodness or virtue.

'How should they know it? A depraved mind would not find in itself any native conception to give the bright form of it. There were no living examples of it. The men who held the pre-eminence in the community were generally, in the most important points, its reverse. It was for the *Divine* nature, manifesting itself and contemplated, to have presented the archetype of the idea of perfect rectitude, whence might have been derived the modified exemplar for human virtue. And so *would* the idea of perfect moral excellence have come to dwell and shine in the understanding, if it had been the True Divinity that men beheld in their contemplations of a superior existence. But when the gods of their heaven were little better than their own evil qualities, exalted to the sky to be thence reflected back upon them invested with Olympian charms and splendours, their ideas of deity would evidently co-operate with all that made it impossible for them to conceive a perfect model for human excellence. See the mighty labour of human depravity to confirm its dominion! It would translate itself to heaven, and usurp divinity, in order to come down thence with a sanction for man to be wicked,—in order, by a falsification of the qualities of the Supreme Nature, to preclude his forming the true idea of what would be perfect rectitude in his own.

'A system which could thus associate all the modes of moral turpitude with the most lofty and illustrious forms of existence, would go far toward vitiating essentially the entire theory of moral good and evil. And if, in spite of all its power of subversion, any moral principles still maintained their ground in the convictions of the understanding, and there asserted their claim with a voice which nothing could silence, such a system would nevertheless greatly contribute to defraud them of practical efficacy.

'But, how small was the number of pure moral principles, (if indeed any,) that among the people of the heathen nations *did* maintain themselves in the convictions of the understanding. The darkness to which the privation of the divine light had abandoned them, gave free action to all the perversities of thought and desire that went to the abrogation, in speculative acknowledgment, in judgment, of almost all the essential principles and specific rules of the true morality. And of this melancholy privilege the naturally rebelling temper of the mind against those principles and rules availed itself in every possible way, operating to this effect, of erasing from the understanding the just notions and traces of morality, partly by the direct means of the influence of the passions and appetites, and partly, as we have just described, by the corrupt agency more circuitously brought to bear on the same object through a falsification of religion.

'And so mighty was the success of this anti-moral operation, that iniquities without number took the name and repute of virtues. It is quite tremendous to consider how large a proportion of all the vices and crimes of which mankind were ever guilty, have actually constituted, in one nation and age, and another, a part of the approved moral and religious system. It is questionable if we could select from the worst forms of depravity any one which has not been at least admitted among the authorized customs, if not even appointed among the

institutes of the religion, of some tribe of the human race. And when thus sanctioned, these depravities might without restraint, diffuse an infection of their quality through every thing in the social economy in which they were contained. This was as natural an effect as that which would follow from the admission, among a close assemblage of persons, of an individual who was sickening of the plague. Wherever, therefore, in the imperfect notices afforded us of ancient nations, we find any one virulent iniquity holding an authorized place in custom or religion, we may confidently make a very large inference, even where the record is silent.' pp. 30—33.

There is a knot of poetical *illuminati* in the present day, who are for ever prattling about the beautiful mythology of ancient Paganism, and who would fain beguile their readers into the delusion that it had at least a genial influence upon human happiness. Feeling themselves ill at ease in the continual presence of a Divine system which frowns an awful rebuke upon their fondest propensities, and offers no attractions to their fancy, but which they cannot, while they hope it, calmly disbelieve, they persuade themselves that that must needs have been a happy state of society which Christianity never came to mar with sour restraints, or to disturb with spectral fears. That was the age of poetry. It were perfectly useless to recommend to these unhappy but most self-sufficient persons, the deep consideration of what our Author has adduced to shew that the popular ignorance of heathen ages was the reverse of bliss; but we are glad to have the fact so specifically and forcibly brought out. 'It is true,' he remarks, 'that the mental darkness which 'we are representing as so greatly the cause of their wickedness 'and unhappiness, had the effect, in a measure, of protecting 'them from some kinds of suffering.'

'They had not illumination enough, to have conscience enough, for inflicting the severest pains of remorse, and of "the fearful looking for of fiery indignation." But that they were wretched was practically acknowledged in the very quality of what they ardently and universally sought as the highest felicities of existence. Those delights were violent and tumultuous, in all possible ways and degrees estranged from reflection, and adverse to it. The whole souls of great and small, in the most barbarous and in the more polished state, were passionately set upon revelry, upon expedients for inflaming the indulgences of licentiousness to extravagance, madness, and monstrous enormity; upon concourses of multitudes for pomps, celebrations, shews, games, combats; on the riots of exultation and revenge after victories. The ruder nations had, in their way, however pitiable in their attempts at magnificence, their grand festive, triumphal, and demoniac confluxes and revellings. To these joys of tumult, the people of the savage and the more cultivated nations sacrificed every thing belonging to the peaceful economy of life, with a desperate frantic fury. And all this was the confession that there was little

felicity in the heart or in the home. Nor could all this be itself happiness: even if the vain elation could be called so while it lasted, it was brief in each instance, and it subsided in an aggravated dreariness of the soul.

'The fact of their being unhappy had a still more gloomy attestation in the mutual enmity which seems to have been of the very essence of life, so vital a principle that it could not be spared an hour. No, they could not live without this luxury drawn from the fountains of death! What is the most conspicuous material of ancient history, what is it that glares out the most hideously from that darkness and oblivion into which the old world has in so great a degree retired, but the incessant furies of miserable mortals against their fellow-mortals, "hateful and hating one another?" We cannot look that way but we see the whole field covered with inflicters and sufferers, not seldom interchanging those characters. If that field widens to our view, it is still, to the utmost line to which the shade clears away, a scene of cruelty, oppression, and slavery; of the strong trampling on the weak, and the weak often attempting to bite at the feet of the strong; of rancourous animosities and murderous competitions of persons raised above the mass of the community; of treacheries and massacres; and of war, between hordes, and cities, and nations, and empires, war *never*, in spirit, intermitted, and suspended sometimes in act only to acquire renewed force for destruction, or to find another assemblage of hated creatures to cut in pieces. Powerful as "the spirit of the first-born Cain" has continued, down to our own age, and in the most improved division of mankind, there was nevertheless, in the ancient pagan race, (as there is in some portions of the modern,) a more complete uncontrouled actuation of the all-killing, all-devouring fury, a more absolute possession of Moloch.' pp. 43—46.

From pure heathenism, the transition is not violent to the intellectual state of the nominal Christian world during the dark ages preceding the Reformation. As the direct endeavour to extirpate the Christian religion became hopeless, there was a grand change of the policy of Evil.

'All manner of reprobate things, heathenism itself among them, rushed as by general conspiracy into treacherous conjunction with Christianity, retaining their own quality under sanction of its name, and by a rapid process reducing it to surrender almost every thing distinctive of it but that dishonoured name. The names of the solemn realities of religion, thus vacated, were available to all evil. They were as unfilled vessels of the sanctuary into which crafty and wicked men might clandestinely introduce the most malignant preparations.'

In pursuing the contrast between what *was*, and what might and ought to have been, the intellectual quality of the mighty aggregate of Christendom, Mr. Foster places his reader, by that strong power of graphical representation in which he so eminently excels, in the front of some venerable cathedral, and calls upon him to reflect what the incalculable cost of such structures, the temples of idolatry, might have effected, had it been devoted

to the beneficent purpose of affording a moderate share of instruction to the people. To a person of sensibility and taste, the complicate magnificence of the splendid pile, the creation of genius that centuries ago quitted the world without leaving even a name, will at first present itself with an almost magical effect of awe-inspiring grandeur. But, if he be a religious man, he will be recalled.

'The sculptures, the inscriptions, the sanctuaries enclosed off for the special benefit, after death, of persons who had very different concerns during life from that of the care of their salvation, and various other insignia of the original character of the place will help to recal him to the thought, that these proud piles were in fact raised to celebrate the conquest, and prolong the dominion of the Power of Darkness over the souls of the people. They were as triumphal arches erected in memorial of the extermination of that truth which was given to be the life of men.

'As he looks round, and looks upward, on the prodigy of design, and skill, and perseverance, and tributary wealth, he may image to himself the multitudes that, during successive ages, frequented this fane in the assured belief, that the idle ceremonies and impious superstitions, which they there performed or witnessed, were a service acceptable to heaven, and to be repaid in blessings to the offerers. He may say to himself, Here, on this very floor, under that elevated and decorated vault, in a "dim religious light" like this, but with the darkness of the shadow of death in their souls, they prostrated themselves to their saints, or their "queen of heaven;" nay, to painted images and toys of wood or wax, to some ounce or two of bread and wine, to fragments of old bones, and rags of clothing. Hither they came, when conscience, in looking either back or forward, dismayed them, to purchase remission with money or atoning penances, or to acquire the privilege of sinning in a certain manner, or for a certain time, with impunity; and they went out at yonder door in the perfect confidence that the priest had secured, in the one case the suspension, in the other the satisfaction, of the divine law. Here they solemnly believed, as they were taught, that, by donatives to the church, they delivered the souls of their departed sinful relatives from their state of punishment; and they went out at that door resolved to bequeath some portion of their possessions, to operate in the same manner for themselves another day, in case of need. Here they were convened to listen in reverence to some representative emissary from the Man of Sin, with new dictates of blasphemy or iniquity to be promulgated in the name of the Almighty; or to witness the trickery of some detestable farce, devised to cheat or fright them out of whatever remainder the former impositions might have left to them of sense, conscience, or property. Here, in fine, there was never presented to their understanding, from their childhood to their death, a comprehensive honest declaration of the laws of duty, and the pure doctrines of salvation. To think! that they should have mistaken for the house of God, and the very gate of heaven, a place where the Power of Darkness had so short a way to come from his appropriate dominions, and

his agents and purchased slaves so short a way to go thither. If we could imagine a momentary visit from Him who once entered a fabric of sacred denomination with a scourge, because it was made the resort of a common traffic, with what aspect and voice, with what infliction but the "rebuke with flames of fire," would he have entered this mart of iniquity, assuming the name of his sanctuary, where the traffic was in delusions, crimes, and the souls of men? It was even as if, to use the prophet's language, the very "stone cried out of the wall, and the beam out of the timber answered it," in denunciation; for a portion of the means of building, in the case of some of these edifices, was obtained as the price of dispensations and pardons.'

It is a most pertinent reflection which the Author suggests to those who glory in their Protestant name, 'whether we have ever 'been grateful enough to God for the dashing in pieces, in this 'land, of a system' like this, which still maintains much of its stability over the greater part of Christendom. He then passes on to shew how very slowly the people of this country realized the benefits of the Reformation. 'Long there lingered enough 'of night for the evil spirit of popery to walk abroad in great 'power.' And are there not valleys and ravines in the land so shut out from the day, that the evil spirit still walks there in all the security of darkness? How degraded was the intellectual state of the people in the reign of Elizabeth, is sufficiently shewn by the fact, that it was found impossible to supply the churches generally with persons capable of decently officiating, it being the marked distinction of here and there an individual, to be able to read.

'And here,' says Mr. Foster, 'we cannot help remarking what a deception we suffer to pass on us from history. It celebrates some period in a nation's career as pre-eminently illustrious, for magnanimity, lofty enterprize, literature, and original genius. There was perhaps a learned and vigorous monarch, and there were Cecils and Walsinghams, and Shakespears and Spensers, and Sidneys and Raleighs, with many other powerful thinkers and actors, to render it the proudest age of our national glory. And we thoughtlessly admit on our imagination this splendid exhibition as representing, in some indistinct manner, the collective state of the people in that age! The ethereal summits of a tract of the moral world are conspicuous and fair in the lustre of heaven, and we take no thought of the immensely greater proportion of it which is sunk in gloom and covered with fogs. The general mass of the population, whose physical vigour, indeed, and courage, and fidelity to the interests of the country, were of such admirable avail to the purposes, and under the direction, of the mighty spirits that wielded their rough agency,—this great mass was sunk in such mental barbarism, as to be placed at about the same distance from their illustrious intellectual chiefs, as the hordes of Scythia from the most elevated minds of Athens. It was nothing to this great debased multitude spread over the country, existing in the c habits, destitute, in the proportion of ten thousand to one, of cur

and still to a considerable extent enslaved by the popish superstition,—it was nothing, directly, to them, as to drawing forth their minds into free exercise and acquirement, that there were, within the circuit of the island, a profound scholarship, a most disciplined and vigorous reason, a masculine eloquence, and genius breathing enchantment. Both the actual possessors of these noble things, and the portion of society forming, around them, the sphere immediately pervaded by the delight and instruction imparted by them, might as well, for any thing they diffused of this luxury and benefit among the general multitude, have been a Brahminical cast, dissociated by an imagined essential distinction of nature. This prostrate multitude grovelled through life as through dark subterraneous passages, to their graves. Yet *they* were the *nation; they* formed the great aggregate which, under that name and image of consociation, has been historically mocked with an implied community in the application of the superb epithets, which a small proportion of the men of that age claimed by a striking *exception* to the condition of the mass. History too much consults our love of effect and pomp, to let us see in a close and distinct manner any thing

" On the low level of th' inglorious throng ;"

and our attention is borne away to the intellectual splendour exhibited among the most favoured aspirants of the seats of learning, or in councils, in courts, camps, and heroic and romantic enterprizes, and in some immortal works of genius. And thus we are as if gazing with delight at a prodigious public bonfire, while, in all the cottages round, the people are shivering for want of fuel.'

At that other bright era of our literary history, the age of Addison, and Pope, and Swift, although the *reading class* had become during the interval considerably extended, the mental condition of the general population had undergone little or no melioration. ' Probably,' says Mr. Foster, ' they had still fewer ideas ' than the people of the former age.

' For many of those with which Popery had occupied the faith and fancy of those earlier people, had now vanished from the popular mind, without being replaced in equal number by better ideas, or by ideas of any kind. And then their vices had the whole grossness of vice, and their favourite amusements were at best rude and boisterous, and a large proportion of them detestably savage and cruel, so that when we look at the shining wits, poets, and Philosophers of that age, they appear like gaudy flowers in a putrid marsh.'

It must have struck our readers, what a peculiar felicity Mr. Foster has in summoning to his aid similies of this picturesque character, having, in addition, the rare merit of strengthening the simple position they are employed to illustrate. Instead of being laid on as an after-thought, they have the effect of being *burned into* the passage they relieve. Sometimes, but very rarely, Mr. Foster goes a little out of his way for a pretty figure; as, for instance, (p. 299.) when he compares interesting associations to ' woodbines and roses wreathing round the stumps of trees.' In

general, his comparisons are at once unusual and forcibly appropriate; they are pictures, or rather illuminations, scattered over the text, which really serve to embody forth the idea with greater distinctness. In this respect, our Author often reminds us of Coleridge, whose similies, though sometimes bearing too much the air of research, are always good, and occasionally surprise by a sort of recondite appropriateness. The use of figure is, indeed, a part of composition which peculiarly requires a habit of severe thinking; and it is here that feeble writers are especially apt to betray their want of judgement and their incorrectness of thought. Nine times out of ten, the simple form is exceedingly more elegant as well as more impressive than the figurative; but the author must have his simile, and would exclaim against that as a Gothic hand that should prune his composition of the florid embellishment. There is nothing more nauseous than a bad metaphor; nothing so beggarly as a thread-bare image. On this account, we feel it incumbent on us to warn off Mr. Foster's admirers, from an ambitious and perilous imitation of this his splendid peculiarity. His figures, be it observed, are every way distinguishable from the frigid and costive similes introduced, *secundum artem*, after the manner of Homer, in what calls itself heroic poetry; they are equally remote from the cheap efflorescence of rhetorical prose. His comparisons bear no resemblance to the bold *just like's* of a bad reasoner, or the pompous prettyisms of a second-rate orator. They are the living, breathing thoughts of a mind intent upon its genuine purpose, that does not turn aside for flowers of diction, but has at ready command the ample stores of a richly furnished fancy, and from the depth of those stores draws the materials of picturesque and illustrative combination.

But to return from this digression. What must have been the moral condition of the people of former times, if it was worse than that of the people of the present day, by any thing near the difference of a tolerably fair improvement of the additional means recently called into action for the purpose of making them better! To these means the Author briefly adverts,—the vast extension of the system of preaching by the 'happy innovation' of Wesley and Whitefield, and the rise of an evangelical ministry in the Church; the grand novelty of Sunday Schools; the production and circulation of tracts moral and more directly religious, together with the enormous flight of periodical miscellanies and of newspapers; but above all, the combined effects of School, and Bible, and Missionary Institutions; at a period, too, when a prodigious commotion in the political world has 'stirred to the very 'bottom' the stagnant mass of the popular mind. 'When we have 'put all these things together, we may justly wonder,' remarks our Author, 'what *could* have been the mental situation of the

'inferior orders, the great majority of our nation, antecedently to 'the creation of this comprehensive economy of influences and 'means for awaking them to something of an intelligent exis-'tence.' Mr. Foster does not stand in need of being told that there are many sage and even reverend persons in the present day, who stoutly affirm that the people are the worse for all these means and influences, and that this general conspiracy to *puritanize* the community is to be contemplated with unmixed alarm. He would only convert the fact that there are such persons in the superior classes, into a fresh proof of the desperately stupifying power of the long reign of ignorance.

Having terminated the gloomy review of the past, the Author proceeds in what may fairly be considered as a fresh section of the Essay, to take a nearer view of the actual state of our national population, and to describe the evils inseparably attendant upon an uneducated state of the people. The method he adopts is, to illustrate the degradation of the lower class as seen in contrast with *something better within that class itself;* to compare the ignorant rustic or mechanic with the educated rustic and mechanic, and so to make what is proved to be attainable, the standard of the desired improvement. It is not our intention to follow the Author so closely through this portion of the work: we shall content ourselves with a brief analysis. The particulars selected for the gloomy expatiation are, first, the obvious circumstances which make up the fact of the general ignorance, and serve to perpetuate its existence; namely, 'That there is not formed in 'the minds of the neglected class any thing of the nature of an 'estimate of the life before them;' 'that they are abandoned in 'a direct, unqualified manner to seek their chief good in sensual 'gratification,' which 'devotement to coarse sensuality' is perfectly compatible, however, with the pleasures of cruelty; and again, that they possess but 'a rude, limited, unsteady, and often 'perverted sense of right and wrong,'—no true and effective idea of the Divine Majesty. The effects of this privation of knowledge are next adverted to, as displayed in the several parts of the economy of life,—in a state of utter insanity during their common employments, in a perfectly idle, or else profligate, misuse of all their spare time; as displayed, again, in the degraded state of domestic society, and in that mental rudeness, which puts them decidedly out of communication with the superior and cultivated classes. This last consideration is shewn to be deserving of particular attention. 'There is,' remarks our Author, 'no 'medium of *complacent* communication between the classes of 'higher condition and endowment, and an ignorant, coarse populace;' and what is the consequence?

'Times may have been, when the great mass, thus detached, com-

ined such a quietude with their ignorance, that they had none but ubmissive feelings in relation to their superiors, whose property, almost, they were inured to consider themselves; when it never occurred o them to make a question, why there should be so vast a difference f condition between beings of the same race; when there were never nfolded to their view, the portentous possibilities included in the fact f the immense superiority of numbers, and therefore of the physial force of the lower order as put in comparison with the higher. But the times of this perfect, unquestioning, unmurmuring, succumency under the actual allotment, have passed away; except in such egions as the Russian empire, where they have yet long to continue. n the other principal states of Europe, and especially in our own, the rossest ignorance of the people has no where prevented them from cquiring a sense of their strength and importance; with a certain illonceived, but stimulant notion, of some change which they think ught to take place in their condition. How, indeed, should it have een possible, for any considerable proportion of them to remain unware of this strength and importance, while the whole civilized world as shaken with a practical and tremendous controversy, between the wo grand opposed orders of society, concerning their respective ights; or that they should not have taken a strong, and, from the udeness of their mental condition, a fierce interest, in the principle nd progress of the strife? And how should they have failed to hear, hat during this commotion, innumerable persons from the lowest class, ignalizing themselves by talent and daring, had taken, by main trength, the advantageous ground formerly deemed in a great meaure the peculiar right, as if by a law of nature, of those who held heir claim in virtue of their nativity?

'The effect of all this is gone deep into the minds of great numers who are not excited, in consequence, to any worthy exertion for aising themselves, individually, from their degraded condition, by the arnest improvement and application of their faculties and means. he feeling of many of them seems to be, that they must and will sulnly abide by the ill-starred fate of their class, till some great comrehensive alteration, in their favour, shall absolve them from that ond of hostile sentiment, in which they make common cause against ie superior orders; and shall create a state of things in which it hall be worth while for the individual to make an effort to raise himelf. We can at best, (they seem to say,) but barely maintain, with ie utmost difficulty, a miserable life; and you talk to us of cultivation, f discipline, of moral respectability, of efforts to come out from our egraded rank! No, we shall even stay where we are, till it is seen ow the question is settled between the people of our sort, and those ho will have it that they are of a far worthier kind. There may then, erhaps, be some chance for such as we; and if not, the less we are isturbed about improvement, knowledge, and all those things, the etter, while we are bearing the heavy load a few years, to die like iose before us.

'We said they are banded in a hostile sentiment. It is true, that mong such a degraded populace there is very little kindness, or care r one another's interests. They all know too well what they all are

not, to be much attached to one another. But it is infinitely easier for any set of human beings, to maintain a community of feeling in hostility to something else, than in benevolence toward one another; for here no sacrifice is required of any one's self-interest. And it is certain, that the subordinate portions of society, in this and several other nations, have come to regard the occupants of the tracts of fertility and sunshine, the possessors of opulence, splendour, and luxury, with a deep settled systematic aversion,—to use the most moderate term; with a disposition to contemplate in any other light than that of a calamity, an extensive downfall of the favourites of fortune, when a brooding imagination figures such a thing as possible; and with but very slight hints, from conscience, of the iniquity of the most tumultuary accomplishment of such a catastrophe. In a word, so far from considering their own welfare as identified with the stability of the existing social order, they consider it as something that would spring from the ruin of that order. They have lost all that veneration by habit, partaking somewhat perhaps of the nature of a superstition, which had been protracted downward, though progressively attenuated with the lapse of time, from the feudal ages into the last century. They have quite lost, too, in this disastrous age, that sense of competence, and possible well-being, which might have harmonized their feelings with a social economy under which they had enjoyed such a state. Whatever the actual economy may have of wisdom in its institutions, and of splendour, and fulness of all good things, in some parts of its apportionment, they feel that what is allotted to most of *them*, in its arrangements, is pressing hardship, galling unremitting poverty. And while thus thrown loose from the former ties to the social order, their minds have not been seized upon to be put under the substitutional ones which sound instruction alone could impose. Wise instruction might have made them capable of understanding, how a considerable proportion of the evil may have been inevitable from uncontroulable causes; of admitting in their consciences that national calamities are visitations of divine judgment, of which they were to reflect whether they had not deserved a heavy share; and of comprehending that, at all events, rancour, violence, and disorder, cannot be the way to alleviate any of the evils, but to aggravate them all. But, we repeat it, there are millions in this land, and if we include the neighbouring island politically united to it, many millions, who have received no instruction adequate, in the smallest degree, to counteract the natural effect of the distresses of their condition, or to create a new principle of adherence to the established order, in place of those which time and the innovation of opinions have worn out.

'Thus alienated, and thus not reclaimed, there is a large proportion of human strength and feeling not in vital combination with the social system, but aloof from it, looking at it with "gloomy and malign regard," in a state progressive toward a fitness to be impelled against it with a dreadful shock, under the actuating energy of whatever daring powerful spirits might arise, intent on its demolition, and favoured by opportune conjunctures of circumstances. There have not been wanting examples to shew, with what fearful effect this hostility may come into action, in the crisis of the fate of a nation's ancient system;

where this alienated portion of its own people, rushing in, have revenged upon it the neglect of their tuition; that neglect, which had abandoned them to so utter a "lack of knowledge," that they really understood no better than to expect their own solid advantage in general havoc and disorder. But how bereft of sense the *state* too must be, that would thus *let* a multitude of its people grow up in a condition of mind to believe, that the sovereign expedient for their welfare is to be found in spoliation and destruction! It might easily have comprehended, what it was reasonable to expect from the matured dispositions and strength, of such of its children as it abandoned to be nursed by the wolf.

'While this principle of ruin was working on, by a steady and natural process, this supposed infatuated State was, it is extremely possible, directing its chief care to maintain the splendour of a court, or to extort the means for prosecuting some object of vain and wicked ambition, some project of conquest and military glory.' pp. 162—168.

This is unpalatable truth, and a few years ago, bold would have been the Writer who should have given it utterance; but it is more than time to speak out. It is no longer *safe* to suffer so dangerous an element as ignorance to exist among the people, when the atmosphere is so heavily charged with electric matter.

We may now begin a new section. The Author proceeds to meet an objection with which, put into the form of a question, the advocate of education is frequently assailed: 'Whether it be 'so certain that giving the lower orders more knowledge will 'really tend to the preservation of good order.' After shewing the utter futility of the implied objection, after proving the *a priori* absurdity and the *a posteriori* falsity of the opinion that knowledge tends to factious turbulence, the Author remarks, that the advocates of popular education 'are not heard insisting 'on the advantages of increased knowledge among the people, '*unconnected with the inculcation of religion.*' But then it is idle to imagine that the people 'can be put in the state of 'understanding the principal truths, and acknowledging the 'sanctions of religion, *as a special and separate attainment*, 'while remaining destitute of mental cultivation in the general 'sense.' Such a phenomenon may be found existing here and there as the effect of Divine Grace; but take the mass of the people, and it is madness to dream of conducting their education so as to preserve their general ignorance inviolate, and yet inculcate religion with the efficacy requisite for making them virtuous citizens. Yet, there are persons who dream of achieving this!

It is admitted, (for who indeed but must foresee, or foreseeing would deny?) that some modification of the existing social institutions must be the eventual consequence of a highly improved state of the lower classes, and of the expansion of the

popular intellect. 'And is it,' demands our Author, '*because* 'this would follow, that' any persons 'would deprecate such a 'cultivation' of the public mind?

'Then let them say what it is that *they* are hoping for from an opposite system. *What* is it, that they are seriously promising themselves, from the auspicious influence of all the ignorance, that can henceforward be retained among the population of this part of the world? They see, that in this country, and other of the great states of Europe, there is gone forth, among the great mass of the people, a spirit of revolt from the sense of obligation toward institutions simply as existing or as ancient; a spirit that re-acts, with deep and settled antipathy, against some of the arrangements, and claims, of the order into which the national community has been disposed by institutions and the course of events; a spirit which regards some of the appointments, and requirements, of that order, as little better than adaptations of the system to the will, and gratification, of the more fortunate portion of the species. We need not repeat, with what dreadful commotion the pervasion of this spirit has wrought, both in its own proper action and explosive force, and as excited to preternatural energy in the conflict with the arrayed power of the old order of things. And is it extinguished? Is it subdued? Is it in the slightest degree reduced?—reduced, we mean, as a principle fixed in the decided form of an opinion, and actuating, with the strength and sanction of this its possession of the judgment, the wishes and strongest passions; and often kindling, in the more restless and sanguine spirits, imaginations of supposable changes, and of the expedients for accomplishing them.

'Is it, we repeat, repressed? There may be persons who cannot believe it possible, "good easy men," that it can have lived in spite of a world of war and legislation aimed at its destruction, to come forth, with unabated vigour, at the opportune junctures in the future progress of events; like some great serpent, meeting and glaring upon the sight again, with his appalling glance and uninjured length of volume, after a storm of missiles had sent him to his retreat, and been poured in there with destructive intention after him. But these must be the dullest, or most spell-bound in their faculties, of all prognosticators. Repressed!—what is it that is manifesting itself in the most remarkable events in the old, and what has been named the new world, at this very hour? And what are the measures of several of the great state authorities of Europe, and the apparent agitation, and as it were fitful changes of feeling, between rashness and dismay, in the adoption of those measures in some of the states, but a confession, that after all, this spirit is growing stronger? Every year renders it but more evident, that the principle in action is something far different from a superficial transient irritation: that it has gone the whole depth of the mind; has possessed itself of the very judgment and conscience, of an innumerable legion, extending, continually, to a still greater number. No doubt is permitted to remain, whether the real current of the popular feeling has made a portentous change in its direction, to return to its ancient course, when the stream of some great branch

of the Mississipi shall resume the channel, which it has abandoned by making for itself a new one, into the Mexican Gulf. For when once the great mass, of the lower and larger division of the community, shall have become filled with an absolute, and almost unanimous conviction, that they, the grand physical agency of that community; that they, the operators, the producers, the preparers, of almost all it most essentially wants; that they, the part, therefore, of the social assemblage so obviously the most essential to its existence, and on which all the rest must depend;—that they are placed in a condition, in the great social arrangement, which does not do justice to this their importance, which does not adequately reward these their services;—we say, when this shall have become the feeling and the conviction, to the very centre of the mind, in the millions of Europe, we would put it as a question to the judgment of a sober man, how this state of feeling is to be reversed or neutralized, while those circumstances of the economy which have caused it are remaining. But then we put it to his judgment at the next step, what the consequence must ultimately be. Will he pretend not to foresee, that the power of so vast a combination of wills and agents, must sooner or later, in one manner or another, effect a great modification in the arrangements of the social system? What plan, then, is he supposing adopted to prevent it? Are the higher and more privileged portions of the national communities to have, henceforward, just this one grand object of their existence, this chief employment for all their knowledge, means, and power, namely to keep down the lower orders of their fellow-citizens, by mere stress of coercion and punishment? Are they resolved, and prepared, for a rancourous interminable hostility in prosecution of such a benign purpose; with, of course, a continual exhaustion upon it of the means, which might be applied to diminish that wretchedness of the people, which has been, and must continue to be, the grand corroborator of the principles that have passed like an earthquake under the foundations of the old social systems? But supposing this *should* be the course pursued, how long can it be effectual? That must be a very firm structure, must be of gigantic mass or most excellent basis and conformation, against which the ocean shall unremittingly wear and foam in vain. And it does not appear what there can be of such impregnable consistence in any particular construction of the social order which is, by the supposition, to be resolved to be maintained in sovereign immutability, in permanent frustration of the persevering, ever-growing, aim and impulse of the great majority, pressing on to achieve important innovations in their favour; innovations in those systems of institution and usage, under which they will never cease to think they have had far less happiness heretofore than they ought to have had. We cannot see how this impulse can be so repelled or diverted that it shall not prevail at length, to the effect of either bearing down, or wearing away, a portion of the order of things which the ascendent classes in every part of Europe would have fondly wished to maintain in perpetuity, without one particle of surrender.

'But though they cannot preserve its entireness, the manner in which it shall yield to alteration is in a great measure at their com-

mand. And here is the important consideration. If a movement has really begun in the general popular mind of the nations, and if the principle of it is growing and insuppressible, so that it must in one manner or another ultimately prevail, what will the state be of any national community where it shall be an unenlightened, half barbarous, people that so prevails?—a people no better informed, perhaps, than to believe that all the hardship and distress endured by themselves and their forefathers were wrongs, which they suffered from the higher orders; than to ascribe to bad government, and the rapacity and selfishness of the rich, the very evils caused by inclement seasons; and then to assume it as beyond question, that the whole accumulation of their resentments, brought out into action at last, is but justice demanding and effecting a retribution.' pp. 184—190.

In the strong language of patriotic counsel, Mr. Foster urges the necessity of endeavouring to render it absolutely impossible that, in any change whatsoever, the destinies of the nation should fall under the power of an ignorant, infuriated multitude. There is but one way. 'Educate the people,' he says; 'train them to 'sound sense; civilize them; inculcate the principles of religion 'simply and solemnly as religion, as a thing directly of divine 'dictation, and not as if half of its authority were in virtue of 'human institutions.' 'All those modifications of the national 'economy, which an improving people would aspire to and would 'deserve to obtain, would then be gradually accomplished, in a 'manner by which no party would be injured, and all would be 'the happier.'

The subject of the next chapter would be, 'The wretched in-'aptitude which ignorance creates or constitutes for receiving 'religious instruction.' This would seem more naturally to follow the remarks at pp. 123—9; as it is, it has rather the effect of an appendix to some former observations, and, though it contains many very striking passages, is that part of the Essay which would suffer the least from retrenchment. The style of this section is not so equally sustained as throughout the other portions: it occasionally falls much below the dignity of the subject; and coming after the eloquent exposition of the political importance of popular education, the descent is the more palpably obvious, and the remarks seem misplaced.

Having completed the summary of the evils attendant on a neglected state of the population, Mr. Foster proceeds to comment on the heavy responsibility that attaches to a Christian nation which has suffered a state of things, answering to so melancholy a description, to exist within itself, during one generation after another, without an effort to raise the barbarous population from their debasement. He recommends the reader to contrast the series of objects on which, during several ages, an enormous exertion of the national energy has been lavished, chiefly martial operations,—'with those improvements of the

'people, which might have been effected by so much of that ex-'ertion as he deems to have been wasted.' Mr. Foster then adverts, with high satisfaction, to the encouraging signs of the times, which seem to indicate that a great moral revolution is beginning,—a revolution in men's ideas, in the manner of their estimating the souls of the people, and consequently in the judgment of what should be done for their welfare. We have read with particular pleasure the expostulation which he addresses to that class of Reformers who are weak enough to imagine, or dishonest enough to pretend, that any political changes, however salutary, would of themselves avail to raise the people to respectability and happiness. And he then warns persons against making the criminal negligence or delinquency of the body politic, an excuse for having omitted to perform their individual share of national duty. 'In all probability,' it is remarked, 'the im-'provement of mankind is destined, under Divine Providence, 'to advance just in proportion as good men feel the responsibility 'for it resting on themselves *as individuals.*' But good men are beginning thus to feel. Through many ages, the immense multitude of human souls that make up the aggregate of society, had been but obscurely presented to view in the character of rational, improvable creatures.

'But now, it is as if a mist were rising and dispersing from the field of contemplation, and leaving this mighty assemblage of spiritual beings exhibited in such a light from heaven as they were never beheld in before, except by the eyes of Apostles, and of a small number that in every age have resembled them. It is true, that manifestation forms so melancholy a vision, that if we had only to behold it *as a spectacle*, we might well desire that the misty obscurity might descend upon it again, to shroud it from sight; while we should be left to indulge and elate our imaginations by dwelling on the pomps and splendours of the terrestrial scene,—the mighty empires, the heroes, the victories, the triumphs; the refinements and enjoyments of the most highly cultivated of the race; the brilliant performances of genius, and the astonishing reach of science. So the tempter would have beguiled our Lord into a complacent contemplation of the kingdoms and glories of the world. But he was come to look on a different aspect of it! Nor could he be withdrawn from the gloomy view of its degradation and misery. And a good reason why. For the sole object for which he had appeared in the only world where temptation could even in form approach him, was to begin in operation, and finish in virtue, a design for changing that state of degradation and misery. In the prosecution of such a design, and in the spirit of that divine benevolence in which it sprung, he could endure to fix on the melancholy and odious character of the scene, the contemplation which was vainly attempted to be diverted to any other of its aspects. What, indeed, could sublunary pomps and glories be to him in any case; but emphatically what, when his object was to redeem the people from darkness and destruction?

'Those who, actuated by a spirit in some remote resemblance to His, have entered deeply into the state of the people, such as it is found in our own nation, have often been appalled at the spectacle disclosed to them. They have been astonished to think what *can* have been the direction, while successive ages have passed away, of so many thousands of acute and vigilant mental eyes, that so dreadful a sight should scarcely have been described. They have been aware that in describing it, as they actually saw it, they would be regarded by some as gloomy fanatics, tinctured with insanity by the influence of some austere creed; and that others, of kinder nature, but whose sensibility has more of self-indulging refinement than tendency to active benevolence, would almost wish that so revolting an exhibition had never been made, though the fact be actually so. There may have been moments, when even they themselves have experienced a temporary recoil of their benevolent zeal, under the impression at once of the immensity of the evil and its grievously offensive quality. At times, the rudeness of the subjects, and perhaps the ungracious reception and thankless requital, of their philanthropic labours, aggravating the general feeling of the miserableness, (so to express it,) of seeing so much misery, have lent seduction to the temptations to ease and self-indulgence. Why should *they*, just they of all men, condemn themselves to dwell so much in the most dreary climate of the moral world, when they could perhaps have taken their almost constant abode in a little elysium of elegant knowledge, taste, and refined society? Then was the time to revert to the example of Him 'who, though he was rich, for our sakes became poor.'

In conclusion, the Author vindicates from the charge of extravagance or enthusiasm, the expectations of the friends of popular education as to the results of such means and exertions; and then, perhaps rather unnecessarily, turns off to shew why he leaves undefinable 'the *measure* of knowledge proper for 'the people to be put in possession of,' because it cannot, and, if it could, ought not to be limited. If it was advisable to go so much into detail in noticing this part of the subject, we could have wished that the Author had found some place for his remarks in the body of his Essay. It should by all means have terminated at p. 292, just after the encouraging view had been taken of that brighter era to which the Christian is looking forward, when success in every department of beneficent instrumentality will be far greater in proportion to the measure of exertion.

'We cherish this confidence, not on the strength of any pretension to be able to resolve prophetic emblems and numbers into precise dates and events of the present and approaching times. We rest it on a much more general mode of combining the very extraordinary indications of the period we live in, with the substantial purport of the divine predictions. There unquestionably gleams forth, through the plainer lines and through the mystical imagery of prophecy, the vision of a better age, in which the application of the truths of

religion to men's minds will be irresistible. And what should more naturally be interpreted as one of the dawning signs of its approach, than a sudden wide movement at once to clear their intellects and bring the heavenly light to shine close upon them; accompanied by a prodigious breaking up in the old system of the world, which hardly recognized in the inferior millions the very existence of souls to need such an illumination?

'The labourers in the institutions for instructing the young descendants of those millions, may often regret to perceive how little the process is as yet informed with the energy which is thus to pervade the world. But let them regard as one great undivided economy and train of operation, these initiatory efforts and all that is to follow, till that time "when all shall know the Lord;" and take by anticipation, as in fraternity with the happier future labourers, their just share of that ultimate triumph. Those active spirits, in the happier stages, will look back with this sentiment of kindred and complacency to those who sustained the earlier toils of the good cause, and did not suffer their zeal to languish under the comparative smallness of their success.' pp. 291—2.

We have had something much better in view in this extended analysis of a volume of moderate compass, than to point out its merits as a literary production, or to do such honour as we may to its Author. It will be at once perceived that, as we deem the subject of the Essay transcendently important, so, we attach no ordinary value to the manner in which it has been in the present instance so fully and so powerfully illustrated. Mr. Foster is not, as respects his style, a popular writer; he seldom furnishes us with what can be considered as light reading. We do not object this against him as a fault, for his style is evidently natural to him; it forms part of his intellectual identity; and of whatever slight improvements it may be susceptible, it could not accommodate itself to the prevailing taste of the day, but at the expense of its vigour and majesty, as well as of the integrity of the thoughts themselves. But this being the case, the persons upon whom Mr. Foster's writings will have their full impression, must be comparatively few; persons of more patient habits of thinking, and of a more intellectual character, than the generality. The immediate operation of his influence will be confined to a small circle; but then, within this circle, it will be powerful and lasting; and there will be a strong re-action. The impulse imparted in the first instance to the minds of a small number of persons, will be propagated, by a sort of re-production, far more extensively; and thousands who never heard of his name, or at least never read a page of his writings, will thus eventually come into possession of the fruits of his solitary mental exertions. This elastic and diffusible property of Mind, is the triumph of individual energy, the solace and the reward of the meditative recluse in the midst of his patient and thankless labours.

Art. II. *A New Version of the First Three Chapters of Genesis*; accompanied with Dissertations illustrative of the Creation, the Fall of Man, the Principle of Evil, and the Plagues of Egypt. To which are annexed, Strictures on Mr. Bellamy's Translation. By Essenus. 8vo. pp. 160. Price 6s. 1819.

THE Author of this work, (who, we learn from an advertisement, is no other than Dr. John Jones,) having been urged by a friend, to examine Mr. Bellamy's Translation of the Bible, and to give to the public his unbiassed opinion of its merits, found, in the progress of his undertaking, so much reason for dissatisfaction with the version and notes of that gentleman, as to induce him not only to abandon the favourable expectations he had formed of Mr. Bellamy's qualifications, but also to take a decided part with his opponents. From the disappointment thus experienced, has arisen the present volume, which professes to contain specimens of a more faithful version than the 'defective and erroneous' translation which Dr. Jones had been examining, and 'to unfold truths hitherto unknown to biblical 'critics: truths so new, and at the same time so much in unison 'with the dictates of reason, with the character of God, and 'with the Divine authority of the Scriptures, as to entitle them 'to the notice, and I trust,' adds Dr. Jones, 'to the sanction of 'the wise and learned.' This is sufficiently explicit as to the Author's opinion of the qualities and importance of his present publication. We further learn, however, from the concluding sentence of the preface, that theological literature has probably yet to receive from Dr. John Jones, productions of no mean character.

'However obscure or unknown in my own age, I hope to bequeath to those who succeed me, such a portion of the Scriptures translated and explained as shall render future ages not indifferent to the name of Essenus!!'

Surely this flourish might have been spared.

The first chapter of the work contains the Author's version of the Mosaic account of the Creation, and of the Fall of Man; in which the first striking deviation from the common reading, is the translation of the word ברא, *created*, by planned—"God "*planned* the heavens and the earth." 'This Hebrew word,' says Dr. Jones, 'is a term of science, and expresses the opera-'tion of the understanding while planning, scheming, or in-'venting, it means to plan, to model, to devise.' As proofs that such is the meaning of the word, we are referred to Numb. xvi. 30; 1 Kings xii. 33. (33.); and Nehem. vi. 8. In the last two of these examples, however, the word does not occur: Dr. Jones has mistaken the Daleth for a Resh. And in the first passage, it is very evident that the reference is to the execution of a pur-

pose, and that the common translation is unexceptionable. It is singular that the learned Author should have overlooked the circumstance that his rendering the word in this manner, has struck out of his version the account of the creation of man, as may be seen from the following paragraph.

"26—28. And God said, Let us make man after our image, in our own likeness, and let him have dominion over the fishes of the sea, over the birds of the heavens, and over the cattle, and over all the earth, and over every reptile that creepeth upon the ground. And God planned man after his own image, after the image of God planned he him; male and female planned he them. And God blessed them; and God said unto them, Be fruitful, and multiply; fill the earth and subdue it: and have dominion over the fishes of the sea, over the birds of the heavens, and over every reptile that creepeth upon the ground."

Here, then, we have an account of the planning, or scheming, or modelling of man in the Divine intellect, an operation merely of the understanding, but no account of the actual production of man, of his actually being brought into being, and receiving real existence. The command to multiply, and to subdue, and rule, is given while, according to the text, there is no existing being to receive the command. This instance, therefore, would seem to be decisive against the sense Dr. J. would attribute to the Hebrew word, which is also entirely at variance with the definition he has himself adopted at p. 144. He there informs us that the word means 'to adorn and fashion a matter already 'existing;' which is certainly distinct from planning.

The Author assumes it as probable, that the magicians of Egypt, who were its priests and philosophers, had, before the Mosaic system of the Creation was announced, published their sentiments respecting the creation of the world; and that their main object must have been, to explain the phenomena of nature, as the sole effects of matter and motion, or to represent them as the works of a malevolent author.

'The prevalence of this system in Egypt, in Chaldea, and Persia, and the danger there was of the Jews themselves being infected with it, as they were ever prone to idolatry, must have been among the causes that called forth the writings of Moses. We may therefore reasonably expect that, in drawing up his own account of the creation, he should have an immediate and pointed reference to his adversaries. Thus, when he asserts that an Almighty Being planned the heavens and the earth, he must have intended to set aside the false notions of those who maintained that the heavens either had no beginning, or began to exist by natural causes.

'The advocates of atheism endeavoured to throw a veil over the evidences of design in the works of nature, as proving, if admitted, a designing cause, and that by denying all previous ideas or models of material things in the supreme mind. They knew that nothing was

so likely to bring into disbelief the agency and existence of the true God, as a pretended belief in the existence and agency of false gods. With this view they personified the properties of matter, and spoke of these properties as the attributes of divine beings. On the other hand, they applied the name and attributes of God to nature, to physical causes, to chance or fortune, and finally to the heavenly bodies; thus endeavouring to confound him with his own works, and to conceal him from the eye of human reason, by interposing the shade of his own splendid creation. The Jewish lawgiver had to defeat this philosophical craft: and he has done it in a manner truly admirable. He first places a spiritual author at the head of the creation; then represents him, before he begins to create, as previously forming models of all the things to be created: next he exhibits him as moving to and fro over the surface of the deep, in order to survey, as it were, where and how to begin his projected plan. In a step further, we see him issue his commands to the ministers that surround his throne, to carry his plans into effect, conformably to models placed in their hands. Immediately after the execution, he views the work, and pronounces on its merit.' pp. 11—14.

On the phrase, *after his kind*, which occurs so frequently in the Mosaic account of the Creation, the following remarks are given.

'When one thing is said to be done *after* another, we mean that it is done in imitation of it, that it is done in conformity to it, the thing imitated being a pattern or model, prior in point of time to the copy or imitation. But the kinds of things were not yet in existence; they could not therefore, in the sense *of kinds*, be standards of the things to be created. Yet this is precisely the meaning of למינו* *la meino* in Hebrew; and it is remarkable, that the translators, following with scrupulous accuracy the idiom of the original, have rendered it so in English, without knowing its import. The meaning of Moses, however, is clear and consistent. According to his representation, the creator, as a necessary step to render his works conformable to his design, first drew a plan of the whole in his own mind. This plan consisted of *general ideas*, intended to serve as models for the several classes of things to be carried into effect. As the Creator designed things to be formed in classes or kinds agreeably to given models, it was natural in Moses to designate the kinds or copies by the very same name which designates the originals in the mind of God. Moreover,

* This is not the word which is commonly used in Hebrew to signify a race, family, or kind; the terms employed for this purpose are זרע or משפחה. The word מין occurs again only in the 6th and 7th chapters of Genesis, where it is applied to the animals taken into the ark, there to be preserved as models or patterns for those which were to people the earth after the flood. This is a fact worthy of attention; as by the use of a term which signifies models, Moses intimates, that the animals after the deluge precisely corresponded in their kinds to those before it.

the classes of things called kinds, now actually existing in nature, prior to our conceptions, become themselves prototypes of those general conceptions which we call *ideas:* and thus it is, that the same word in Hebrew, when applied to things in the divine mind, meant *models;* when applied to the classes of things, signifies *kinds;* to ourselves, denotes *ideas;* and yet retains the same radical signification. The corresponding word in Greek is ειδος or ιδεα; and this, like the original מין *mein*, may mean models or ideas in God; the classes of things in nature, or the general notions of those classes in the human understanding.

'The atheistical philosophers, considering the phænomena of nature as the result of matter and motion, rejected the doctrine of ideas or models; while Moses and his followers insisted on them as inseparable from the existence of a supreme intelligence; for this obvious reason, that nothing can proceed from design, but that of which an idea previously existed in the mind of the designer. If, then, things came into being without ideas, they came without design, and consequently without a designing cause. This is the conclusion which the Jewish legislator sets aside, by representing Jehovah as planning this fair system of things before he actually produced it.' pp. 21—22.

We are much surprised that Dr. Jones should state that the word מין occurs again only in the vith and viith chapters of Genesis: it occurs repeatedly in the xith chapter of Leviticus, and in the xivth chapter of Deuteronomy: it is also used by the prophet Ezekiel.

The preceding extracts will have prepared our readers to expect in this volume, discussion somewhat of an unusual kind. There is, indeed, throughout the work, a considerable display of ingenuity, which is, however, more frequently employed in opposing generally received opinions, than in eliciting satisfactory conclusions. We do not perceive that the 'rational modes' of interpretation which are suggested and illustrated by the Author, for the purpose of explaining and vindicating passages of the sacred writings alleged to be unintelligible or absurd, are more successful than the methods which are represented as having already failed. Sentiments occur which we cannot but consider as at variance with the doctrines of Scripture; and some of the proposed interpretations of particular passages, though they may be bold, will not obtain, we apprehend, the sanction of 'the wise and learned.' We refer to some comments on the Epistle to the Romans, as well as to the general import of the Author's remarks on other portions of the Bible.

Chapter III. contains 'Illustrations of the Mosaic account of 'the Fall of Man.' Here, at the very outset, we must dissent from Dr. Jones, in believing, that it does *not* 'suppose God 'to be at once improvident and arbitrary, to prohibit an inexperienced woman to eat a fruit, which he himself had placed 'within her reach; which himself had rendered alluring to her

'eyes, and grateful to her taste.' Because we see nothing at variance with our knowledge of God, in assuming, that, as to Him it belonged to place the creature whom he had formed in a state of trial, to Him it also belonged to appoint what should be the trial of that creature's obedience. That which is placed out of our reach cannot be a visible and palpable test of our submission to authority. Nor can an objection be alleged against the primary prohibition, on account of its prescribing abstinence from an object 'alluring to the eyes and grateful to the taste,' unless it be asserted that it is not consistent with a Divine constitution, that the tests of our probation should comprise agreeable objects. The narrative in the third chapter of Genesis, is understood by the Author in an allegorical sense. The tree of life in the garden of Eden was, he imagines, 'the symbol of 'moral purity in the immediate presence of God—the tree of 'the knowledge of good and evil, the symbol of the marriage 'state—the eating of its fruit means, the first act by which 'Adam recognised Eve as his wife;—and finally, the serpent 'is the symbol of desire planted in the human frame, but which 'carried to excess becomes sensuality and other bad passions.' It is no new opinion, that the serpent is the symbol of desire, and that the eating of the fruit of the tree of knowledge of good and evil denotes the sexual union: the ancient allegorists have so interpreted the narrative. But it seems to be so palpably opposed to the details in Genesis, as well as so replete with inconsistencies, or so beset with difficulties, as to be scarcely tenable. For when God blessed the original pair, he said to them: "Be fruitful and multiply;" a command which would not seem to be very consistent with the notion that the offence of eating the forbidden fruit could have reference to any thing relating to marriage. And if the serpent which beguiled Eve, really means 'the principle of desire implanted in the human 'frame, which, directed to improper objects and carried to 'excess, becomes sensual and criminal,'—then it follows, that directed to proper objects and not carried to excess, it is not sensual and criminal; and might therefore, as it was implanted in the human frame, be a principle perfectly innocent. Marriage may be, and unquestionably is, as Dr. Jones represents, 'the cause of much evil to those who are not properly united:' but can this be applied to the primitive pair?

As a specimen of the *rational* modes employed by the Author in explaining and vindicating passages of the sacred writings, we copy the following comment on the third verse of the eighth chapter of the Epistle to the Romans.

'The Christian law, inasmuch as it penetrates the innermost recesses, reaching even the heart, condemns or acquits those under its jurisdiction, not from their outward actions, but, from the motives

which gave them birth, far surpasses all other laws in excellence and efficacy. Its superiority to the law of Moses is set forth in the following passage: "For what the law could not do, in that it was weak through the flesh, God, having sent his own son in the likeness of sinful flesh, condemned sin for sinning with the flesh." Here again sin and flesh are personified, and represented as having a criminal intercourse with each other. They however conduct their intrigues with so much secrecy, that the law, or the legitimate husband of the flesh, though convinced of their guilt, had no means sufficient to arraign and punish the offenders. The law, we are told, was weak *through the flesh*. By which we are to understand, that through the imperfection of human discernment, it could not recognise crimes that were only intended or meditated in the heart; nor punish, for want of clear and positive evidence, such things as are done in *secret*. This neither the law of Moses nor any human law could effect. But in order to supply its inability, the omniscient creator, seeing sin making a private appointment with flesh, invests his own son with the dress and similitude of the former, and dispatches him to the very place where, under the covert of darkness, the latter had agreed to meet him. Flesh arrives at the place appointed; the Son of God drops his feigned appearance, and stands before her in the figure of her real husband. Thus he detects their guilt; exposes the odious character of sin, and brings the partner of his crimes to merited punishment. Divest the paragraph of its personification, and you have this simple meaning: "The Christian law, far surpassing all other laws in extent and efficacy, pronounces a person criminal, though his crimes may be unseen by man, and though committed only in design. Extending its cognisance to the bosom of men, beyond the reach of human discernment, it decides upon their characters from the motives and designs of their hearts, and thus detects and punishes sins, which pass undetected and unpunished by other laws." ' pp. 99—101.

Dr. Jones, in considering the history of the temptation of Christ, which he regards as a symbolical representation of the difficulties with which our Lord had to contend, in the discharge of his office, and of the feelings which such difficulties naturally awakened, reviews the hypothesis of Farmer, which he pronounces to be remote from the truth. Of Farmer's theological reputation, as connected with the "Inquiry," a severe judgement is delivered in the following sentence.

' With the New Testament in our hands, we feel ourselves surrounded with the mild and benignant splendour of truth and reality; but this critic would involve our hemisphere in gloom, at the moment the sun of righteousness sheds his purest, serenest rays on our horizon; and with preposterous officiousness, would reflect on our path the livid light of a midnight taper, when the Son of God himself stands before us, clothed with the luminary of day.' p. 124.

The following remarks are truly excellent, the sentiment most correct and admirably expressed, and well deserving of the se-

rious attention of those persons whom it immediately concerns, not forgetting the learned Essenus himself.

'He who hopes to gain the favour of the public, as a translator of the Scriptures, must in some respects consult the public taste. His object should be rather than produce a new, to improve the old translation, supplying its defects; correcting its errors in sense or in grammar; polishing it where it is vulgar; and rendering it more smooth and flowing where it is inelegant or inharmonious in arrangement. At least, however new his translation might be, he must not seek to give it the roundness and variety of a modern English composition, but study to preserve the characteristic tenour of the original; its unvaried ease; its graceful simplicity; its freedom from the studied pomp and variety of diction on common subjects; and its natural elevation into true sublimity, when swelling with the weight and amplitude of the sentiments which it conveys: and these characteristics are often happily preserved in the authorized version, however defective in many places. These excellencies, wherever they occur, are rendered more indispensable by being long familiar to our ears; having been made the lessons of our childhood, and still the subjects of solemn meditation in our riper years.' p. 141.

Of Mr. Bellamy the following opinion is delivered.

'This gentleman seems to have been brought up amongst the rabbies, and to have drunk deep of their learning. But he has not been fortunate in the period of his birth. Had he flourished in the dark ages, he might have imposed on the public without impeachment, such mystic conundrums for Hebrew lore; but it is too much in the present enlightened state of criticism, to expect men to receive his Cabalistic nonsense, though delivered with the authority of an oracle.' p. 146.

Art. III. *An Inquiry on the Duty of Christians with respect to War:* including an Examination of the Principle of the London and American Peace Societies. In a Series of Letters. By John Sheppard, Author of Letters descriptive of a Tour on the Continent, in 1816. 8vo. pp. 188. Price 6s. London. 1820.

THIS is decidedly the best work that we have yet seen on the subject of War, viewed in connexion with the practical question of *the duty of a private Christian.* To dilate on the horrors of war, is the easy task of the poet or the historian; but no one was ever yet, by the most pathetic representations of the miseries incident to the stirring conflict of armies, inspired with a virtuous detestation of the principle of war. To prove 'that not a single war has been undertaken, in which 'the millions lavished on the cause, have not all been cheated 'away from us by the phantom of an imaginary interest,'— would also be easy; but it would leave untouched the main question, whether War in itself, be in any case compatible with Christian principle.

It is generally known, that the 'Society for the promotion of 'permanent and universal Peace,' set out with the broad position, as their fundamental principle, 'that all war is inconsistent with 'Christianity, and that all co-operation in war is, on Christian 'principles, unlawful.' This is understood to be the prevailing sentiment of the respectable Society of Friends; and with this is in general connected another principle, that all resistance of evil by physical force or violence, is inconsistent with the spirit of Christianity. The denial of a right in society, to take away life, under any circumstances, seems to follow almost as a corollary. Could this last opinion, indeed, be substantiated, the question of the lawfulness of war would be at once determined. 'Whether 'the *private* defence of his own or another's life be lawful for 'a Christian living under civil government,' is, however, an inquiry by no means necessarily connected with the present subject. The Author takes a perfectly distinct ground, in contending, in opposition to the principle of the Peace Society, that all war is *not* unlawful: his simple argument is, 'the necessity of civil 'government, and of the coercive authority involved in it, as re-'cognised by the Christian revelation.'

'It is the end of coercive authority to restrain and punish evil-doers, in conformity to justice. In order to that end, its amount and its exercise must be correspondent to the number and the means of those evil-doers. For, it is evident, that a body of determined rioters, or a corps of banditti, or invading foreigners, cannot be coerced by the ordinary instruments of municipal law. Such evil-doers would unavoidably become, if not adequately resisted, the givers and executors of the law which their own will might dictate. The only possible way of controlling such offenders is by an armed force superior to their own. If the ruler "beareth not the sword in vain," it must be because there are other swords at his direction. The mere display of his own, as an ensign of office, can, in such cases, avail nothing. If the lives of such associated offenders are forfeited without judicial condemnation, it is on the same account as the life of a single criminal has sometimes been, on account of resistance to the lawful apprehension of his person. If they do *not* so resist, or even if they surrender themselves *after* resistance, they become prisoners of the State. The person who takes up arms, at the summons of his government, to assist in apprehending these criminals, whether domestic or foreign, serves the State in essentially the *same* manner as the officer of justice who apprehends, by force, an armed and resolute robber. The one force is called, from its organization, civil; and the other, military; but their acts in such cases admit of no real distinction. A contest against either banditti, rebels, or invaders, may be protracted, offensive, and bloody; and so, on a minute scale, may be the pursuit of a single desperate robber; yet both may be purely defensive of the public peace.' pp. 3—5.

'That there may be cases of defensive war, not at all differing in

principle and design from the acts of civil power, will, I think, be indisputable, if we suppose the institution of a court of international appeal, such as the Peace Society itself very laudably suggested to the Congress of Aix la Chapelle, for the prevention of the appeal to arms. As soon as we conceive of a court of justice acting in this wider sphere, it must be immediately perceived what would be the ultimate form of its interpositions to "keep the peace" in Europe.

'If such a court of international appeal had been instituted in 1802, after the peace of Amiens, does any one imagine that the Dey of Algiers would have concurred in it; or that the First Consul of France, had he done so, would have really submitted to its decisions? We shall suppose, for argument's sake, that the character of Alexander, who had newly ascended the Russian throne, had been then what it now appears, and that he had honestly acceded to the formation and jurisdiction of the court, in concert with the British and some other European governments, and with the North American States. We shall then suppose, that, on differences arising between France and Russia, the latter power expressed a sincere readiness to submit them to the international court, but that Napoleon (whether he had nominally acceded to that institution or otherwise) declined all appeal and arbitration, and marched into Russia at the head of his armies, as he did a few years after. What was the international court to have done in such a conjuncture, but to have sanctioned, if not assisted, the Russian government in collecting a superior force, (which might be named, when acting under that sanction, an immense military police,) to seize or expel those invading robbers? What officers of justice would be competent to inforce the decisions of such a court, except that dreadful array called an army?

Again, let us suppose the corsairs of Algiers to attack the merchant ships of Great Britain or America, and carry their crews into slavery; a supposition too often justified by facts. In what way could the court repress or prevent these barbarous aggressions, except by authorizing the British or American governments (if it be implied, in the notion of such a court, that *every* act of national hostility would require its sanction) to capture those pirates, or even assault them in their strong hold. To allege, that such an international court, being founded on principles of peace, must *not* direct or authorize the use of force against determined aggressors, whether by land or sea, is to deny to it the very same kind of power which must necessarily reside in courts of narrower jurisdiction, unless crime is to be prevented or punished by miracle.

'In fact, to deny to the supreme authority, whether national or international, the right of coercion, is a contradiction: it is to deny to it that which is its essence. But the only coercion which can be exercised by the supposed international court, *is*, defensive war. It is the use of arms in defence of public peace and justice; and, if this were not allowed as the *dernier ressort* of such a court, it would be like a municipal court whose judge and officers were impowered to use only persuasion.' pp. 7—10.

'So long as there are individuals, associated bodies, or governments,

who cannot be *persuaded* to abstain from aggression, coercion is necessary to the ends of justice and tranquillity. Or, in other words, government is essential to social order, and, in the actual state of the world, coercion is essential to government.'

Now, to maintain that what is thus necessary to the ends of justice, and essential to good government, is inconsistent with Christianity, would be as much as to say that "the ordinance of "God" is at variance with his revealed will; that a civil governor cannot be a Christian, and that it is not the interest of society that he should be one. This consequence would necessarily follow, if not only unrighteous war, but the employment of military force in any case, be unlawful.

But Christianity, we are well assured, was designed to introduce no alteration in our civil rights and obligations, and therefore, if any passages in the New Testament should seem to forbid the discharge of what must needs be in some cases a political and social duty, it must arise from some misapprehension of their scope and meaning. Mr. Sheppard shews, that the command given by our Lord to his disciples not to resist evil, cannot be taken literally, without a departure from those rules of rational interpretation, which are without scruple applied to other precepts resting on the same Divine authority. The prohibition of our Lord had evidently a reference to the spirit of retaliation which the judicial enactments of the Mosaic law might seem to sanction, and it will not justify an abandonment of civil or political duties.

In the fourth letter, the Author, having thus cleared his ground, proceeds to meet the main question: 'In what cases, or 'in what manner may a Christian consistently co-operate in 'war?'

'The only general answer, conformable to the fundamental principle of my past reasonings, is this:—*In those cases, and in that manner, alone, where he may conscientiously regard himself as an agent of judicial authority, national or international.* This rule, I apprehend, will be found to restrain the Christian from co-operating (until some international authority or sanction is resorted to) in many of those enterprises which the moral reasonings of political and even professedly Christian philosophers are employed to justify.'

The language of both Montesquieu and Grotius respecting the right of States to wage war for their own preservation, and the consequent right, in certain cases, of conquest, takes it for granted, that individual communities are, like individual savages, subject to no other law than that of nature. But, as Mr. S. remarks, 'theirs is *not* a state of mere nature, but a state in which 'both civil improvement and revealed knowledge capacitate 'them, and render it their duty, to impose on themselves some 'binding regulation for the good of the whole.' At all events,

the Christian 'cannot use arms at the *unlimited* direction of the 'State.'

'Very far am I from supposing, that there are no true Christians in that profession; on the contrary, it is impossible to doubt, (since we have the strongest evidence of the fact,) that there have been distinguished examples of piety in it, and we have every reason to believe that there still are such: but I must regard their approval of unlimited military service as an erroneous view of Christian duty; since I cannot see how a Christian can justify himself in actively aiding measures and enterprises that are *un*christian. But it cannot be doubted, that he is always *liable to the necessity* of doing so, as a member of a body which is placed at the entire disposal of a State, and obliged to act mechanically at its command. To place himself under such an engagement is not consonant to the spirit of his religion, nor to the moral liberty of man, and the proper ends of government. It may, indeed, be said, and has probably been said, in defence of unlimited service, "He who bears arms for the State, is, in this character or office, merely an instrument, and, as such, not accountable. The military officer, or soldier, though they (he) may be liable to aid or execute acts of injustice, are (is) blameless, while acting under a lawful authority. And, besides this, the common soldier is, necessarily, a mere instrument, from his ignorance of the rules of political justice, and total incapacity of deciding on the merits of the service in which he is engaged: so that he escapes moral responsibility, in two ways; by a defect of knowledge, as well as by devolving it, like his superiors, on the government which they serve. The criminality, if any, rests wholly with that supreme authority which devises and directs the wrong." I answer;—But every man who bears the name of Christian, is a subject of that revealed law of God which *forbids all* wrong. He cannot, when invited or summoned to become a soldier, without due limitation of service, convert himself, before entering on such an engagement, into an irresponsible mechanical instrument, like the bayonet which he is to wear, or the cannon which he is to point. If he has seen or heard the precepts of the Decalogue and of the New Testament, he cannot annul the moral obligation to obey them, though he may be insensible or regardless of it. We know too well, that there are multitudes who bear the Christian name, still in such a state of moral ignorance and depravity as to become unthinking or approving instruments of evil. Such instruments have been at once the shield and sword of unchristian power; and it has been one great motive for the alliance between superstition and despotism, to maintain that ignorance which leads to blind subserviency. It was natural that a Buonaparte should insert "*military service*" in the imperial catechism, as a primary duty, for the subjects whom he afterwards called "*chair à canon*;" but one would wonder, that blind unlimited instrumentality to power should be thought consistent with duty in a Protestant country, where endeavours are made, on all hands, to imbue the population with Christian knowledge; which means, if it mean any thing, a knowledge to refuse the evil and choose the good, and not to be "a partaker in other men's sins." ' pp. 69—72.

The advocates of passive obedience have attempted to give their base notions the weight of Divine authority, by means of that literal and partial mode of quoting Scripture, which has been the favourite resource of the Romanists. But, if the exhortation, "Submit yourselves to every ordinance of man for the Lord's "sake," could avail to suspend the higher obligations of Christian duty, upon the same principle, servants, who are enjoined to "obey in all things" their "masters according to the flesh," would also be irresponsible for conduct however iniquitous, that might be exacted from them in domestic service. No Christian, then, is at liberty to enter on the *unlimited* military service of a government; but he may consistently, and with the greatest propriety, bear arms for the defence of his country. A national force for the public peace and security, is not more *un*christian than a municipal force; and therefore, if with a safe conscience he can serve as a *constable*, he can have no good reason for refusing, on the ground of conscience, to serve, when legally called upon, as a *militia-man*; nor even as a sea-man, although the moment that a man is called upon to quit his country, as in the case of naval service, the question becomes involved in greater difficulty. The practice of impressing, which Lord Mansfield owned that nothing but the safety of the State could vindicate, bears so close a resemblance to the conscriptions of the French government, that those who loudly exclaim against the latter, would find it difficult to apologise for the former practice, where it extends to unlimited service. Colonial service is another point of some apparent difficulty. Mr. Sheppard enters at large into the consideration of it; he admits that, with *his* views, a Christian could not engage in expeditions having for their object the national aggrandizement by means of colonial conquests; but service specifically limited to the defence of our colonies, falls under the same general rule, so far as respects its lawfulness, as home service for the defence of our country. Conquest in order to security, has ever been the hollow plea of ambition for acts of the most nefarious aggression; and most modern coalitions have had no better ground than this. There may, however, our Author remarks, 'occur cases in which it 'shall be the duty of a nation to give defensive succour to a 'friendly State attacked or in danger, or to join in the coercive 'acts of a confederacy which deserves the character of an inter-'national judicature.'

'I have already made a reserve on the subject of *specific* service: I have not affirmed, that there is no possible case in which such an extension of defensive service may be a duty. I have not said, for instance, that the five hundred gentlemen who, in Queen Elizabeth's reign, volunteered to serve in the Low Countries, when conflicting against the hateful tyranny of Philip II., acted an unchristian part;

nor that militia regiments, volunteering as such, to assist our Dutch allies in defending their country, *within its borders*, after the declaration of war by France against England and Holland in 1793, would have engaged in an unchristian service: but all foreign service, in order to be engaged in with a safe conscience, must, as I judge, be strictly and *specifically* limited: it must be a voluntary and special extension of the general duty of home defence.'

Again.

'If the king of Sardinia should revive the cruel persecution of his ancestors against the Waldenses in his Piedmontese valleys, Great Britain ought to hear, and would hear, with deep concern, the wrongs of suffering Protestants. If our government partook that concern, and, after the failure of earnest diplomatic remonstrances, sought and obtained the concurrence of other Protestant States, to its taking possession of Genoa, only till securities were given for the cessation of persecution and the full toleration of the sufferers,—were I a member of a national militia, I certainly should not object (under such a judicial sanction) to embark in that *specific* service.'

It should seem to be clear, that, if any circumstances can justify an armed resistance on the part of the people, either to the invasions of a foreign despot or to the tyranny of their own rulers, those same circumstances will justify a Christian in volunteering his personal services in aid of the oppressed party. The Author avows that his sentiments are fully compatible with the opinion of Dr. Paley, that the submission 'which surrenders 'the liberty of a nation and entails slavery upon future genera-'rations, is enjoined by no law of rational morality.' But he who refuses from principles of peace and justice, to be the instrument of aggression abroad, will not, he argues, be easily prompted to have recourse to the use of the extreme means of resistance to the government at home. From the widest diffusion of the sentiments advocated in these Letters, a constitutional government could have nothing to fear, unless it can be shewn that a love of peace tends to insubordination, and that a conscientious man does not make the best subject.

There is nothing, then, in the employment of force, civil or military, by a government, incompatible with the dictates of Christianity; but, remarks our Author, 'I should be the last 'person to enter on the hard task of shewing that Christianity is 'at all compatible with such a policy as rulers and ministers of 'state, professing Christianity, have hitherto frequently adopted.' As a consistent Christian, he cannot but deprecate that policy which maintains an establishment of troops for unlimited service; and as a lover of his country also, he contends against the necessity as well as the lawfulness, on his principles, of standing armies. He quotes from Madame de Staël, the just sentiment, that 'regular troops are an unhappy invention.' 'Could they

'.be suppressed at once throughout the whole of Europe,' says that eloquent Writer, 'mankind would have taken a great step 'towards the perfection of social order.' One of the reasons assigned by Dr. Paley for preferring a standing army to a numerous militia, is, 'the doubt whether any government can long be 'secure where the people are acquainted with the use of arms.' But to this argument, 'an obvious answer,' Mr. S. remarks, 'is afforded by the measures of the late war.'

'It was commenced on the *plea* that popular disaffection existed in this country, fomented by peace and intercourse with France; yet, in the course of it, almost all the regular forces were at times sent out of the island, and it was thought expedient to arm, not only a very numerous militia, but a much greater number of all ranks in voluntary association. This fact must silence (until the government or the people be essentially different from what they were during the late war) the plea, that this nation cannot be *trusted* with its own defence.' p. 146.

Among the opposite dangers which seem at the present moment to hang over the destinies of our country, the greatest of all is that which is presented by our immense military establishment. Were it true, as the partisans of corruption are continually telling us, that that establishment is required to keep down the spirit of disaffection, that our civil institutions are inadequate to the maintenance of liberty and order, the time would have arrived when the English constitution would in effect have been superseded by a military despotism. Such a despotism would by no means be felt as intolerable by a large proportion of the nation, accustomed as they have been to acquiesce with perfect complacency in that approach towards it which consists in the identification of the legislative authority with the executive,—it would by no means be intolerable so long as the army answered with the regularity of a machine to the impulse of the Civil Power. But let a disputed succession, or some other national question, present to the soldiery an alternative determinable by their will, and at the same time awake the consciousness of their physical power, and then, where are we? What is to keep the army loyal, after they have put down disaffection in the people? God forbid that ministerial imbecility and obstinacy should ever bring so fearful an experiment to its issue! But it is to be feared that we have not yet experienced half of the benefits which form the baleful legacy of the war.

Art. IV. 1. *The Monastery;* a Romance. By the Author of Waverly. In three Volumes, 12mo. Second Edition. Edinburgh. 1820.

2. *The Abbot.* By the Author of Waverley. In three Volumes, 12mo. Edinburgh. 1820.

IF the Author of Waverley had but as sound a judgement as he has a fertile invention; had he, in addition to his more splendid qualities, a little more taste and a little more self-denial, his tales, somewhat reduced in compass, somewhat more 'few 'and far between,' would be some of the most delightful productions that ever made

> 'the Intellectual Power
> Bend from his awful throne a wondering ear,
> And smile.'

But that the Author's taste and judgement do not always serve him, no more striking proof needs have been given, than The Monastery, which might have passed either for some first essay of his unripe fancy, or for the dregs of exhausted genius, had not the latter supposition been set aside by the hasty appearance of a Sequel, in which Jedidiah is himself again. A Sequel it can with scarcely any propriety be termed, since the connexion between the two series is exceedingly slender, and the general character of the two tales is altogether different. In the Monastery, the interest is made in a great measure to depend upon the mysterious agency of a supernatural being, a clumsy counterpart of the Mermaiden of Ravenswood, but much more sociable, tangible, and musical, and her poetical effusions are the prettiest things in the work. In the Abbot, 'the whole 'machinery of the White Lady' is struck out; the alleged reason being, that 'the public taste gives little encouragement to those 'legendary superstitions which formed the delight alternately 'and the terror of our predecessors.' In plain English, the Author has had the intimation very distinctly conveyed to him, that the thing did not take, that it was considered as a failure; and it must have been conveyed to him under high authority, for him to pay attention to the suggestion. He is not wont to consult the critics in these matters. But in our humble judgement, he does the public taste much wrong in attributing to so general a cause as a disrelish for such legendary superstitions, its dissatisfaction with his own bungling management of them. The White Lady of Avenel belongs to a beautiful class of fictions which are still capable of being turned to good account either in poetry or romance, if the artist minds his lights and the keeping. In 'The Bride of Lammermuir,' the occasional touches of the supernatural, so finely in unison with the dark and stormy colouring of the tale, tend wonderfully to enhance

the real interest, and to strengthen the hold which the story takes on the imagination. But the White Lady does not harmonize with the heterogeneous materials out of which 'the 'Monastery' is built. The Author does not seem, indeed, to have made up his mind at first what she is to do, and towards the end of the tale, he is evidently at a loss what to do with her. At first, she would seem to be a mere pranksome water-sprite, who has a mind to make of a fat friar food for the kelpy; next, she distinguishes herself as the fairy guardian of a black-letter Bible. Her very existence, we are told, is mysteriously identified with the House of Avenel; yet, she readily obeys the incantation, and attaches herself to the destiny of a peasant's son wholly unconnected with that honourable house. She is as local a goddess as any naiad, or any wonder-working virgin in the Romish calendar; nevertheless, she is a great traveller, and sails a thousand miles in an afternoon. Lastly, to complete this string of inconsistencies, her golden zone has wasted to the fineness of a silken thread, at the close of the first tale, in token of the approaching fall and extinction of 'lofty Avenel.' But, though a prophetess, she is for once mistaken: Fate and the Author of 'The Abbot' have willed it otherwise, or have changed their minds; for she is said to have been subsequently seen 'with a zone of gold around her bosom, as broad as the baldric 'of an Earl.' A similar want of any predetermined plan is strikingly evident throughout the dramatic business of the Monastery. We shall scarcely have patience to conduct our readers through the whole tale, but will try to sketch its feeble outline.

The widow of Sir Walter Avenel, who has fallen in the battle of Pinkie-Cleuch, has, with her only daughter, taken refuge in the Tower of Glendearg, tenanted by a Kirk-vassal's widow. Her house and lands have been seized, on the retreat of the English, by Julian Avenel, the younger brother of her deceased lord, on the pretence of its being a male fief; and she has no resource but to waive her rights, and to accept of the bounty of the usurper. Dame Elspeth Glendinning, the ferrar's widow, has, the reader will have anticipated, two sons, Halbert and Edward; and Mary of Avenel is their school-fellow and playfellow. The first incident that disturbs the monotony of their retirement, is the illness of Mary's mother, on which occasion one of the good fathers is sent for from St. Mary's monastery, who is shocked at discovering that the dying lady has been in the habit of reading a copy of the Holy Scripture rendered into the vulgar tongue. That copy he feloniously decamps with, but loses it in his way home, being so rash as to take up the White Lady behind him.

'As Father Philip came close to the water's edge, at the spot where he was to enter it, there sat a female under a large broken scathed oak tree, or rather under the remains of such a tree, weeping, wringing her hands, and looking earnestly on the current of the river. The Monk was struck with astonishment to see a female there at that time of night. But he was, in all honest service,—and if a step farther, I put it upon his own conscience,—a devoted squire of dames. After observing the maiden for a moment, although she seemed to take no notice of his presence, he was moved by her distress and willing to offer his assistance. "Damsel," said he, "thou seemest in no ordinary distress; peradventure, like myself, thou hast been refused passage at the bridge by the churlish keeper, and thy crossing may concern thee either for performance of a vow, or some other weighty charge."

'The maiden uttered some inarticulate sounds, looked at the river, and then in the face of the Sacristan. It struck Father Philip at that instant, that a Highland Chief of distinction had been for some time expected to pay his vows at the shrine of Saint Mary's; and that possibly this fair maiden might be one of his family, travelling alone for accomplishment of a vow, or left behind by some accident, to whom, therefore, it would be but right and cautious to use every civility in his power, especially as she seemed unacquainted with the Lowland tongue. Such at least was the only motive the Sacristan was ever known to assign for his courtesy; if there was any other, I once more refer it to his own conscience.

'To express himself by signs, the common language of all nations, the cautious Sacristan first pointed to the river, then to his mule's crupper, and then made, as gracefully as he could, a sign to induce the fair solitary to mount behind him. She seemed to understand his meaning, for she rose up as if to accept his offer, and while the good Monk, who, as we have hinted, was no great cavalier, laboured, with the pressure of the right leg and the use of the left rein, to place his mule with her side to the bank in such a position that the lady might mount with ease, she rose from the ground with rather portentous activity, and at one bound sate behind the Monk upon the animal, much the firmer rider of the two. The mule by no means seemed to approve of this double burthen; she bounded, bolted, and would soon have thrown Father Philip over her head, had not the maiden with a firm hand detained him in the saddle.

'At length the restive brute changed her humour; and, from refusing to budge off the spot, suddenly stretched her nose homeward, and dashed into the ford as fast as she could scamper. A new terror now invaded the Monk's mind—the ford seemed unusually deep, the water eddied off in strong ripple from the counter of the mule, and began to rise upon her side. Philip lost his presence of mind, which was at no time his most ready attribute, the mule yielded to the weight of the current, and as the rider was not attentive to keep her head turned up the river, she drifted downward, lost the ford and her footing at once, and began to swim with her head down the stream. And what was sufficiently strange, at the same moment, notwithstanding the extreme peril, the damsel began

to sing, thereby increasing, if any thing could increase, the bodily fear of the worthy Sacristan.

'Merrily swim we, the moon shines bright,
Both current and ripple are dancing in light.
We have roused the night raven, I heard him croak,
As we plashed along beneath the oak
That flings its broad branches so far and so wide,
Their shadows are dancing in midst of the tide.
"Who wakens my nestlings," the raven he said,
"My beak shall ere morn in his blood be red,
For a blue swolen corpse is a dainty meal,
And I'll have my share with the pike and the eel."

'Merrily swim we, the moon shines bright,
There's a golden gleam on the distant height:
There's a silver shower on the alder's dank,
And the drooping willows that wave on the bank.
I see the Abbey, both turret and tower,
It is all astir for the vesper hour;
The Monks for the chapel are leaving each cell,
But where's Father Philip, should toll the bell?

'Merrily swim we, the moon shines bright,
Downward we drift through shadow and light.
Under yon rock the eddies sleep,
Calm and silent, dark and deep.
The Kelpy has risen from the fathomless pool,
He has lighted his candle of death and of dool:
Look, Father, look, and you'll laugh to see
How he gapes and glares with his eyes on thee!

'Good luck to your fishing, whom watch ye to night?
A man of mean or a man of might?
Is it layman or priest that must float in your cove,
Or lover who crosses to visit his love?
Hark! heard ye the Kelpy reply as we passed,—
"God's blessing on the warder, he lock'd the bridge fast!
All that come to my cove are sunk,
Priest or layman, lover or monk."' Vol. I. pp. 176.—180.

Father Philip's mule arrives first at the monastery, and the alarm is raised; but before the whole village could be roused, the dripping apparition of the poor Sacristan allayed the fears of the holy brotherhood.

'What betwixt cold and fright the afflicted Sacristan stood before his Superior, propped on the friendly arm of the convent miller, drenched with water, and scarce able to utter a syllable.

After various attempts to speak, the first words he uttered were,

"Swim we merrily—the moon shines bright."

'"Swim we merrily!" retorted the Abbot indignantly, "a merry night have ye chosen for swimming, and a becoming salutation to your Superior!"

‘ “ Our brother is bewildered,” said Eustace; “ speak, Father how is it with you?”

“ Good luck to your fishing,”—

l the Sacristan, with a most dolorous attempt at the tune of ge companion.

ood luck to your fishing!” repeated the Abbot, still more ed and displeased; “ by my halidome he is drunken with wine, and comes to our presence with his jolly catches in his throat. If bread and water can cure this folly”——

‘ “ With your pardon, venerable father,” said the Sub-Prior, ‘ of water our brother has had enough; and methinks, the confusion of his eye is rather that of terror, than of aught unbecoming his profession. Where didst thou find him, Hob Miller?”

‘ “ An it please your reverence, I did go but to shut the sluice of the mill—and as I was going to shut the sluice, I heard something groan near to me—but judging it was one of Giles Fletcher’s hogs, for so please you, he never shuts his gate, I caught up my lever, and was about—Saint Mary forgive me!—to strike where I heard the sound, when, as the saints would have it, I heard the second groan just like that of a living man. So I called up my knaves, and found the Father Sacristan lying wet and senseless under the wall of our kiln. So soon as we brought him to himself a bit, he prayed to be brought to your reverence, but I doubt me, his wits have gone a bell-wavering by the road. It was but now that he spoke in somewhat better form.”

‘ “ Well!” said Brother Eustace, “ thou hast done well Hob Miller; only begone now, and remember a second time, to pause, ere you strike in the dark.”

‘ “ Please your reverence, it shall be a lesson to me,” said the miller; “ not to mistake a holy man for a hog again, so long as I live.” And making a bow with profound humility, the miller withdrew.

‘ “ And now that this churl is gone, Father Philip,” said Eustace, “ wilt thou tell our venerable Superior what ails thee? art thou *vino gravatus*, man? if so, we will have thee to thy cell.”

‘ “ Water! water! not wine,” muttered the exhausted Sacristan.

‘ “ Nay,” said the Monk, “ if that be thy complaint, wine may perhaps cure thee;” and he reached him a cup, which the patient drank off to his great benefit.

‘ “ And now,” said the Abbot, “ let his garments be changed, or rather let him be carried to the infirmary; for it will prejudice our health, should we hear his narrative while he stands there, steaming like a rising hoar-frost.”

‘ “ I will hear his adventure,” said Eustace, “ and report it to your reverence.” And, accordingly, he attended the Sacristan to his cell. In about half an hour he returned to the Abbot.

‘ “ How is it with Father Philip?” said the Abbot; “ and through what came he into such a state?”

‘ “ He comes from Glendearg, reverend sir,” said Eustace; “ and for the rest, he telleth such a legend, as has not been heard in this Monastery for many a long day.” He then gave the Abbot the

outlines of the Sacristan's adventures in the homeward journey, and added, that for some time he was inclined to think his brain infirm, seeing he had sung, laughed, and wept, all in the same

' " A wonderful thing it is to us," said the Abbot; " has been permitted to put forth his hand thus far on one of brethren."

' " True," said Father Eustace; " but for every text a paraphrase; and I have my suspicions, that if the drenching of Father Philip cometh of the Evil One, yet it may not have been altogether without his own personal fault."

' " How!" said the Father Abbot; " I will not believe that thou makest doubt that Satan, in former days, hath been permitted to afflict saints and holy men, even as he afflicted the pious Job?"

' " God forbid I should make question of it," said the Monk, crossing himself; " yet, where there is an exposition of the Sacristan's tale, which is less than miraculous, I hold it safe to consider it at least, if not to abide by it. Now, this Hob the Miller hath a buxom daughter. Suppose, I say only suppose, that our Sacristan met her at the ford on her return from her uncle's on the other side, for there she hath this evening been—suppose, that, in courtesy, and to save her stripping hose and shoon, the Sacristan brought her across behind him—suppose he carried his familiarities farther than the maiden was willing to admit; and we may easily suppose, farther, that this wetting was the result of it."

' " And this legend invented to deceive us," said the Superior, reddening with wrath; " but most strictly shall it be sifted and enquired into; it is not upon us that Father Philip must hope to pass the result of his own evil practices for doings of Satan. To-morrow cite the wench to appear before us—we will examine, and we will punish."

' " Under your Reverence's favour," said Eustace, " that were but poor policy. As things now stand with us, the heretics catch hold of each flying report which tends to the scandal of our clergy. We must abate the evil, not only by strengthening discipline, but also by suppressing and stifling the voice of scandal. If my conjectures are true, the miller's daughter will be silent for her own sake; and your Reverence's authority may also impose silence on her father, and on the Sacristan. If he is again found to afford room for throwing dishonour on his order, he can be punished with severity, but at the same time with secrecy. For what say the Decretals? *Facinora ostendi dum punientur, flagitia autem abscondi debent.*" ' pp. 200—206.

Brother Philip, however, sticks firm to his story, and the grave Sub-prior Father Eustace, sets off for the tower of Glendearg, resolved to investigate the mysterious business. He regains possession of the Black Book, which had been found by the children on a spot indicated by the apparition; but his scepticism as to Brother Philip's story is doomed to vanish with the undetainable volume.

' " What ho! Sub-Prior, and came you but here
To conjure a book from a dead-woman's bier?
Sain you and save you, be wary and wise,
Ride back with the book, or you'll pay for your prize.
Back, back,
There's death in the track!
In the name of my master, I bid thee bear back." '

To the adjuration of Sir Priest, the same voice replies:

' " That which is neither ill nor well,
That which belongs not to Heaven or Hell,
A wreath of the mist, a bubble of the stream,
'Twixt a waking thought and a sleeping dream;
A form that men spy
With the half-shut eye,
In the beams of the setting sun am I." '

Had the Author kept steadily in remembrance this account which the Spirit gives of herself, we should have had nothing more serious to object against the introduction of such a personage, than that she would seem to belong rather to poetry than to romance; the length and variety of her metrical recitations being very far beyond the proprieties of literal narrative. But there is nothing in the incidents themselves thus far, that might not have taken place in the imaginations of the worthy priests; and the reader, with this easy explanation at hand, is content to resign himself, ' with half-shut eye,' to a similar delusion in favour of the truth of the legend.

Years glide on, and the mysterious volume is not found. Mary Avenel had attained her fifteenth year, and she and Edward had diligently profited in their studies from the frequent visits of Father Eustace, when, one day, Halbert, a duller scholar but a fiery blade, taking offence at something which occurs, breaks away from his companions, exclaiming that he knows a better teacher than their grim old Monk, and a better book than his breviary. He has by some means or other learned the spell which wakes the White Maid of Avenel, and he resolves to call her to his assistance. A long scene ensues, half dialogue, half singing, between the bold youth and his airy familiar, in the course of which he descends with her to an unknown depth, and in a magical grotto discovers the said black book encircled with fire. Like another Thalaba, he bears off the prize; but, more fortunate than the son of Hodeirah, safely emerges again into the upper air. In reading this part of the work, we were several times tempted to suspect that the Author had the Royal Circus or Sadler's Wells in view, and had a mind to try his hand at a melodrame. The songs of the Spirit, if set to music by Mr. Reeve or Mr. Whitaker, would, we have little doubt, be extremely popular, and the subterranean grotto

would form an admirable last scene. But in a romance, and a romance, too, by the Author of Waverley, surely all this must be pronounced puerile and tasteless to the extreme of absurdity.

And yet all this is nothing compared to the dull extrav[illegible] contained in the subsequent volumes. For want of bette[illegible] dents, the gentle reader is compelled to take part in the [illegible] occasioned in the Tower of Glendearg by the arrival of a stranger knight yclept Sir Piercie Shafton, who has fled from England, and is quartered upon the Glendinnings by the Abbot of St. Mary's, that he may elude his pursuers. This Sir Piercie has evidently cost our Author far more pains than have turned to good account. He is a laboured *fac-simile* of a finished dandy and *euphuist* of the court of Elizabeth, and we have no doubt that he talks nonsense on good authority; but he is too grave to be amusing, and so insufferably insolent as well as tiresome, that there is no enduring his company. Halbert and Sir Piercie do not agree at all; but still the knight disdains to fight with the churl, till the latter shews him a silver bodkin which his friend, the White Lady, had given him, for the purpose of acting as a spell upon Sir Piercie's angry passions. This said bodkin, we are told, the White Lady wore in her hair; but she could do without it, which the Author of Waverley could not. The way in which this harmless weapon acts upon the imagination of the knight, is mysteriously intimated in the sequel: it comes out, that, though akin to the Piercie on his father's side, Shafton's mother's father was a tailor! Alas! and is this the Author of Guy Mannering and Old Mortality? If he could make no better use of legendary superstitions than this, it is indeed more than time he had done with them.

To be just, there are better things in the romance, although we could almost regret that there are any on account of which it should have the chance of living. We pass over the gratuitous absurdity of the grave which is dug by nobody knows whom, for nobody knows what, in the place where Sir Piercie and Halbert fight, and which is afterwards so strangely filled up again, just for the purpose of countenancing the idea that the knight has murdered Glendinning, while Glendinning flies, imagining he has slain the knight, whose wounds are healed by witchcraft. This *double entendre* smacks of Sadler's Wells again; and Joey Grimaldi would make an admirable Sir Piercie. Passing all this over, we must refer to the scene in the castle of Avenel, to the well-supported character of Julian Avenel, and to the finely developed one of Edward Glendinning, as not unworthy of the Author of Waverley. The Miller's daughter, too, excites some degree of interest; and Abbot Boniface is, though not very original, sufficiently entertaining. There is not much scope for the

Author's peculiar talent for describing landscape scenery, but the solitude of Glendearg, the old fortalice, the bridge, and the glen of the White Lady, are powerfully localized to the reader's imagination. One feels as if one would recognise the spot. We [illegible]oom for a short extract.

'[illegible]e great security of Glendearg lay in its secluded and hidden [illegible]ion. To come at the Tower, it was necessary to travel three miles up the glen, crossing about twenty times the little stream which, winding through the narrow valley, encountered at every hundred yards the opposition of a rock or precipitous bank on the one side, which altered its direction, and caused it to shoot off in an oblique direction to the other. The hills which ascend on each side of this glen are very steep, and rise boldly over the stream, which is thus imprisoned within their barriers. The sides of the glen are impracticable for horse, and are only to be traversed by means of the sheep-paths which lie along their sides. It would be difficult to suppose that a road so hopeless and so difficult could lead to any habitation more important than the summer shealing of a shepherd.

'Yet the glen, though lonely and difficult of access and sterile, was not then absolutely void of beauty. The turf which occupied the little plain ground on the sides of the stream, was as close and verdant as if it had occupied the scythes of a hundred gardeners once a-fortnight; and it was garnished with an embroidery of daisies and wild flowers, which the scythes would certainly have destroyed. The little brook, now confined betwixt closer limits, now left at large to chuse its course through the narrow valley, danced carelessly on from stream to pool, light and unturbid, as that better class of spirits who pass their way through life, yielding to insurmountable obstacles, but as far from being subdued by them as the sailor who meets by chance with an unfavourable wind, and shapes his course so as to be driven back as little as possible.

'The mountains, as they would have been called in England, *Scotticé* the deep *braes*, rose abruptly over the little glen, here presenting the grey face of a rock, from which the turf had been peeled by the torrents, and there displaying little patches of wood and copse, which had escaped the waste of the cattle and the sheep and the feuars, and which, feathering naturally up the beds of empty torrents, or occupying the concave recesses of the bank, gave at once beauty and variety to the landscape. Above these scattered woods rose the hill, in barren, but purple majesty; the dark rich hue, particularly in autumn, contrasting beautifully with the thickets of oak and birch, the mountain ashes and thorns, the alders and quivering aspens, which chequered and varied the descent, and not less with the dark green and velvet turf, which composed the level part of the narrow glen.

'Yet, though thus embellished, the scene could neither be strictly termed sublime or beautiful, and scarcely even picturesque or striking. But its extreme solitude pressed on the heart; the traveller felt that uncertainty whither he was going, or in what so wild a path was to terminate, which, at times, strikes more on the imagination than the grand features of a show-scene, when you know the exact distance

of the inn where your dinner is bespoken, and at the moment preparing. These are ideas, however, of a far later age; for at the time we treat of, the picturesque, the beautiful, the sublime, and all their intermediate shades, were ideas absolutely unknown to the inhabitants and occasional visitors of Glendearg.

'They had, however, attached to the scene feelings fitting the time. Its name, signifying the Red Valley, seems to have been derived, not only from the purple colour of the heath, with which the upper part of the rising banks was profusely cloathed, but also from the dark red colour of the rocks, and of the precipitous earthen banks, which in that country are called *scaurs*. Another glen, about the head of Ettrick, has acquired the same name from similar circumstances; and there are probably more in Scotland to which it has been given.

'As our Glendearg did not abound in mortal visitants, superstition, that it might not be absolutely destitute of inhabitants, had peopled its recesses with beings belonging to another world. The savage and capricious Brown Man of the Moors, a being which seems the genuine descendant of the Northern dwarfs, was supposed to be seen there frequently, especially after the autumnal equinox, when the fogs were thick, and objects not easily distinguished. The Scottish fairies, too, a whimsical, irritable, and mischievous tribe, who, though at times capriciously benevolent, were more frequently adverse to mortals, were also supposed to have formed a residence in a particularly wild recess of the glen, of which the real name was, in allusion to that circumstance, *Corrie nan Shian*, which, in corrupted Celtic, signifies the Hollow of the Fairies. But the neighbours were more cautious in speaking about this place, and avoided giving it a name, from an idea common then through all the British and Celtic provinces of Scotland, and still retained in many places, that to speak either good or ill of this capricious race of supernatural beings, is to provoke their resentment, and that secrecy and silence is what they chiefly desire from those who may intrude upon their revels, or discover their haunts.

A mysterious terror was thus attached to the little dale, which afforded access from the broad valley of the Tweed, up the little glen we have described, to the fortalice called the Tower of Glendearg. Beyond the knoll, where, as we have said, the little tower was situated, the hills grew more steep, and narrowed on the slender brook, so as scarce to leave a foot-path; and there the glen terminated in a wild water-fall, where a slender thread of water dashed in a precipitous line of foam over two or three precipices. Yet farther in the same direction, and above these successive cataracts, lay a wild and extensive morass, frequented only by water-fowl, wide, waste, apparently almost interminable, and serving in a great measure to separate the inhabitants of the little glen from those who lived to the northward.' pp. 98—99.

'The ABBOT' has for one thing which 'the Monastery' has not, a plan,—a beginning, a middle, and an end; and it has also a hero. That hero is Roland Græme, the spoilt page of the Lady of Avenel. Ten years are supposed to have elapsed since the union of Sir Halbert and his lady, which would have been as happy as mutual affection could render it, but for two circumstances; the distracted state of Scotland, which is continually calling away Sir Halbert from his home to the camp or to court, and the want of offspring. It was during one of the long solitary intervals which his lady was doomed to pass apart, that she conceived a strong interest for the boy, in consequence of having been instrumental in preserving him from drowning. He proves to be an orphan, his only surviving relative being a grandmother, the saintly Meg Merrilies of the tale. Of his parentage he is himself imperfectly informed, but he has been told that he is of gentle blood; and the ungentle airs which he gives himself, by virtue of this assurance, occasion at length his dismissal from the castle. In his way to the abbey of Kennaquair, where he is going to ask the counsel of Father Ambrose, the Edward Glendinning of the former tale, he visits the cell of Saint Cuthbert, where erst dwelt a holy monk. The spot is thus described.

'A few roods of fertile land afforded the monk his plot of garden ground; an eminence, well-clothed with trees, rose behind the cell, and sheltered it from the north and the east, while the front, opening to the south-west, looked up a wild but pleasant valley, down which wandered a lively brook, which battled with every stone that interrupted its passage. The cell itself was rather plainly than rudely built —a low Gothic building, with two small apartments, one of which served the priest for his dwelling place, the other for his chapel.

'The page's first movement was to knock at the door, when he observed, to his surprise, that it was open, not from being left unlatched, but because, beat off its upper hinge, it was only fastened to the door-post by the lower, and could therefore no longer perform its functions. Somewhat alarmed at this, and receiving no answer when he knocked and called, Roland began to look more at leisure upon the exterior of the little dwelling, before he ventured to enter it. The flowers, which had been trained with care against the walls, seemed to have been recently torn down, and trailed their dishonoured garlands on the earth; the latticed window was broken and dashed in. The garden, which the monk had maintained by his constant labour in the highest order and beauty, bore marks of having been lately trod down and destroyed by the hoofs of animals and the feet of men.

'The sainted spring had not escaped. It was wont to arise beneath a canopy of ribbed arches, with which the devotion of elder times had secured and protected its healing waters. These arches were now almost entirely demolished, and the stones of which they were built, were tumbled into the well, as if with the purpose of choking up and destroying the fountain, which, as it had shared in other days the honour of the saint, was, in the present, doomed to partake his unpopularity. Part of the roof had been pulled down from the

house itself, and an attempt had been made with crows and levers upon one of the angles, by which several large corner-stones had been forced out of their place; but the solidity of ancient mason-work had proved too great for the time or patience of the assailants, and they had relinquished their task of destruction. Such dilapidated buildings, after the lapse of years during which nature has gradually covered the effects of violence with creeping plants, and with weather stains, exhibit, amid their decay, a melancholy beauty. But when the visible effects of violence appear raw and recent, there is no feeling to mitigate the sense of devastation with which they impress the spectators; and such was now the scene on which the youthful page gazed, with the painful feelings it was qualified to excite.

'Anxious to discover if the monk of St. Cuthbert's had at least escaped personal harm, Roland Græme entered the half ruined cell. The interior was in a state which fully justified the opinion he had formed from its external injuries. The few rude utensils of the solitary's hut were broken down and lay scattered on the floor, where it seemed as if a fire had been made with some of the fragments to destroy the rest of his property, and to consume, in particular, the rude old image of St. Cuthbert, in its episcopal habit, which lay on the earth like Dagon of yore, shattered with the axe and scorched with the flames, but only partially destroyed. In the little apartment which served as a chapel, the altar was overthrown, and the four huge stones of which it had been once composed lay scattered around the floor. The large stone crucifix which occupied the niche behind the altar, and fronted the supplicant while he paid his devotion there, had been pulled down, and dashed by its own weight into three fragments. There were marks of sledge-hammers on each of these; yet the image had been saved from utter demolition by the size and strength of the remaining fragments, which, though much injured, retained enough of the original sculpture to shew what it had been intended to represent.

'Roland Græme, secretly nursed in the tenets of Rome, saw with horror, the profanation of the most sacred emblem, according to his creed, of our holy religion.

'It is the badge of our redemption, he said, which the felons have dared to violate—would to God my weak strength were able to replace it—my humble strength to atone for the sacrilege!

'He stooped to the task he first meditated, and with a sudden, and to himself almost an incredible exertion of power, he lifted up the one extremity of the lower shaft of the cross, and rested it upon the edge of the large stone which served for its pedestal. Encouraged by this success, he applied his force to the other extremity, and, to his own astonishment, succeeded so far as to erect the lower end of the limb into the socket, out of which it had been forced, and to place this fragment of the image upright.

'While he was employed in this labour, or rather at the very moment when he had accomplished the elevation of the fragment, a voice, in thrilling and well-known accents, spoke behind him these words:—"Well done, thou good and faithful servant! Thus would I again meet the child of my love—the hope of my aged eyes."

Roland turned round in astonishment, and the tall commanding form of Magdalen Græme stood beside him. She was arrayed in a sort of loose habit, in form like that worn by penitents in Catholic countries, but black in colour, and approaching as near to a pilgrim's cloak as it was safe to wear in a country where the suspicion of Catholic devotion in many places endangered the safety of those who were suspected of attachment to the ancient faith. Roland Græme threw himself at her feet. She raised and embraced him with affection indeed, but not unmixed with a gravity which amounted almost to sternness.

'"Thou hast kept well," she said, "the bird in thy bosom. As a boy, as a youth, thou hast held fast thy faith amongst heretics—thou hast kept thy secret and mine own amongst thine enemies. I wept when I parted from you—I, who seldom weep, then shed tears, less for thy death than for thy spiritual danger—I dared not even see thee to bid thee a last farewell—my grief, my swelling grief had betrayed me to these heretics. But thou hast been faithful—down, down on thy knees before the holy sign, which ill men injure and blaspheme: down and praise saints and angels for the grace they have done thee, in preserving thee from the leprous plague which cleaves to the house in which thou wert nurtured."'

The whole scene is too long to transcribe, and it is somewhat too long for effect; but it is picturesque and dramatic. The cell affords old Magdalen and her son a shelter for the night. In the morning, she announces to him in mysterious terms, that he is destined to take part in a mighty project, in which he will have for his partners, the power of the church and the pride of the noble, and she demands his implicit concurrence. Roland is half-beguiled, half-terrified into an assent, and they set off together for the abode of a sister enthusiast.

'About the hour of noon they reached a small straggling village, in which, as usual, were seen one or two of those predominating towers, or peel-houses, which, for reasons of defence elsewhere detailed, were at that time to be found in every Border hamlet. A brook flowed beside the village, and watered the valley in which it stood. There was also a mansion at the end of the village, and a little way separated from it, much dilapidated and in very bad order, but appearing to have been the abode of persons of some consideration. The situation was agreeable, being an angle formed by the stream, bearing three or four large sycamore trees, which, being in full leaf, served to relieve the dark appearance of the mansion, which was built of a deep red stone. The house itself had been a large one, but was now obviously too big for the inmates; several windows were built up, especially those which opened from the lower storey; others were blockaded in a less substantial manner. The court before the door, which had once been defended with a species of low outer-wall, now ruinous, was paved, but the stones were completely covered with long grey nettles, thistles, and other weeds, which, shooting up betwixt the

flags, had displaced many of them from their level. Even matters demanding more peremptory attention had been left neglected, in a manner which argued sloth or poverty in the extreme. The stream, undermining a part of the bank near an angle of the ruinous wall, had brought it down, with a corner turret, the ruins of which lay in the bed of the river. The current, interrupted by the ruins which it had overthrown, and turned yet nearer to the site of the tower, had greatly enlarged the breach it had made, and was in the process of undermining the ground on which the house itself stood, unless it were speedily protected by sufficient bulwarks.

'All this attracted Roland Græme's observation as they approached the dwelling by a winding path, which gave them, at intervals, a view of it from different points.

'"If we go to yonder house," he said to his mother, "I trust it is but for a short visit. It looks as if two rainy days from the north-west would send the whole into the brook."

'"You see but with the eyes of the body," said the old woman; "God will defend his own, though it be forsaken and despised of men. Better to dwell on the sand, under his law, than fly to the rock of human trust."

'As she thus spoke, they entered the court before the old mansion, and Roland could observe that the front of it had formerly been considerably ornamented with carved work, in the same dark-coloured freestone of which it was built. But all these ornaments had been broken down and destroyed, and only the shattered vestiges of niches and entablatures now strewed the place which they had once occupied. The larger entrance in front was walled up, but a little foot-path, which, from its appearance, seemed to be rarely trodden, led to a small wicket, defended by a door well clenched with iron-headed nails, at which Magdalen Græme knocked three times, pausing betwixt each knock, until she heard an answering tap from within. At the last knock, the wicket was opened by a pale thin female, who said, "*Benediciti qui venient in nomine Domini.*" They entered, and the portress hastily shut behind them the wicket, and made fast the massive fastenings by which it was secured.

'The female led the way through a narrow entrance, into a vestibule of some extent, paved with stone, and having benches of the same solid material ranged around. At the upper end was an oriel window, but part of the intervals formed by the stone shafts and mullions was blocked up, so that the apartment was very gloomy.

'Here they stopped, and the mistress of the mansion, for such she was, embraced Magdalen Græme, and greeting her by the title of sister, kissed her, with much solemnity, on either side of the face.

'"The blessing of our Lady be upon you, my sister," were her next words; and they left no doubt upon Roland's mind respecting the religion of their hostess, even if he could have suspected his venerable and zealous guide of resting elsewhere than in the habitation of an orthodox Catholic. They spoke together a few words in private, during which he had leisure to remark more particularly the appearance of his grandmother's friend.

'Her age might be betwixt fifty and sixty; her looks had a mixture

of melancholy and unhappiness, that bordered on discontent, and obscured the remains of beauty which age had still left on her features. Her dress was of the plainest and most ordinary sort, of a dark colour, and, like Magdalen Græme's, something approaching to a religious habit. Strict neatness, and cleanliness of person, seemed to intimate, that if poor, she was not reduced to squalid or heart-broken distress, and that she was still sufficiently attached to life to retain a taste for its decencies, if not its elegancies. Her manner, as well as her features and appearance, argued an original condition and education far above the meanness of her present appearance. In short, the whole figure was such as to excite the idea, "That female must have had a history worth knowing." While Roland Græme was making this very reflection, the whispers of the two females ceased, and the mistress of the mansion approaching him, looked on his face and person with much attention, and, as it seemed, some interest.

' "This, then," she said, addressing his relative, "is the child of thine unhappy daughter Magdalen; and him, the only shoot from your ancient tree, you are willing to devote to the Good Cause."

' "Yes, by the rood," answered Magdalen Græme in her usual tone of resolved determination, "to the good cause I devote him, flesh and fell, sinew and limb, body and soul." ' Vol. i. pp. 207—212.

In the conversation which ensues, both Magdalen and the Mother Abbess discover a familiar acquaintance with Scripture narrative and Scripture phraseology, which would lead a reader who knew no better, to suspect that they were two female Cameronians in disguise. Had we not the good authority of the Author of Waverley to vouch for the fact, we should ourselves have doubted whether the Romish Church permitted her female votaries to become so learned in Biblical matters. It is highly remarkable, that the Roman Catholics in our Author's tales should for the most part discover not only superior liberality, amiableness, and taste to the Presbyterians, but even superior piety. We are far from attributing this to design. It should seem that he is most at home in delineating an order of character which is the most congenial with his own views and feelings on religious subjects as an Episcopalian. Popery is still the religion of the poet; the only religion, as the wittiest of kings, we think, once said, fit for a gentleman. We have no doubt that our Author, who is both a poet and a gentleman, would make an excellent catholic. But when he has to portray men of moral elements so different from the heroes of romance as the Scottish reformers, a Henry Warden, for instance, or an Elias Henderson, although it falls in with the purpose of the story to represent them as honest and good men, and it is his design to convey that general impression, yet he does not know how to set about it; he cannot forget himself into a hearty cordiality towards the representatives of so repulsive a class; he is perpetually dipping into caricature, and he contrives to

let something of contempt mingle with and modify, in the reader's mind, the respect and admiration which their virtues challenge.

To resume the narrative. Roland is on the point of becoming more than a little impatient of his leading-strings and of the society of these two reverend ladies, when he is unexpectedly introduced to a confederate in the good cause, of a kind whom he little expects in such a den to meet with;—a damsel, apparently not much past sixteen, with eyes at once soft and brilliant, a Hebe in person, the niece of the Lady Abbess aforesaid. The young people are recommended to cultivate each other's acquaintance, and they set about it cheerfully; so that by the time the party breaks up for the despatch of business, all that Roland cares for is, when he shall again meet Catherine Seyton. Old Magdalen's first errand is to the Monastery, where the chapter, in the very teeth of the prohibition issued by the government, are proceeding to elect a new Abbot in the place of the faithful Eustatius deceased. Their choice has fallen on Father Ambrose.

'In former times, this was one of the most splendid of the many pageants which the hierarchy of Rome had devised to attract the veneration of the faithful. The period during which the Abbacy remained vacant, was a state of mourning, or, as their emblematical phrase expressed it, of widowhood; a melancholy term, which was changed into rejoicing and triumph when a new Superior was chosen. When the folding-doors were on such solemn occasions thrown open, and the new Abbot appeared on the threshold in full-blown dignity, with ring and mitre, and dalmatique and crosier, his hoary standard-bearers and his juvenile dispensers of incense preceding him, and the venerable train of monks behind him, with all besides which could announce the supreme authority to which he was now raised, his appearance was a signal for the magnificent jubilate to rise from the organ and music-loft, and to be joined by the corresponding bursts of Alleluiah from the whole assembled congregation. Now all was changed. In the midst of rubbish and desolation, seven or eight old men, bent and shaken as much by grief and fear as by age, shrouded hastily in the proscribed dress of their order, wandered like a procession of spectres, from the door which had been thrown open, up through the encumbered passage, to the high altar, there to instal their elected Superior a chief of ruins. It was like a band of bewildered travellers chusing a chief in the wilderness of Arabia; or a shipwrecked crew electing a captain upon the barren island on which fate has thrown them.' pp. 280—282.

In the midst of the ceremony, hastily and timidly performed, the ears of the good fathers are assailed by a most terrible clamour at the doors of the church. The winding of horns, blown with no regard to harmony or concert; the jangling of bells, the thumping of drums, the squeaking of bag-pipes and

the clash of cymbals; the shouts of men, the shriller tones of females and children, formed a Babel of sounds, which first drowned, and then awed into utter silence the official hymns of the ordination service. When, to prevent their being forced, the gates of the church were thrown open to these rude invaders, a motley groupe of masqueraders presented themselves with a mock abbot at their head, claiming their ancient Saturnalian privilege of a burlesque contest with the newly elected dignitary. The times, however, no longer suit with such dangerous license. Abbot Ambrose authoritatively deprecates the unhallowed pantomime; and Dame Magdalen, assuming a higher style, thunders forth her threats in the name of every saint, from St. Michael downward. For this she is threatened with the mill-dam; but Roland cannot stand by, and hear his poor grandmother treated with such indignity. His poniard is soon sheathed in the false carcase of the mock abbot; and thanks to straw and buckram that the affair ends in a jest. In a fortunate moment Sir Halbert Glendinning arrives on his way home from Edinburgh, and after quelling the riot, is surprised to find his lady's page, of whose dismissal he had not heard, under custody. An explanation ensues, which issues in Roland's being received back into Sir Halbert's service in the more honourable capacity of an armed retainer, with the full consent of Dame Magdalen.

' " Thou canst bear me witness, my father," she said to the Abbot, " that it was no wish either of mine or Roland's which induced the knight of Avenel, as he is called, again to entertain my grandson in his household.—Heaven, which confounds the wise with their own wisdom and the wicked with their own policy, hath placed him where, for the service of the Church, I would most wish him to be."

' " I know not what you mean, my sister," said the Abbot."

' " Reverend father," replied Magdalen, " hast thou never heard that there are spirits powerful to rend the walls of a castle asunder when once admitted, which yet cannot enter the house unless they are invited, nay, dragged over the threshold? Twice hath Roland Græme been thus drawn into the household of Avenel by those who now hold the title. Let them look to the issue." '

Roland's destination is Edinburgh, where he is to wait upon the Regent Murray in the character of a retainer of Sir Halbert's. His tumultuous sensations on entering the busy capital are very well described. He has scarcely entered it, when with his usual rashness he is led to take part in an affray between two noblemen; and, as fate will have it, the gentleman he is so fortunate as to save by his timely aid, is no other than the father of Catherine Seyton. This circumstance proves of no small advantage in the sequel, first, in saving him from a horse-whipping, or worse, as the consequence of following Catherine into a great house which he sees her enter, and ultimately, in recom-

mending him to the favour of his Lordship. The following scene will inform the reader what use the Regent designs to make of our hero.

'The Earl of Murray was clad in a sad-coloured morning-gown, with a cap and slippers of the same cloth, but even in this easy dishabille, held his sheathed rapier in his hand, a precaution which he adopted when receiving strangers, rather in compliance with the earnest remonstrances of his friends and partizans, than from any personal apprehensions of his own. He answered with a silent nod the respectful obeisance of the page, and took one or two turns through the small apartment in silence, fixing his keen eye on Roland, as if he wished to penetrate into his very soul. At length he broke silence.

'"Your name is, I think, Julian Græme."

'"Roland Græme, my lord, not Julian," replied the page.

'"Right—I was misled by some trick of my memory—Roland Græme, from the Debateable Land.—Roland, thou knowest the duties which belong to a lady's service?"

'"I should know them, my lord," replied Roland, "having been bred so near the person of my Lady of Avenel; but I trust never more to practise them, as the Knight hath promised"——

'"Be silent, young man," said the Regent, "I am to speak, and you to hear and to obey. It is necessary that, for some space at least, you shall again enter into the service of a lady, who, in rank, hath no equal in Scotland; and this service accomplished, I give thee my word as Knight and Prince, that it shall open to you a course of ambition, such as may well gratify the aspiring wishes of one whom circumstances entitle to entertain much higher views than thou. I will take thee into my household and near to my person, or, at your own choice, I will give you the command of a foot-company—either is a preferment which the proudest laird in the land might be glad to assure to a second son."

'"May I presume to ask, my lord," said Roland, observing the Earl paused for a reply, "to whom my poor services are in the first place destined?"

'"You will be told hereafter," said the Regent; and then, as if overcoming some internal reluctance to speak further himself, he added, "or why should I not myself tell you, that you are about to enter into the service of a most illustrious—most unhappy lady—into the service of Mary of Scotland."

'"Of the Queen, my lord!" said the page, unable to repress his surprise.

'"Of her who was the Queen!" said Murray, with a singular mixture of displeasure and embarrassment in his tone of voice. "You must be aware, young man, that her son reigns in her stead."

He sighed from an emotion, partly perhaps natural, and partly assumed.

'"And am I to attend upon her Grace in her place of imprisonment, my lord?" again demanded the page, with a straight-forward

and hardy simplicity, which somewhat disconcerted the sage and powerful statesman.

' " She is not imprisoned," answered Murray, angrily; " God forbid she should—she is only sequestrated from state affairs, and from the business of the public, until the world be so effectually settled, that she may enjoy her natural and uncontrouled freedom, without her royal disposition being exposed to the practices of wicked and designing men. It is for this purpose," he added, " that while she is to be furnished, as right is, with such attendance as may befit her present secluded state, it becomes necessary that those placed around her, are persons on whose prudence I can have reliance. You see, therefore, you are at once called on to discharge an office most honourable in itself, and so to discharge it that you may make a friend of the Regent of Scotland. Thou art, I have been told, a singularly apprehensive youth; and I perceive by thy look, that thou doest already understand what I would say on this matter. In this schedule your particular points of duty are set down at length—but the sum required of you is fidelity—I mean fidelity to myself and to the state. You are, therefore, to watch every attempt which is made or inclination displayed, to open any communication with any of the lords who have become banders in the west—with Hamilton, with Seyton, with Fleming, or the like. It is true that my gracious sister, reflecting upon the ill chances that have happened to the state of this poor kingdom, from evil counsellors who have abused her royal nature in time past, hath determined to sequestrate herself from state affairs in future. But it is our duty, as acting for and in name of our infant nephew, to guard against the evils which may arise from any mutation or vacillation in her royal resolutions. Wherefore it will be thy duty to watch, and report to our lady mother, whose guest our sister is for the present, whatever may infer a disposition to withdraw her person from the place of security in which she is lodged, or to open communication with those without. If, however, your observation should detect any thing of weight, and which may exceed mere suspicion, fail not to send notice by an especial messenger to me directly, and this ring shall be thy warrant to order horse and man on such service.—And now begone. If there be half the wit in thy head that there is apprehension in thy look, thou fully comprehendest all that I would say—Serve me faithfully, and sure as I am belted earl, thy reward shall be great." '

pp. 147—152.

The knowing reader will take it for granted, that Catherine Seyton is destined for similar service; and thus both Magdalen Græme and Roland have their heart's desire most felicitously accomplished. The most interesting scenes in the work, those on which the Author has evidently bestowed his very best efforts, are those in which Mary Queen of Scots is the prominent figure. The manner in which he espouses her cause, partakes at once of the chivalrous spirit of a knight of romance, and of the earnestness of an historian; and the following para-

graphs will probably do more to gain over the general run of English readers to her side, than the most elaborate apology, or than quartos full of antiquarian lore.

'Her face, her form, have been so deeply impressed upon the imagination, that, even at the distance of nearly three centuries, it is unnecessary to remind the most ignorant and uninformed reader of the striking traits which characterize that remarkable countenance, which seems at once to combine our ideas of the majestic, the pleasing, and the brilliant, leaving us to doubt whether they express most happily the queen, the beauty, or the accomplished woman. Who is there, at the very mention of Mary Stuart's name, that has not her countenance before him, familiar as that of the mistress of his youth, or the favourite daughter of his advanced age? Even those who feel themselves compelled to believe all, or much of what her enemies laid to her charge, cannot think without a sigh upon a countenance expressive of anything rather than the foul crimes with which she was charged when living, and which still continue to shade, if not to blacken her memory. That brow, so truly open and regal—those eye-brows, so regularly graceful, which yet were saved from the charge of regular insipidity by the beautiful effect of the hazel eyes which they overarched, and which seem to utter a thousand histories —the nose, with all its Grecian precision of outline—the mouth, so well proportioned, so sweetly formed, as if designed to speak nothing but what was delightful to hear—the dimpled chin—the stately swanlike neck, form a countenance, the like of which we know not to have existed in any other character moving in that high class of life, where the actresses as well as the actors command general and undivided attention. It is in vain to say that the portraits which exist of this remarkable woman are not like each other; for, amidst their discrepancy, each possesses general features which the eye at once acknowledges as peculiar to the vision which our imagination has raised while we read her history for the first time, and which has been impressed upon it by the numerous prints and pictures which we have seen. Indeed we cannot look on the worst of them, however deficient in point of execution, without saying that it is meant for Queen Mary; and no small instance it is of the power of beauty, that her charms should have remained the subject not merely of admiration, but of warm and chivalrous interest, after the lapse of such a length of time. We know that by far the most acute of those who, in latter days, have adopted the unfavourable view of Mary's character, longed, like the executioner before his dreadful task was performed, to kiss the fair hand of her on whom he was about to perform so horrible a duty.' pp. 179—182.

'When Roland entered, he saw that the Queen had thrown herself into the large chair which stood nearest the door, and was sobbing for breath in a strong fit of hysterical affection. The elder female supported her in her arms, while the younger bathed her face with water and with tears alternately.

'"Hasten, young man!" said the elder lady, in alarm, "fly—call in assistance—she is swooning!"

'But the Queen ejaculated in a faint and broken voice, "Stir not, I charge you!—call no one to witness—I am better—I will recover instantly." And, indeed, with an effort which seemed like that of one struggling for life, she sate up in her chair, and endeavoured to resume her composure, while her features yet trembled with the violent emotion of body and mind which she had undergone. "I am ashamed of my weakness, girls," she said, taking the hands of her attendants; "but it is over—and I am Mary Stuart once more. The savage tone of that man's voice—my knowledge of his insolence—the name which he named—the purpose for which they come, may excuse a moment's weakness—and it shall be a moment's only." She snatched from her head the curch or cap, which had been disordered during her hysterical agony—shook down the thick clustered tresses of dark brown which had been before veiled under it—and, drawing her slender fingers across the labyrinth which they formed, she arose from the chair, and stood like the inspired image of a Grecian prophetess, in a mood which partook at once of sorrow and pride, of smiles and of tears. "We are ill appointed," she said, "to meet our rebel subjects; but, as far as we may, we will strive to present ourselves as becomes their Queen. Follow me, my maidens," she said; "what says thy favourite song, my Fleming?

'My maids, come to my dressing bower,
And deck my nut-brown hair;
Where'er ye laid a plait before,
Look ye lay ten times mair.'

Alas!" she added, when she had repeated with a smile these lines of an old ballad, "violence has already robbed me of the ordinary decorations of my rank; and the few that nature gave me have been destroyed by sorrow and by fear." Yet while she spoke thus, she again let her slender fingers stray through the wilderness of the beautiful tresses which veiled her kingly neck and swelling bosom, as if, in her agony of mind, she had not altogether lost the consciousness of her unrivalled charms. Roland Græme, on whose youth, inexperience, and ardent sense of what was dignified and lovely, the demeanour of so fair and high-born a lady, wrought like the charm of a magician, stood rooted to the spot with surprise and interest, longing to hazard his life in a quarrel so fair as that which Mary Stuart's must needs be. She had been bred in France—she was possessed of the most distinguished beauty—she had reigned a Queen, and a Scottish Queen, to whom knowledge of character was as essential as the use of vital air. In all these capacities, Mary was, of all women on the earth, most alert at perceiving and using the advantages which her charms gave her over almost all who came within the sphere of their influence. She cast on Roland a glance which might have melted a heart of stone. "My poor boy," she said, with a feeling partly real, partly political, "thou art a stranger to us—sent to this doleful captivity from the society of some tender mother, or sister, or maiden, with whom you had freedom to tread a gay measure round the May-pole. I grieve for you;—but you are the only male in my limited household—wilt thou obey my orders?"

'"To the death, madam," said Græme, in a determined tone.'

The remainder of the tale is occupied with the proceedings within the castle of Lochleven, the plans laid for the Queen's liberation, her escape, the fatal battle which ensued, and her embarkation for England. The page is, of course, a chief actor in all these scenes. He is rewarded by having the secret of his birth cleared up to the satisfaction of the Seytons, and returns to the castle of Avenel as its recognised heir. There are some under-plots and subordinate incidents which, without distracting the interest, tend considerably to enliven the story. The romantic love of George Douglas for the Queen, the mysterious *double* of Catherine Seyton, who is perpetually crossing the perplexed page, and the ubiquitous Magdalen, are introduced with admirable effect. The character of Dryfesdale is a less happy conception: it is indeed violently out of drawing. The Author's design was to portray a gloomy and remorseless fatalist, or, as he pleases to term him, predestinarian, of some German school of anabaptists that nobody ever heard of; but he does not understand these matters, and should not meddle with them. The following scene is much better adapted to his pencil.

'At the dead hour of midnight, when all was silent in the castle, the page put the key into the lock of the wicket which opened into the garden, and which was at the bottom of a staircase that descended from the Queen's apartment. "Now, turn smooth and softly, thou good bolt," said he, "if ever oil softened rust!" and his precautions had been so effectual, that the bolt revolved with little or no sound of resistance. He ventured not to cross the threshold, but exchanging a word with the disguised Abbot, asked if the boat were ready.

'"This half hour," said the sentinel, "she lies beneath the wall, too close under the islet to be seen by the warder, but I fear she will hardly escape his notice in putting off again."

'"The darkness," said the page, "and our profound silence, may take her off unobserved, as she came in. Hildebrand has the watch on the tower—a heavy-headed knave, who holds a can of ale to be the best head-piece upon a night watch. He sleeps for a wager."

'"Then bring the Queen," said the Abbot, "and I will call Henry Seyton to assist them to the boat."

'On tiptoe, with noiseless step and suppressed breath, trembling at every rustle of their own apparel, one after another the fair prisoners glided down the winding stair, under the guidance of Roland Græme, and were received at the wicket-gate by Henry Seyton and the churchman. The former seemed instantly to take upon himself the whole direction of the enterprize. "My Lord Abbot," he said, "give my sister your arm—I will conduct the Queen—and the youth will have the honour to guide Lady Fleming."

'This was no time to dispute the arrangement, although it was not that which Roland Græme would have chosen. Catherine Seyton, who well knew the garden path, tripped on before like a sylph, rather leading the Abbot than receiving assistance—the Queen, her native spirit prevailing over female fear, and a thousand painful reflections, moved

steadily forward, by assistance of Henry Seyton—while the Lady Fleming encumbered with her fears and her helplessness Roland Græme, who followed in the rear and who bore under the other arm a packet of necessaries belonging to the Queen. The door of the garden, which communicated with the shore of the islet, yielded to one of the keys of which Roland had possessed himself, although not until he had tried several,—a moment of anxious terror and expectation. The ladies were then partly led, partly carried, to the side of the lake, where a boat with six rowers attended them, the men couched along the bottom to secure them from observation. Henry Seyton placed the Queen in the stern; the Abbot offered to assist Catherine, but she was seated by the Queen's side before he could utter his proffer of help; and Roland Græme was just lifting Lady Fleming over the boat-side, when a thought suddenly occurred to him, and exclaiming, "Forgotten, forgotten! wait me but one half minute," he replaced on the shore, the helpless lady of the bed-chamber, threw the Queen's packet into the boat, and sped back through the garden with the noiseless speed of a bird on the wing.

'"By Heaven he is false at last!" said Seyton; "I ever feared it!"

'"He is as true," said Catherine, "as Heaven itself, and that I will maintain."

'"Be silent, minion," said her brother, "for shame, if not for fear—Fellows, put off, and row for your lives."

'"Help me, help me on board!" said the deserted Lady Fleming, and that louder than prudence warranted.

'"Put off—put off," cried Henry Seyton; "leave all behind, so the Queen is safe."

'"Will you permit this, Madam?" said Catherine, imploringly; "you leave your deliverer to death."

'"I will not," said the Queen.—"Seyton, I command you to stay at every risk."

'"Pardon me, madam, if I disobey," said the intractable young man; and with one hand lifting in Lady Fleming, he began himself to push off the boat.

'She was two fathoms length from the shore, and the rowers were getting her head round, when Roland Græme, arriving, bounded from the beach, and attained the boat, overturning Seyton, on whom he lighted. The youth swore a deep but suppressed oath, and stopping Græme as he stepped toward the stern, said, "Your place is not with high-born dames—keep at the head and trim the vessel—Now give way—give way—Row, for God and the Queen!"

The rowers obeyed, and began to pull vigorously.

'"Why did ye not muffle the oars?" said Roland Græme; "the dash must awaken the centinel—Row, lads, and get out of shot; for had not old Hildebrand, the warder, supped upon poppy-porridge, this whispering must have waked him."

'"It was all thine own delay," said Seyton; "thou shalt reckon with me hereafter for that and other matters."

'But Roland's apprehension was verified too instantly to permit him to reply. The centinel, whose slumbering had withstood the

whispering, was alarmed by the dash of the oars. His challenge was instantly heard. "A boat—a boat!—bring to, or I shoot!" And, as they continued to ply their oars, he called aloud, "Treason! treason!" rung the bell of the castle, and discharged his harquebuss at the boat. The ladies crowded on each other like startled wild-fowl, at the flash and report of the piece, while the men urged the rowers to the utmost speed. They heard more than one ball whiz along the surface of the lake, at no great distance from their little bark; and from the lights, which glanced like meteors from window to window, it was evident the whole castle was alarmed, and their escape discovered.

'"Pull!" again exclaimed Seyton; "stretch to your oars, or I will spur you to the task with my dagger—they will launch a boat immediately."

'"That is cared for," said Roland; "I locked gate and wicket on them when I went back, and no boat will stir from the island this night, if doors of good oak and bolts of iron can keep men within stone-walls.—And now I resign my office of porter of Lochleven, and give the keys to the Kelpie's keeping."

'As the heavy keys plunged in the lake, the Abbot, who till then had been repeating his prayers, exclaimed, "Now, bless thee, my son! for thy ready prudence puts shame on us all."

'"I knew," said Mary, drawing her breath more freely, as they were now out of reach of the musketry—"I knew my squire's truth, promptitude, and sagacity.—I must have him dear friends with my no less true knights, Douglas and Seaton--but where, then, is Douglas?"

'"Here, madam," answered the deep and melancholy voice of the boatman who sate next her, and who acted as steersman.

'"Alas! was it you who stretched your body before me," said the Queen, "when the balls were raining around us?"

'"Believe you," said he, in a low tone, "that Douglas would have resigned to any one the chance of protecting his Queen's life with his own?"

'The dialogue was here interrupted by a shot or two, from one of those small pieces of artillery, called falconets, then used in defending castles. The shot was too vague to have any effect, but the broader flash, the deeper sound, the louder return, which was made by the midnight echoes of Bennarty, terrified and imposed silence on the liberated prisoners. The boat was alongside of a rude quay or landing-place, running out from a garden of considerable extent, ere any of them again attempted to speak. They landed, and while the Abbot returned thanks aloud to Heaven, which had thus far favoured their enterprize, Douglas enjoyed the best reward of his desperate undertaking, in conducting the Queen to the house of the gardener.' pp. 262—270.

There are a hundred improbabilities in the tale, but these we do not stop to notice. The Author winds up the narrative, and gets rid of the supernumerary personages, rather better than usual. Father Ambrosius is made to warn the ill-fated Queen,

on her embarkation, that her doom is sealed when she quits the Scottish Strand, but it is too late to hesitate. The Sheriff of Cumberland is her escort; 'a gentleman,' we are told, 'of the 'House of Lowther,' which precious little bit of information will, we dare say, not be lost upon the noble family whose antiquity is thus so politely insinuated. After two years' residence with her royal mistress, Catherine, says the story, was dismissed, and became soon after her return, the Lady of Roland Avenel.

Upon the whole, "The Abbot" is not unworthy of its Author. With all its faults, it is such a tale as perhaps no contemporary writer could have framed; and it is saying much for the genius of a man, that it is only with his own productions that we think of comparing his least successful efforts. Even "The Monas-"tery" is as superior to the common run of novels, as it is inferior to "Guy Mannering," or "The Heart of Midlothian." Compared, indeed, with the works of Fielding and Smollett, they are slight and sketchy productions; nor will they endure a frequent perusal. But, in being free from the grossness and libertinism which pollute the works of those writers, as well as from the mawkish sentimentality of our modern novelists, they entitle their Author to an honourable distinction, and lead us to wish that he had aimed at something higher than the mercantile profits arising out of an ephemeral popularity.

Art. V. 1. *Sketches of the Philosphy of Life.* By Sir T. C. Morgan, M.D. &c. &c. 8vo. London. 1819.

2. *Sound Mind;* or Contributions to the Natural History and Physiology of the Human Intellect. By John Haslam, M.D. &c. &c. 8vo. London. 1820.

IT cannot be necessary to apprize our readers of our decided hostility to those modern systems of physiology which, assuming to have anatomy as their base, refuse to recognise any powers or principles in either physical or moral man, that do not result from organization. Against this organic doctrine of life, we believe, however, that the accusation of materialism has been somewhat vaguely and indiscriminately preferred: nay, many writers who have stood forward as declared foes to the principles in question, have, in the very terms of their opposition, proved themselves, to say the least, quite as much materialists, as those against whom they have argued. When, for example, Mr. Abernethy opposes to the inferences of Mr. Lawrence, the *materia vitæ diffusee* of John Hunter, what does he more than give another support to the elephant, which itself must have something to rest upon? Indeed, whoever may have attempted, from Plato downwards, or whoever shall hereafter attempt, to

connect the world of spirit and matter by any cognizable bond of union, ever has stumbled, and ever will stumble *in limine*. The essence of all these speculations consists in a sort of subtilization of matter beyond the reach of our perceptive powers; they are therefore in reality and effect, systems of materialism.

The organists, indeed, for so the new sect has been termed, formally proclaim their dissent from the creed of the materialist. In the table of contents to one of the treatises which have issued from this school, we meet with the following announcement: 'Reasons for rejecting both a spiritual and material principle of 'life.' And on turning to the page we are referred to, we find the following statements. 'That some subtile agent, analagous 'in its properties to light, heat, and electricity, *may* enter as a 'link into the chain of vital causation, is a proposition strictly 'possible, and is not perhaps altogether improbable. But till 'the reality of such an agent be proved, its admission upon 'hypothetical grounds is prohibited by that general canon of 'reasoning, *Frustra fit per plura quod fieri potest per pau-* 'ciora.' Call then this philosophic scepticism, if you please; but do not defeat your own purpose, when you are aiming at razing it from its foundation, by setting about the work with materials which are themselves manufactured from a *petitio principii*, and therefore necessarily ineffectual to the accomplishment of their design.

We may, for the sake of rendering our sentiments on these disputes more clear and defined, range under two heads, those attempts to explain the inexplicable subject of vital causation to which we have alluded. One class of these attempts, is, as has been just intimated, grounded on the notion of etherealizing substance so to say, into the impalpable tenuity of spirit. The other class applies its machinery to the development of percipient causation, and thus falls into the futility of symbolic analogy, and talks with Plato of the οχημα, or with Darwin, supposes ideas to be configurations of the sensual organs; thus, most obviously converting the instrument into the agent, and conceiving that we announce a cause by the introduction of a symbol. Now, it must be admitted in behalf of the philosophy of organization, that so far from having any thing in common with the above vain and visionary schemes, it denounces their legitimacy, and ridicules their absurdity.

'We pause,' says Sir Charles Morgan, 'in our researches at the properties of contractility and sensibility; not however that it is necessary to consider these boundaries as strictly impassable. But in attempting to extend the limits of inquiry, the map must be traced after the discoveries of a Columbus; not covered with an imaginary Terra Austri or fancied Atlantis; even though such territories should be vo[illegible]n the imposing authority of another Plato.'

To what, then, it will be asked, do we object, in these principles which have called forth the present inquiry? It is this, that they assume the establishment of a positive, when they have merely made out a negative. Our philosophers, when they confess their ignorance of the *quo modo* of vital causation, are right. But when they infer that intellect is the *result* of organization, because they have no conception of the manner in which it is appended to the organic fabric, their conclusions are quite as gratuitous, and therefore as unphilosophical as any of the unstable systems by which they have been preceded. Their inferences, moreover, are as much at variance with moral, as they are with philosophical rectitude; for once admit the postulate that all motive and mental impulse originate from, and are totally subordinate to organic construction, and you open the floodgates to an overwhelming rush of immorality and vice.

But to be more explicit, our objections to the modern philosophy of life may be summed up under the following general heads. First, by referring every thing to organic necessity, it denies the freedom of choice. Secondly, it daringly presumes to arraign before the bar of man's defective and fallible judgement the designs of Omnipotence, or the wisdom of final causes. Thirdly, it contends for a sameness, except in degree, between the rationality of the brute and the intellect of Man. And lastly, it infers the improbability of an imperishable principle in man, because there is nothing in physiology that teaches the doctrine.

That man, in the first place, is not impelled morally by mere organic impulse, may be considered as sufficiently substantiated by the very influence which the scepticism of the principles in question operates upon his feelings and volitions. Let us suppose the case of an individual after his conversion to those tenets which inculcate by specious innuendos our unaccountability to any thing beyond the clod of clay out of which we are formed. Is not, we would ask, such an individual a different character, both in act and resolve, from what he was prior to such a change in his opinions? Here, our organists will tell us, that we are merely contending on the ground of consequences, and are therefore using a species of argumentation the legitimacy of which philosophy refuses to recognise. But we repeat, that the very consequences themselves in the present case palpably disprove the rectitude of the principles from which they proceed; since, if a different course be pursued from the restricted one hitherto adopted from the persuasion that "to-morrow we die"—"let "us therefore eat and drink," is it not evident, that such course is determined not by the necessity of organization, but from the motives originating in the newly adapted creed? We would then repeat, that such speculations as deride exterior fluence, and would laugh us to scorn when we talk of something rom without

and independent on organization, not only have a mischievous tendency, (for that might possibly be consistent with their abstract truth,) but carry the materials of self refutation into the very ingredients of their first and fundamental positions.

Our Second reason for objecting to the philosophical *principia* now under review, is, the—we were about to call it awful freedom with which they refer to final causes and providential design. Far is it from our wish to encourage that *Deus intersit* feeling which cannot treat of physical science, without mixing with its speculations matter that has more correct reference to moral science. But we are bold to say that it is not only highly indecorous, but absolutely unphilosophical to indicate defects in creation in the manner that we find done in one of the works which head this article. Here again, as in the case of organization, judgement is formed from *ex parte* evidence: a positive is assumed, when the just inference from the premises is merely a negative, and the speculatist proceeds upon the false supposition that our feeble and finite powers are equal to the scanning of infinite intelligence. Man is unquestionably gifted with perception equal to the discernment of vast designs on the part of the Great Ruler of the Universe; but when he imagines himself gifted with the faculty of detecting insufficiency in such designs, he calculates not only impiously, but absurdly, since the very apparent defect may have an object far beyond his ken and conception.

Did Sir C. Morgan recollect, while he was penning some of his shallow remarks on living organs and functions, the fable of the insect's criticism upon the work of Sir Christopher Wren?

The denial of an essential superiority in man over the inferior animals, is a third error of the tenets under notice. We may be told that discussions on this head are mere logomachies. But the dispute between *kind* and *degree*, ceases to be a war simply of words, when, on its determination is made to hinge the final destiny of man. If it must be so, let the word reason be employed to characterise those actions of the brute which imply contrivance, and denote recollection; but, why, as it has been oftentimes inquired, does not this reason lift the animal from its first level in the scale of creation, and cause a progressive improvement in the race to which he belongs?

Mr. Haslam well puts the difference between the human and the brute natures, in reference to this point, in the following terms.

'The gift of instinct even to animals does not exclude them from acquiring knowledge by experience; for their minds are capable of improvement according to the extent of their capacities, and the intellectual organs with which they are furnished. The instinct which is allotted to them is a mental possession which *they could not have acquired from the limited nature of their*

faculties. All their instincts are processes of the purest reason, but they do not originate from themselves—they are not as in man the elaboration of thought, the contrivance founded on the estimate of knowledge;—but a boon—an endowment, by which experience is anticipated and wisdom matured without its progress and accumulation.

'The early manifestation of instinctive wisdom is the best reply to those philosophers who have argued against its existence, for in a multitude of instances it is exhibited anterior to the possibility of experience. Man, altho' gifted with superior capacities, and susceptible of higher attachments, does not, from the paucity of his instincts, arrive during many years at the same maturity both of mind and body which most animals display within the space of a few weeks—so necessary and important is the protracted period of infancy to the edifice and destination of the human mind.'

And so widely from the mark, may we add, do they wander, who, aiming to establish the identity of reason and instinct, of the understanding of the man and that of the brute, argue for the same progress of instruction in the progeny of the monkey, as that by which the children of men are taught the distinction between good and evil, knowledge and ignorance.

In our notice of Dr. Borrow's recent work on Insanity, we slightly alluded to the dangerous as well as unphilosophical inferences relative to mental alienation, which are deduced from the assumed law respecting the omnipotence of organization. Every sally of passion, and every irregularity of what is termed temper, even when carried to any enormous and mischievous extreme, must, we remarked, be set down according to these tenets, as unfortunate, rather than criminal occurrences; and that the greatest moral turpitude could be regarded only in the light of mental misconception and bodily ailment. But the authors upon the tenor and tendency of whose writings we are now commenting, save the objecter the pains of pointing out those destructive effects of their principles, by boldly stepping forward and avowing them themselves.

'Strength of temptation,' says Sir C. Morgan, 'is allowed in abatement of moral censure, in those cases in which the law, for the preservation of society, is obliged to strike; a mode of thinking which would not be justified if *there really existed a power of resistance*.'

In this passage there is an evident implication, nay, a positive avowal of the venomous and fatal doctrine, that whether any individual fall before, or rise from above, his natural inclinations to a certain line of conduct, the victory and the defeat are both equally to be placed to the score of organic impulse; an implication and assumption which palpably make moral accountability to be a name without meaning.*. In this point of view, mad

* We have, it will be perceived, in the present discussion, avoided any reference to the Christian doctrine of warfare between "the old

houses and jails, as we before remarked, must both be considered as expedients of the same import and character; and we are called on to extend our pity and sympathy, aye, and regard also, equally to the Newgate criminal, and the raving bedlamite, both of them being in like manner victims of an organic impulse beyond control.

Upon the whole, then, there is no necessity for straining physiological principles to an extent beyond their compass, in order successfully to combat those sceptical inferences which are deduced from the laws of organization; inferences which, it is seen, soon crumble into the dust out of which they are formed, under the grasp of other powers. If 'the 'blood and filth of the dissecting room' do not, as Mr. Lawrence maintains, teach that there is any thing in man beyond nerve, and membrane, and fibre, and blood vessel, the intellectual and moral proofs of the design and destiny of our being do; and although we should be among the first to confess that it required the Sun of Revelation to bring light and immortality *fully* to light, it is gaining something to prove that there is no natural inconsistency in those truths which after all must rest on a firmer foundation than that of nature, before they can entirely satisfy the restless spirit and anxious desires of man.

The books, the title pages of which we have placed at the head of this article, are not without merit in their way. We need not add any thing to what has already been advanced against the principles which Sir C. Morgan advocates, in order to shew our hostile feeling towards them; but because he supports a bad cause, we see no sense or justice in detracting from the literary merit of his book in the way that has been done by those who would have lauded it as a master-piece both of composition and reasoning, had the tenets which it inculcates been of a different cast and character. Dr. Haslam's book is rather meagre as to matter, but it is written with a great deal of taste and ability. So far as the Writer opposes the reasonings of the organic physiologist, so far do we go along with him in opinion and sentiment. But we are not sure whether our notions quite accord as to the constituents of man's superiority to the rest of the animal creation. 'We are enabled,' says Haslam, '*voluntarily* to recollect the perceptions we have ex-'perienced; and why so? Because we have the faculty of '*speech*, by which the experienced perception is changed for 'a term, and we have the *hand* as the recorder of significant

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and the new man;" because we are desirous of shewing the futility of the principles against which we argue, without any appeal to an authority which our adversaries would refuse to recognise.

'sounds.' But surely this mode of reasoning is rather taking a part of the process by which the fabric of man's intellect is built up, for the intellect itself. Were the possession of the hand and the faculty of uttering articulate sounds, the *cause* of human superiority over the brute, it would follow as a matter of course, that an individual born dumb and without hands would by no tuition whatever be capable of rising in conception and act above the standard of mere organic or animal existence.

The same mistake appears to us to pervade our ingenious Author's speculations respecting the doctrine of numbers and the employment of conventional signs; these signs being made the cause, rather than the results of the things signified. And thus, while he successfully combats the monstrous hypothesis, that virtue and vice are regulated and measured by the mode in which the physical frame is put together, he, with Horne Tooke, (of whom indeed he is a professed disciple,) introduces a sort of verbal indicator and regulator of moral and intellectual worth and worthlessness. He substitutes words for things,—a species of philosophizing which is itself calculated to injure the cause of morality, although, perhaps, not in so great a degree, as the principles which it is one of the professed objects of our Author's treatise to impugn, and the unstable nature of which he has succeeded in making evident.

Art. VI. *Letters from Mrs. Delany (Widow of Dr. Patrick Delany,) to Mrs. Frances Hamilton,* from the Year 1779, to the Year 1788; comprising many unpublished and interesting Anecdotes of their late Majesties, and of the Royal Family. Now first printed from the original Manuscripts. post 8vo. pp. 106. London. 1820.

GOOD Mrs. Delany was assuredly the happiest old lady of her day in the three kingdoms: she fairly basked in the sunshine of Royalty. On the death of her friend, the Dowager Dutchess of Portland, she had a house assigned her by the King as a summer residence, adjoining the entrance to Windsor castle, together with a pension of £300. a year, on purpose that she might be near her royal friends; and they were in the habit of coming in to drink tea with her in the most neighbourly way imaginable. Mrs. Delany was at this time turned of eighty-five; but she enjoyed her pension and her honours nearly three years.

Now, as to the use of telling the Public all this, when the venerable person has been dead these thirty years, we should, had our advice been asked, have expressed some doubt; but 'the most trifling circumstance acquires dignity and interest,' we are told by way of apology, 'when it refers to departed worth 'and greatness;' such, for instance, as the following:

'The Prince of Wales dances a minuet better than any one I have seen for many years.'

'And now, as I know *you* take pleasure in what gives *me* pleasure, and does me honour, I must tell you of our amiable gracious Queen's politeness, and I may presume to add, kindness to me. She was told I had wished for a lock of her hair; she sent me one with her own royal fingers.'

'The Duchess of Portland sat on the Queen's right hand, and I on her left. Her Majesty talked a great deal to me about books, especially about those on religion, and recommended to me an explanation of the Four Evangelists, translated from the German. The next morning she sent me a present of the work, in three volumes.'

'I have been several evenings at the Queen's Lodge, with no other company but their own most lovely family. They sit round a large table, on which are books, work, pencils, and paper. The Queen has the goodness to make me sit down next to her; and delights me with her conversation, which is informing, elegant, and pleasing, beyond description, whilst the younger part of the family are drawing and working, &c. &c. the beautiful babe, Princess Amelia, bearing her part in the entertainment; sometimes in one of her sisters' laps; sometimes playing with the King on the carpet; which, altogether, exhibits such a delightful scene, as would require an Addison's pen, or a Vandyke's pencil, to do justice to. In the next room is the band of music, who play from eight o'clock till ten. The King generally directs them what pieces of music to play, chiefly Handel's.'

'At this time of the year (August) the evenings are devoted by them to the Terrace till eight o'clock, when they return to the Lodge to their tea and concert of music: happy are those who are admitted to that circle! The Queen has had the goodness to command me to come to the Lodge, whenever it is quite easy to me to do it, without sending particularly for me, lest it should embarrass me to refuse that honour; so that most evenings, at half-an-hour past seven, I go to Miss Burney's apartment, and when the royal family return from the Terrace, the King, or one of the Princesses (generally the youngest, Princess Amelia, just four years old) come into the room, take me by the hand, and lead me into the drawing-room, where there is a chair ready for me by the Queen's left hand: the three eldest Princesses sit round the table, and the Ladies in Waiting, Lady Charlotte Finch and Lady Elizabeth Waldegrave. A vacant chair is left for the King, whenever he pleases to sit down in it. Every one is employed with pencil, needle, or knotting. Between the pieces of music the conversation is easy and pleasant; and, for an hour before the conclusion of the whole, the King plays at backgammon with one of his equerries, and I am generally dismisssed.' pp. 91, 92.

That the late King was very fond of his children, that his habits were domestic, his manners condescending and affable, has been always sufficiently well understood. Mrs. Delany's chit-chat letters afford us on this point no additional infor-

mation. The Queen, too, bore an excellent character as an exemplary mother, and was on this account generally popular, till she began to betray a disposition to meddle with politics, a subject which she was wholly incompetent to understand. Though she had not the credit of munificence, she was not deficient in the less costly virtue of kindness; and if the deficiency of her education had left her narrow-minded, the purity of her moral principles was above suspicion, and in her maintenance of the true dignity of her court, she was as unbending as she was conscientious. The clearest instance we have met with, of any thing approaching to refined sensibility in her late Majesty, is the following:

'One little anecdote of the Queen struck me, as a stronger instance of her real tender feeling towards our dear old friend, than all her bounties or honours. As soon as the Duchess of Portland died, Mrs. Delany got into a chaise to go to her own house; the Duke followed her, begging to know what she would accept of, that belonged to his mother; Mrs. Delany recollected a bird that the Duchess always fed and kept in her own room, desired to have it, and felt towards it, as you must suppose. In a few days she got a bad fever, and the bird died; but for some hours she was too ill even to recollect her bird. The Queen had one of the same sort which she valued extremely (a weaver bird); she took it with her own hands, and while Mrs. Delany slept, had the cage brought, and put her own bird into it, charging every one not to let it go so near Mrs. Delany, as that she could perceive the change, till she was enough recovered to bear the loss of her first favourite. This requires no comment, as it speaks strongly for itself.' 99, 100.

This is worth all the rest of the volume put together; yet Mrs. Delany herself makes no mention of the circumstance: it occurs in the letter of a female friend. It is clear, indeed, that had her situation afforded an opportunity of collecting any striking memoranda relative to the royal family, she was not, at eighty-five years of age, very well able either to discriminate what was worth telling, or to preserve it.

The neighbourly tea-drinkings, the sociable working parties, the concerts, the backgammon, and commerce table, and drawing, and knotting, and early hours, of the royal inhabitants of Windsor castle, are interesting, however, in the retrospect: they seem to comport with the genuine English character, and unfortunately they have given way to nothing better. In the circles of the great, Evening exists no longer. Evening, with its 'train of fire-side enjoyments, home-born happiness' is now transformed into what? The hour before dinner. Oh, good Mrs. Delany, how would this have suited your venerable habits? Alas! such are not the daily visiters at the palace of George the Fourth.

Art. VII. *The Epistles of St. Paul to the Colossians, to the Thessalonians, to Timothy, and to Titus, and the General Epistle of St. James:* A new Version from the Greek, and chiefly from the Text of Griesbach. By Philalethes. 12mo. pp. 70. Price 3s. 1819.

WHATEVER faults may be found with this small volum e and whatever may be its real blemishes, it speaks strongly in favour of the Editor's modesty, by the unostentatious form in which it appears: it is certainly one of the most unassuming volumes that have ever presented themselves to our critical notice. By those persons who estimate the learning of an Editor by the extent of his quotations, and the quantity of Greek and Latin that glitters in his Notes, *Philalethes* will not be reckoned learned. To those, however, who are able to appreciate real learning, his title to it will not appear disputable. Real learning carries with it, in its results, the evidence which supports its claims, and by which it is commended to the regard of the truly learned. This evidence we often in vain look for in works of very pompous pretension and erudite appearance, which obtain for their authors the reputation of profound scholarship at the cheap expense of a species of accumulation in which it is not difficult to become accomplished. In the volume now under our consideration, there is the entire absence of the appendages which usually accompany new translations of the Scriptures. There are no critical *prolegomena*, the whole introductory matter being comprised in five pages; there are just a dozen notes of the most concise kind, inserted for the purpose of marking a difficulty or of affording explanation, but they are never loaded with criticisms; there is neither a Greek letter nor a Latin word from the beginning to the end of the Version. Plain and undorned as is this volume, the qualifications of the Translator will be conceded; and if the critical examination of his Version put his reader on some occasions in opposition to him, he will always find the occasions of difference to be remote from the conceit of rare attainments, from pertness, and from dogmatism. We cannot, indeed, but most cordially approve of the temper of the Editor.

In forming the present Version, very few preceding translators or commentators, the Editor informs us, have been consulted. Newcome and Castalio have been occasionally used. To Macknight, Philalethes does not appear to be very partial. Of Campbell's translation of the Gospels, his opinion is justly very high: his work he professes to have taken as the model of his own. Doddridge alone has been used throughout in the preparation of the present version; a circumstance which probably may have been the effect of early predilection, but from which it may have

happened that the translation of *Philalethes* is so frequently paraphrastical in its readings.

'Next to the aid afforded by the Greek Scriptures themselves, by attention to the style of their several writers, and to the acceptation of words and phrases in various connexions, the most material assistance has been derived from Schleusner's valuable Lexicon, which however has not been followed with implicit deference. The translator has bestowed much care and labour upon the work with the view to render it at the same time faithful and clear. He has made the translation as literal as, according to his judgment, the idioms of the respective languages would allow; and he has preferred the words of the authorized version wherever they appeared to express the sense of the Apostle with precision, and in a perspicuous and pure style. —In translating a few phrases it has been judged proper to admit into the text the sense rather than the words of the sacred writer, and to give a literal version in the side margin, where two or three various readings are also placed. Words supplied in the translation are printed in italics.' *Preface.*

We most cordially approve of the critical principle on which the version is professedly constructed, namely, that it should be as literal as the idioms of the respective languages will allow, and that wherever the words of the Authorised Version appear to express the sense with precision and in a perspicuous and pure style, they should be preferred. A sober translator will be careful to guide himself by these rules. The text of Griesbach is assumed as the basis of the translation. The manner indeed in which the Editor, in the title-page, qualifies his adoption of it, '*chiefly from*,' prepares us to expect occasional variations between the Professsor's Greek text and this English Version. The instances, however, are not few (compared with the entire number of various readings in the translated portions of the New Testament) in which Philalethes has followed the Received Text in preference to that of Griesbach. It would seem to us that he has not prescribed to himself any fixed rules in the construction of the Greek text from which he has rendered. Against some of the alterations which he has introduced, we cannot but record our serious objections. The correspondence and variations of Philalethes's text compared with that of Griesbach, are as follows.

Coloss. ch. i. 1. "*And the Lord Jesus Christ.*" Omitted by Griesbach, retained by Philalethes. Ver. 6. και αυξανομενον Griesbach adds to the text, and is followed by the present Translator.

Ver. 14. "*through his blood.*" Philalethes agrees with Griesbach in omitting these words, which are exhibited in the Common Version.

Ver. 24. "*my*" sufferings. Omitted in Griesbach's text, read in Phil. and C. V.

Ver. 28. "*Jesus*." Philalethes agrees with the Common Version in this reading, which Griesbach has removed from the Greek text.

Ch. ii. ver. 2. "*and of the Father and of Christ*." Omitted by Griesbach and Philalethes.

Ver. 11. "*of the sins*." των αμαρτιων. Philalethes follows Griesbach in rejecting this reading.

Ver. 20. "*therefore*." ουν. Rejected by Griesbach and the present Translator.

Ch. iii. v. 15. "the peace *of God*." In this reading Philalethes and the C. V. agree in opposition to Griesbach who has admitted "*Christ*" (χριστου) into the text.

Ver. 16. "to *the Lord*." C. V. and Phil., Griesbach reads "to *God*" (θεω.)

Ver. 18. "*own*" (ιδιοις.) Omitted by Griesb. and Phil.

Ver. 22. "fearing *God*." C. V. and Phil. Griesbach's reading is "*the Lord*." (κυριον.)

Ch. iv. 13. "*warm affection*." Phil. "*a great zeal*." C. V. πολυ πονον Griesbach.

1 Thessal. ch. ii. ver. 15. "*own*." C. V. and Phil. Omitted by Griesbach.

Ch. iii. ver. 2. "*a minister*." Phil, C. V. reads "*minister*." The word (διακονος) is omitted by Griesbach.

Ch. iv. ver. 13. "*I* would not." C. V. and Philalethes. Griesbach's text has "*We* would not." θελομεν..

Ch. v. ver. 2. "*For*." (γαρ) Omitted by G. and P.

II. Thessal. ch. ii. ver. 2. "day *of Christ*." Griesbach reads "day of *the Lord*" (κυριου.) Philalethes agrees with C. V.

Ver. 4. "*as God*." C. V. Omitted by Griesbach and Philalethes.

Ver. 8. "*the Lord*." C. V. Phil. Griesbach reads "*the Lord Jesus*."

Ch. iii. ver. 6. "*he* received." Phil. "*ye* received." C. V. "*they* received" (παρελαβοσαν) Griesbach.

I Timothy. ch. i. ver 1. "*Lord Jesus Christ*." C. V. "*Jesus Christ*." Phil. "*Christ Jesus*" Griesbach.

Ver. 17. "*the only God*." In this reading Philalethes agrees with Griesbach.

Ch. iii. ver. 16. "*God* was manifested." C. V. Griesbach: ὁς Philalethes adopts Griesbach's reading, and renders "*He who* was manifested."

Ch. iv. ver. 12. "*in spirit*." Omitted by Phil. and by Griesbach.

Ch. v. ver. 4. "*good and*." Rejected by Griesbach, and omitted by Philalethes.

Ver. 12. "*also*." Omitted by G. and P.

Ch. vi. ver. 19. " eternal life." C. V. and Philalethes. Griesbach reads της οντως ζωης.

II Timothy, ch. ii. ver. 13. " for," (γαρ) is added to the text by Griesbach, but is not noticed by Phil.

Ver. 19. " the name *of Christ.*" C. V. and P. Griesbach has " the name of *the Lord.*" (κυριου.)

Ch. iv. ver. 1. " and *the Lord Jesus Christ.*" C. V. Griesbach omits " *the Lord.*" (κυριου) P. agrees with the Common Version.

Titus, ch. ii. ver. 8. " of *us.*" Griesbach and P. The C. V. reads " of *you.*"

James, ch. ii. ver. 25. This whole verse is rejected by Philalothes, who informs us that there is great reason to conjecture that it is an interpolation though it cannot now be proved to be so. If it cannot be proved to be an interpolation, Why is it treated as if it were a spurious addition, by being excluded from the text? The omission is most unjustifiable.

Coloss. ch. i. ver. 1. " Paul, by the *appointment* of God, an Apostle of Jesus Christ." The reading of the common version, " By *the will* of God," is, in our judgement, preferable, as being exactly the expression which corresponds to δια θεληματος. " *Appointment*" occurs again in 1 Timothy i. 1. where it is quite proper as the translation of επιταγην.

Ver. 2. " To the saints and faithful brethren in Christ." C. V. The " saints," we apprehend, were not a different class from the " faithful brethren," as this rendering would seem to represent. Philalethes has " *holy and faithful Christian brethren.*" Doddridge and Wakefield have " *holy and faithful brethren in Christ,*" which will perhaps be considered as the most proper form of expression. Wickliffe, copying the Vulgate, reads " hooli and feithful bretheren."

We shall do more justice to the present translator, and better enable our readers to appreciate his labours by transcribing into our pages some connected passages, than by presenting our specimens only in words and lines. We copy, therefore, the following verses from the first chapter of the Epistle to the Colossians.

' Ver. 3. Having heard of your faith in Christ Jesus, and of *your* love towards all the saints,

' 4. We give thanks to the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, always praying for you, because of the object of hope which is laid up for you in heaven;

' 5. Of which ye were first informed by the true doctrine of the Gospel communicated *to you.*

' 6. And as *this Gospel* is increasing in fruitfulness throughout the world, so *it hath been* among you since ye listened to *it,* and knew the grace of God in truth.

'7. Thus ye learned from Epaphras our dear fellow-servant, who is for you a faithful minister of Christ,

'8. And who hath made known to us your spiritual love.

'9. For this cause also, since we heard of *your faith*, we have not ceased to pray for you, and to desire that ye may have a full understanding of this will, with all wisdom to comprehend spiritual things;

'10. That ye may walk in a manner worthy of the Lord, so as altogether to please *Him;* being fruitful in every good work, increasing in the knowledge of God,

'11. And strengthened by his glorious power, so as to be completely capable of entire constancy and joyful patience.'

On perusing the above passage, many of the readers of this new version will be of opinion, that the Editor has successfully executed his design of faithfully conveying the sense of the original, and that the phraseology in which he has clothed it, is, to say the least, not inferior to that of any former translator. Several of his readers, however, may perhaps think that he has indulged himself in rather too much freedom as a scriptural translator; and they will be very likely to exhibit parts of the version in evidence, that Philalethes has intruded into the province of the Expositor. "*True doctrine of the Gospel;*" which is also Wakefield's rendering, may be accepted instead of "*the word of* "*the truth of the Gospel,*" the reading of the Common Version; but "*object of hope*" is not advantageously substituted for "*hope,*" as a translation of την ελπιδα. The rendering, "*foundation of the hope,*" η ελπις, occurs in the 27th verse. In a commentary, such modes of expression might not be improper; but they are too much in the form of explanation to appear with strict propriéty in a version. Similar instances occur in other parts of the volume; *e. g.* ver. 8. "In union with him," ch. ii. ver. 7. "The source of our life," ch. iii. ver. 4. "Improve opportunities," ch. iv. 6. "Adam was formed the first in order;"—"Adam was not seduced until the woman." 1 Tim. ch. ii. 13, 14. In some instances, words are unnecessarily supplied: they are inserted evidently for the purpose of exhibiting the sense of the Writer distinctly and fully, but they are less proper in the work of a translator than they would be in the volumes of the commentator. We have, among others, the following examples: "*true* faith." 1 Tim. vi. 10. "Be strong in *dispensing* the grace which is in Christ Jesus." 2 Tim. ii. 1. "*Common* affairs of life." ver. 4. "*Mosaic* law." Titus iii. 3.

'Ver. 15. "Representing the invisible God he is the first-born of the whole creation;

'16. For in reference to him were formed all in heaven and upon earth, visible and invisible; *whether occupying the highest stations or subordinate in dignity;*

'17. All were made by him and for him, and he is before all, and through him they all subsist.

'18. He also is the head of that body, the Church, *and* he is the chief, the first-born from the dead, that in all things he might have the pre-eminence.

'19. For it hath pleased *God* that in him all that is complete should abide, and that by him all should be reconciled to Himself; *all*, whether upon earth or in heaven, by him who hath made peace by his death on the cross." '

"Representing the invisible God." We cannot accept this as the proper version of the original words, which are correctly represented in the Common Translation, and which we see no occasion whatever for changing. "*In reference to him*," we might admit as a translation of εις αυτον, but it is not unobjectionable as a rendering of ἐν αὐτῷ. The liberty taken by the Translator with his original in the 16th verse we cannot approve: the most literal and servile translation in passages of this description, is preferable to this kind of free version. Why it should have been 'judged proper to admit into the text, the 'sense rather than the words of the sacred writer, and to give a 'literal version in the side margin,' the Editor has not in this case informed us, nor can we perceive any good reason for the choice. The side margin contains the following reading: "Whether those occupying thrones, or exercising dominion, "whether princes, or those in authority;" which is not a literal version. We know not why "his death on the cross," should be admitted instead of "the blood of his cross."

'Ch. ii. 8. Beware lest any one take advantage of you by vain and deceitful philosophy, according to the doctrine of men and the principles of the world, and not according to Christ.

'9. For in him, as in a body, whatever is divinely complete abideth.

'10. And ye have been made complete in him, who is the head of all that have eminence and authority.

'11. Through him, ye have also been circumcised with a circumcision not performed by hands, *but* in casting off the body of sensuality by the circumcision of Christ:

'12. *As* in baptism ye have been buried with him, and at the same time re-animated with him through faith in the power of God, who raised him from the dead.

'13. Even to you who were dead in *your* offences, and in your impure sensuality, *God* hath given life in union with him, having pardoned all your offences.

'14. Annulling with respect to us the written instrument of ordinances which was adverse to us, he took it entirely away, and nailed it to the cross;

'15. Whereby he disarmed those that were chief in rank and authority, and exposed them in a public triumph.'

As this small volume is within the reach of every person who interests himself in the translation of the Sacred Scriptures, it is not necessary for us to extend our notice of it any further. We

shall only select a few additional examples of improved renderings, which, with the extracts already given, will enable our readers to appreciate the competency of the anonymous Translator for the work in which he has been employed, and which he will probably prosecute with the view of furnishing an entire version of the New Testament.

'" A Bishop." C. V. " A man placed over *the Church.*" 1 Tim. iii. 2. Titus i. 7.

'" — of good behaviour." C. V. " — of well-regulated manners." " κοσμιος." 1 Tim. iii. 2.

'" Grave." C. V. " Worthy of respect." σεμνας, ver. 11.

'" Saviour of all men, especially of those that believe." C. V. " Preserver of all men, especially of believers." 1 Tim. iv. 10.

'" Cast off their first faith." C. V. " Not being faithful to their first engagement." Ch. v. 12.

'" Let the elders who act well as superintendants, be considered worthy of a liberal recompence, especially those who labour as preachers and instructors." 1 Tim. v. 17.

'" And let our friends learn to be foremost in good works, in cases of necessity or utility, that they may not be unfruitful." Titus iii. 14.

'" Strive lawfully." C. V. " Contend according to the rules." 2 Tim. ii. 5.

'" Of his own will He hath made us His children by the word of truth, that we might be a kind of first fruits of His creatures." James i. 18.

'" Can that faith save him?" Ch. ii. 14.

In 1 Tim. ch. iii. 6. 7, we have " adversary" and " enemy;" deviations from the Common Version of very doubtful propriety. In 2 Tim. ii. 26. James iv. 7, the reading of the Common Version is retained. " Fond of the world," James iv. 4, is neither so correct nor so expressive as the reading, " Friend of the " world," which is in apposition with " enemy of God." " *Per-* " *sons*" would be more suitable than " *characters,*" in ver. 8.

Art. VIII. *Letters from the Continent, during the months of October, November, and December,* 1818; including a visit to Aix-la-Chapelle, and the left Bank of the Rhine. By the Rev. James Wilmot Ormsby, A.M. Chaplain to his Excellency the Lord Lieut. of Ireland, and Rector of Castlecomer. 8vo. Price 9s. London. 1819.

MR. ORMSBY mentions ' circumstances of a private ' nature,' as his inducement for the publication of these letters. Of their urgency we are, of course, unable to judge, but we fear that they will scarcely amount to a justification of his prudence in publishing his observations on a tour distinguished by no remarkable occurrences, and through tracts almost as familiarly known to Englishmen, as the often visited scenes of

their own country. If we may judge from the meagreness of Mr. O's narrative, he was not favoured with opportunities of exploring recesses closed against the curiosity of other travellers, nor does he seem to be gifted with the faculty of communicating interest to common events or well-known localities, by presenting them before us in a new and attractive dress. His facetiousness is by no means remarkable either for vivacity or selection, and his political views and reasonings are precisely such as we should have anticipated from the chaplain of a Lord Lieutenant, without either novelty or force to disguise their palpable sycophancy. In addition to these failures, Mr. Ormsby seems to have very strong national partialities; he hitches in the Duke of Wellington on every occasion; and the following section of a letter from Aix-la-Chapelle, will shew his estimate of a personage far too conspicuous to escape notice; but whether the present honest panegyrist has or has not, given a correct portraiture, we shall not venture to decide.

'They speak of Lord Castlereagh with the highest admiration of his abilities and esteem for his character. England is, in their eyes, personified by him. As he walks to the hotel, where the respective Ministers assemble, it is impossible to avoid contrasting the unostentatious modesty of his appearance with the splendid dresses and equipages of his compeers. Engrossed by the momentous concerns in which he is engaged, his Lordship seems to banish every other consideration. The people stare at him, but salute him respectfully; and it amused me to hear them, unaccustomed to such a freedom from parade and such an air of deep reflection, whisper as he passed, *Ah, qu'il est solide!* This is indeed an epithet, by which they are apt to designate the generality of Englishmen,—ignorant, how few have similar pretensions.' pp. 83, 84.

The observations by which this disinterested eulogy is preceded, are, we venture to affirm, utterly unfounded: continental politicians do not all agree in applauding 'the honour and 'good faith of England;' they do not acquit us of 'selfish views 'of aggrandizement;' nor do they concede that 'we have 'used with moderation the rights we had acquired by our in-'exhaustible'—*inexhaustible!* 'resources and undaunted per-'severance.' Mr. Ormsby would have done wisely to have confined this silken adulation to the precincts of the vice-regal court. In the same style he talks of 'imperishable praise,' as due to the king of Prussia, simply for refusing his consent to the destruction of the monument of Marçeau. At Mentz, our worthy Traveller suffered the citizens to hoax him with the following ridiculous story.

'Mayence having been the chief town of one of the departments of France, had, in consequence of the civil and military establishments, an extensive intercourse with that nation, and their departure was ge-

nerally regrette on account of the agreeableness of their manners and the circulation of their money. In one trifling particular, a considerable sum was expended. Soon after they had honoured the town with their fraternal embrace, they were invited to a public entertainment. The name of the former Prefect was *Jambon*; he and his family were universally beloved, and after supper one of the good citizens proposed to drink the health of, *Les Jambons de Mayence, les meilleurs au monde*; this was graciously received by the strangers and enthusiastically by the inhabitants. The next morning, every *ham* to be procured was purchased, and despatched to Paris, as the most acceptable present; and Mayence has been since described, in the Traveller's Guide, as remarkable for the quality of its hams, from this accidental and ludicrous occurrence.' pp. 122, 123.

After all, the 'Traveller's Guide' is quite right, and Mr. Ormsby will cease to hold his sides at this 'ludicrous occur-'rence,' when we inform him that *les jambons de Mayence*, are neither more nor less than the Westphalia hams, of which Mentz was formerly, and we suppose still is, the principal market, and which, moreover, were annually sent, in large quantities, to Paris. If he refuse to believe this on our authority, he may be willing to accept the assurance of Gui Patin, who in one of his letters laments the misfortune of the Cardinal de Retz, in being compelled to quit Munster in the ham-season.

'Thus,' writes that lively bon-vivant, 'he will lose the oppor-'tunity of eating the hams of Westphalia, which we call here 'Mentz hams, *(Jambons de Mayence,)* because formerly the 'great ham-market was held at Mentz, and the most quantity of 'them which is sent to Paris about Easter, is forwarded by 'Dutch merchants.'

In Metz, whose fortifications he is pleased to assure us, are 'impregnable,' Mr. Ormsby finds every thing to his own heart, the Bourbons in high popularity, and Englishmen in favour with the people. At Paris, he found, what we will venture to say no one but himself ever perceived, 'an universal sense of obligation 'and acknowledgement, that the great powers of Europe have 'acted with an honourable and magnanimous forbearance,' all this, however, is ultimately referred to the influence of the Duke of Wellington, whose name is, it seems, to be 'transmitted to 'posterity as both the conqueror and the benefactor of France!' Then we have the musty anecdote of Louis XII. and la Trimouille, most felicitously applied to Louis XVIII. and the Bonapartists, and accompanied by the following exquisite, highly flavoured, admirably apposite, and, beyond all question, perfectly disinterested compliment, apologizing for the conduct of Louis XVIII. in discarding the *Ultra-Royalist* party, Mr. Ormsby sagaciously hints, that,

The general operations of the little army under the orders of Sir Thomas Graham, were confined to unimportant movements, and an ineffectual bombardment of the Antwerp fleet, until March, 1814, when the bold but disastrous assault on Bergen-op-zoom, was determined on by the British general. This measure has been much canvassed, and we believe, considered by many, as of very questionable propriety. Without entering into particulars, and premising our opinion, that under the political circumstances of the season, the hazard was altogether unnecessary, we can feel no hesitation in ascribing to the attempt all the merit due to an undertaking daring in its conception, able in its arrangement, and gallant in its execution. On the other hand, it is clear that there were great faults somewhere, and it appears to us that the main error lay in not affording prompt and effectual support to the troops who had carried the works. At one time, nearly the whole of the ramparts were in our possession, but, most unaccountably, no attempt seems to have been made at entrenching; the guns of abandoned batteries were not spiked, and a large body of troops indispensably necessary for the defence of the points occupied, was actually suffered to quit the works without being relieved. The governor, General Bizanet, finding that the advantages gained were not followed up, rallied his garrison, and concentrating his force, attacked, with complete success, the scattered parties of the British who held the ramparts. Individual acts of heroism were unavailing, and the affair concluded in the capture or expulsion of our countrymen with immense loss. A very intelligible account of this melancholy affair will be found in the present volume, to which is prefixed a large and distinct plan of the fortress.

Art. X. *The British Botanist*, or a Familiar Introduction to the Science of Botany, explaining the Physiology of Vegetation, the Principles both of the Artificial and Natural Systems of Linnæus, and the Arrangement of Jussieu, intended chiefly for the use of young persons. 12mo. 7s. 6d. London. 1820.

THE science of botany is so attractive, and its elements are so easily acquired, as to excite some little surprize, that it should not be more frequently included in the common systems of liberal education. It is, we believe, more usually from taste, and feeling, that the pursuit is taken up, than as the effect of early initiation; and yet we can imagine no study more delightful, none more easy, few more useful, to the young. Connected with the observation of nature in its forms and hues of richest beauty, leading directly to the consideration of the marks of design and skill in the works of creation, and especially tending to train the youthful mind to habits of order, and to impress

on it the advantages of system and classification in the arrangement of its ideas and acquisitions—in all these, as well as in many other respects, we consider the early cultivation of this science as highly expedient. The unusual phraseology might, in the first instance, be but partially used, and always carefully explained; the rudiments of the system should be thoroughly comprehended and familiarized before a more advanced stage is entered on, and there can be no necessity for making the high and difficult branches of this fascinating pursuit any part of the business of education. Objections of a very serious kind have been urged against certain parts of the science, but these, we think, might be wholly removed by the use of proper terms; prurient imaginations have certainly contrived to debase the purest gratifications, and we would earnestly urge the most scrupulous care in the selection of elementary works, and a cautious abstinence from all doubtful allusion.

In all these respects we may recommend the present very useful, intelligible, and comprehensive little work, though we should have been quite as well pleased if nothing had been said, except slightly in the preface, respecting even the existence of equivocal terms and ideas in the Linnean system, and we would recommend the expulsion, from future editions, of the offensive quotation from the Pursuits of Literature. Every thing however, in the regular course of the instruction, is carefully preserved from all impropriety; and excepting some few imperfections and awkwardnesses of expression, we have observed nothing which particularly calls for critical comment. Redundancies and deficiencies might certainly be pointed out, but these will be removed in subsequent publications, and we feel persuaded that this manual may, by a little care in its revision, be made a popular as well as useful introduction to Botany. The Author commences with the analysis of a sufficient variety of plants to afford the means of obtaining by inspection and comparison, an accurate knowledge of their different parts. He then describes the artificial system of Linnæus, explains at large the Classes, and Orders, and defines with distinctness the leading characters of Genus, Species, and Variety. A number of interesting and important particulars are enumerated respecting the physiology of plants, their sap, their growth, and their diseases; and directions are given, though this part of the work is capable of much improvement, for the formation of a *Hortus Siccus*. A useful set of tables of the British Genera is inserted, comprising in three columns the artificial and natural orders of Linnæus, and the improved natural system of Jussieu. The two last letters contain a very clear explanation of the attempts of those great botanists to form a natural arrangement.

It will be seen by this brief sketch of its contents that this

small volume contains a considerable quantity of matter; we have only to add to our previous commendation, that the plates are executed with singular neatness.

While engaged in examining this work, a small publication fell into our hands, which under the title of 'an introduction to 'the knowledge of Fungusses,' contains some valuable hints to young botanists; the coloured plates are respectably executed, and as it is both a cheap and useful tract, we have taken this opportunity of adverting to it.

Art. XI. *The Sketch Book of Geoffrey Crayon, Gent.* Vol. II. 8vo. pp. 419. London. 1820.

WE have already expressed a very favourable opinion of Mr. Geoffrey Crayon's Sketches, on the strength of some early numbers which fell into our hands, of the edition published in America. Soon after our article appeared, a republication of the whole series was put forth under the authority of the Author; and we are glad to find that the attention which it deservedly attracted, has now encouraged Mr. Crayon to favour us with a second volume. One swallow, it is true, does not make a summer; but nevertheless, two such volumes as these are quite sufficient to refute at least one-half of the illiberal and contemptuous sarcasms, in which English writers have been so prone to indulge themselves, with respect to the poverty of American genius. It will no doubt be said, that this is the first purely literary production that has issued from the American press, which could claim to rank, in point of original talent and classic elegance of style, with the best English Authors. Admitting this, there are abundant reasons at hand, connected with the circumstances of the country and the state of society, to explain how it has come to pass that America has not hitherto furnished more fine writers, without having recourse to the old exploded prejudice, that genius depends for its development on latitude and climate. The tone in which some of our literary aristocracy affect to speak of a work of original merit by an American, would seem to intimate that the thing was a prodigy; thus, their very praise savours of sarcasm. It is, however, not a little remarkable, that the present writer should have distinguished himself in a style of composition at once so purely, natively, English, and displaying an acquaintance with our national manners and early literature, so much more intimate than the best informed Englishmen generally possess. Certainly there has appeared no writer since M'Kenzie, that has had an equal claim to that of Geoffrey Crayon, to take his station with the Spectators, and Guardians, and Adventurers of the best period of our literature. The purity of taste, the quiet, well-bred elegance by which he is

characterised, is, indeed, quite of the old school, and contrasts most refreshingly with the dashing, frothy, declamatory style that seems to suit the over-stimulated taste of the British public.

The contents of the present volume are, like those of the former, sufficiently heterogeneous. Three papers only relate to Transatlantic subjects: these are entitled, 'Traits of Indian 'Character,' 'Philip of Pokanoket,' and 'the Legend of Sleepy 'Hollow.' The latter is a companion sketch to the tale of Rip Van Winkle, and contains some admirable Dutch painting. The hero is a village schoolmaster, by birth a native of Connecticut, yclept Ichabod Crane, which cognomen, we are told, was not inapplicable to his person.

'He was tall, but exceedingly lank, with narrow shoulders, long arms and legs, hands that dangled a mile out of his sleeves, feet that might have served for shovels, and his whole frame most loosely hung together. His head was small and flat at top, with huge ears, large green glassy eyes, and a long snipe nose, so that it looked like a weathercock, perched upon his spindle neck to tell which way the wind blew.

'The revenue arising from his school was small, and would have been scarcely sufficient to furnish him with daily bread, for he was a huge feeder, and though lank, had the dilating powers of an Anaconda; but to help out his maintenance, he was, according to country custom in those parts, boarded and lodged at the houses of the farmers whose children he instructed. With these he lived successively a week at a time, thus going the rounds of the neighbourhood, with all his worldly effects tied up in a cotton handkerchief.

'That all this might not be too onerous on the purses of his rustic patrons, who are apt to consider the costs of schooling a grievous burthen, and schoolmasters as mere drones, he had various ways of rendering himself both useful and agreeable. He assisted the farmers occasionally in the lighter labours of the farm; helped to make hay; mended the fences; took the horses to water; drove the cows from pasture; and cut wood for the winter fire.'

This American Dominie was the singing-master of the neighbourhood, and, of course, the leader of the Sunday choir.

'From his half-itinerant life, also, he was a kind of travelling gazette, carrying the whole budget of local gossip from house to house; so that his appearance was always greeted with satisfaction. He was, moreover, esteemed by the women as a man of erudition, for he had read several books quite through, and was a perfect master of Cotton Mather's History of New England witchcraft, in which, by the way, he most firmly and potently believed.

'He was, in fact, an odd mixture of small shrewdness and simple credulity. His appetite for the marvellous, and his powers of digesting it, were equally extraordinary; and both had been increased by his residence in this spell-bound region. No tale was too gross or monstrous for his capacious swallow. It was often his delight, after

his school was dismissed in the afternoon, to stretch himself on the rich bed of clover bordering the little brook that whimpered by his school-house, and there con over old Mather's direful tales, until the gathering dusk of evening made the printed page a mere mist before his eyes. Then, as he wended his way, by swamp and stream and awful woodland, to the farm-house where he happened to be quartered, every sound of nature, at that witching hour, fluttered his excited imagination: the moan of the whip-poor-will from the hill side; the boding cry of the tree-toad, that harbinger of storm; the dreary hooting of the screech-owl; or the sudden rustling in the thicket of birds frightened from their roost. The fire-flies, too, which sparkled most vividly in the darkest places, now and then startled him, as one of uncommon brightness would stream across his path; and if, by chance, a huge blockhead of a beetle came winging his blundering flight against him, the poor varlet was ready to give up the ghost, with the idea that he was struck with a witch's token. His only resource on such occasions, either to drown thought, or drive away evil spirits, was to sing psalm tunes; and the good people of Sleepy Hollow, as they sat by their doors of an evening, were often filled with awe at hearing his nasal melody, "in linked sweetness long drawn out," floating from the distant hill, or along the dusky road.'

We are not sure, however, that the Author appears to the most advantage in the ludicrous. In the former volume are some admirable specimens of genuine pathos, but there is an intermediate style of chastised humour, a sort of tender playfulness in which he seems to us to be most at home. Of this description are the papers on Christmas-eve and Christmas-day in the present volume, and the Angler. Stratford on Avon is a delightful sketch, and breathes the spirit of genuine literary enthusiasm. 'The garrulous old lady in a frosty red face, 'lighted up by a cold, blue, anxious eye, and garnished with ar-'tificial locks of flaxen hair, curling from under an exceedingly 'dirty cap,' is to the life, and will immediately be recognised as a striking portrait by any who have performed the same pilgrimage to the great poet's shrine. We transcribe the following paragraphs.

'As I crossed the bridge over the Avon on my return, I paused to contemplate the distant church in which the poet lies buried, and could not but exult in the malediction which has kept his ashes undisturbed in its quiet and hallowed vault. What honour could his name have derived from being mingled in dusty companionship with the epitaphs and escutcheons and venal eulogiums of a titled multitude. What would a crowded corner of Westminster Abbey have been, compared with this reverend pile, which seems to stand in beautiful loneliness as his sole mausoleum! The solicitude about the grave may be but the offspring of an over-wrought sensibility, but human nature is made up of foibles and prejudices, and its best and tenderest affections are mingled with these factitious feelings. He who has sought renown about the world, and has reaped a full harvest

of worldly favour, will find after all, that there is no love, no admiration, no applause, so sweet to the soul as that which springs up in his native place. It is there that he seeks to be gathered in peace and honour among his kindred and his early friends. And when the weary heart and fainting head begin to warn him that the evening of life is drawing on, he turns as fondly as does the infant to the mother's arms, to sink to sleep in the bosom of the scene of his childhood.

'How would it have cheered the spirit of the youthful bard, when, wandering forth in disgrace upon a doubtful world, he cast back a heavy look upon his paternal home; could he have foreseen that before many years he should return to it covered with renown, that his name should become the boast and glory of his native place, that his ashes should be religiously regarded as its most precious treasure, and that its lessening spire, on which his eyes were fixed in tearful contemplation, should one day become the beacon, towering amidst the gentle landscape, to guide the literary pilgrim of every nation to his tomb.' pp. 208—210.

We are all in the habit of making very free in our remarks upon brother Jonathan: it is but fair that he should be allowed in return to give his opinion of John Bull. His portrait at full length has been attempted by Geoffrey Crayon, and we think it must be admitted to be a strong likeness.

'There is no species of humour,' he says, 'in which the English more excel, than that which consists in caricaturing and giving ludicrous appellations, or nick-names. In this way, they have whimsically designated, not merely individuals, but nations; and in their fondness for pushing a joke, they have not even spared even themselves. One would think that in personifying itself, a nation would be apt to picture something grand, heroic, and imposing: but it is characteristic of the peculiar humour of the English, and of their love for what is blunt, comic, and familiar, that they have embodied their national oddities in the figure of a sturdy, corpulent old fellow, with a three-cornered hat, red waistcoat, leather breeches, and stout oaken cudgel. Thus they have taken a singular delight in exhibiting their most private foibles in a laughable point of view; and have been so successful in their delineations, that there is scarcely a being in actual existence more absolutely present to the public mind, than that eccentric personage, John Bull. Perhaps the continual contemplation of the character thus drawn of them, has contributed to fix it upon the nation; and thus to give reality to what at first may have been painted in a great measure from the imagination. Men are apt to acquire peculiarities that are continually ascribed to them. The common orders of English seem wonderfully captivated with the *beau ideal*, which they have formed of John Bull, and endeavour to act up to the broad caricature that is perpetually before their eyes. Unluckily, they sometimes make their boasted Bull-ism an apology for their prejudice or grossness; and this I have especially noticed among those truly home-bred and genuine sons of the soil, who have never migrated beyond the sound of Bow-bells. If one of these should be a little un-

couth in speech, and apt to utter impertinent truths he confesses that he is a real John Bull, and always speaks his mind. If he now and then flies into an unreasonable burst of passion about trifles, he observes that John Bull, is a choleric old blade, but then his passion is over in a moment, and he bears no malice. If he betrays a coarseness of taste, and an insensibility to foreign refinements, he thanks heaven for his ignorance —he is plain John Bull, and has no relish for frippery and nicknacks. His very proneness to be gulled by strangers, and to pay extravagantly for absurdities, is excused under the plea of munificence, for John is always more generous than wise. Thus, under the name of John Bull, he will contrive to argue every fault into a merit, and will frankly convict himself of being the honestest fellow in existence.

'However little, therefore, the character may have suited in the first instance, it has gradually adapted itself to the nation, or rather, they have adapted themselves to each other; and a stranger, who wishes to study English peculiarities, may gather much valuable information from the innumerable portraits of John Bull, as exhibited in the windows of the caricature shops. Still, however, he is one of those fertile humourists, that are continually throwing out new traits, and presenting different aspects, from different points of view; and, often as he has been described, I cannot resist the temptation to give a slight sketch of him, such as he has met my eye. John Bull, to all appearance, is a plain, downright, matter-of-fact-fellow, with much less of poetry about him than rich prose. There is little of romance in his nature, but a vast deal of strong natural feeling. He excels in humour, more than in wit; is jolly, rather than gay; melancholy, rather than morose, can easily be moved to a sudden tear, or surprised into a broad laugh; but he loathes sentiment, and has no turn for light pleasantry. He is a boon companion, if you allow him to have his humour, and to talk about himself; and he will stand by a friend in a quarrel, with life and purse, however soundly he may be cudgelled.

'In this last respect, to tell the truth, he has a propensity to be somewhat too ready. He is a busy minded personage, who thinks not merely for himself and family, but for all the country round, and is most generously disposed to be every body's champion. He is continually volunteering his services to settle his neighbours' affairs, and takes it in great dudgeon if they engage in any matter of consequence without asking his advice; though he seldom engages in any friendly office of the kind, without finishing by getting into a squabble with all parties, and then railing bitterly at their ingratitude. He unluckily took lessons in his youth in the noble science of defence, and having accomplished himself in the use of his limbs and his weapons, and become a perfect master at boxing and cudgel play, he has had a troublesome life of it ever since. He cannot hear of a quarrel between the most distant of his neighbours, but he begins incontinently to fumble with the head of his cudgel, and consider whether his interest or honour does not require that he should meddle in the broils. Indeed, he has extended his [illegible]tions of pride and policy so completely over the whole country, t[illegible] no event can take place, without infringing some of his finely spun [illegible]ights and dig-

nities. Couched in his little domain, with these filaments stretching forth in every direction, he is like some choleric, bottle-bellied old spider, who has woven his web over a whole chamber, so that a fly cannot buzz, nor a breeze blow, without startling his repose, and causing him to sally forth wrathfully from his den. Though really a good-hearted, good-tempered old fellow at bottom, yet he is singularly fond of being in the midst of contention. It is one of his peculiarities, however, that he only relishes the beginning of an affray: he always goes into a fight with alacrity, but comes out of it grumbling even when victorious, and though no one fights with more obstinacy to carry a contested point, yet, when the battle is over, and he comes to the reconciliation, he is so much taken up with the mere shaking of hands, that he is apt to let his antagonist pocket all they have been quarrelling about. It is not, therefore, fighting that he ought so much to be on his guard against, as making friends. It is difficult to cudgel him out of a farthing; but put him in a good humour, and you may bargain him out of all the money in his pocket. He is like one of his own ships, which will weather the roughest storm uninjured, but roll its masts overboard in the succeeding calm.

'He is a little fond of playing the magnifico abroad; of pulling out a long purse; flinging his money bravely about at boxing matches, horse races, and cock fights, and carrying a high head among "gentlemen of the fancy;" but immediately after one of these fits of extravagance, he will be taken with violent qualms of economy; stop short at the most trivial expenditure; talk desperately of being ruined, and brought upon the parish, and in such moods, will not pay the smallest tradesman's bill, without violent altercation. He is, in fact, the most punctual and discontented paymaster in the world; drawing his coin out of his breeches pocket with infinite reluctance; paying to the uttermost farthing, but accompanying every guinea with a growl.

'With all his talk of economy, however, he is a bountiful provider, and a hospitable housekeeper. His economy is of a whimsical kind, its chief object being to devise how he may afford to be extravagant; for he will begrudge himself a beef-steak and pint of port one day, that he may roast an ox whole, broach a hogshead of ale, and treat all his neighbours, on the next.

'His domestic establishment is enormously expensive; not so much from any great outward parade, as from the great consumption of solid beef and pudding; the vast number of followers he feeds and clothes; and his singular disposition to pay hugely for small services. He is a most kind and indulgent master, and, provided his servants humour his peculiarities, flatter his vanity a little now and then, and do not peculate grossly on him before his face, they may manage him to perfection. Every thing that lives on him seems to thrive and grow fat. His house servants are well paid, and pampered, and have little to do. His horses are sleek and lazy, and prance slowly before his state carriage; and his house dogs sleep quietly about the door, and will hardly bark at a house-breaker.

'His family mansion is an old castellated manor house, grey with age, and of a most venerable, though weather-beaten appearance. It

has been built upon no regular plan, but is a vast accumulation of parts, erected in various tastes and ages. The centre bears evident traces of Saxon architecture, and is as solid as ponderous stone and old English oak can make it. Like all the relics of that style, it is full of obscure passages, intricate mazes, and dusky chambers; and though these have been partially lighted up in modern days, yet there are many places where you must still grope in the dark. Additions have been made to the original edifice from time to time, and great alterations have taken place; towers and battlements have been erected during wars and tumults; wings built in times of peace; and outhouses, lodges, and offices, run up according to the whim or convenience of different generations; until it has become one of the most spacious, rambling tenements imaginable An entire wing is taken up with the family chapel; a reverend pile that must once have been exceedingly sumptuous, and, indeed, in spite of having been altered and simplified at various periods, has still a look of solemn religious pomp. Its walls within are storied with the monuments of John's ancestors; and it is snugly fitted up with soft cushions and well-lined chairs, where such of his family as are inclined to church services, may dose comfortably in the discharge of their duties.

'To keep up this chapel has cost John much money; but he is staunch in his religion, and piqued in his zeal, from the circumstance that many dissenting chapels have been erected in his vicinity, and several of his neighbours, with whom he has had quarrels, are strong papists.

'To do the duties of the chapel, he maintains, at a large expense, a pious and portly family chaplain. He is a most learned and decorous personage, and a truly well-bred Christian, who always backs the old gentleman in his opinions, winks discreetly at his little peccadilloes, rebukes the children when refractory, and is of great use in exhorting the tenants to read their bibles, say their prayers, and above all, to pay their rents punctually, and without grumbling.

'The family apartments are in a very antiquated taste, somewhat heavy, and often inconvenient, but full of the solemn magnificence of former times; fitted up with rich, though faded tapestry, unwieldy furniture, and loads of massy gorgeous old plate. The vast fire places, ample kitchens, extensive cellars, and sumptuous banqueting halls,—all speak of the roaring hospitality of days of yore, of which the modern festivity at the manor house is but a shadow. There are, however, complete suites of rooms apparently deserted and time worn; and towers and turrets that are tottering to decay; so that in high winds there is danger of their tumbling about the ears of the household.

'John has frequently been advised to have the old edifice thoroughly overhauled, and to have some of the useless parts pulled down, and the others strengthened with their materials; but the old gentleman always grows testy on this subject. He swears the house is an excellent house—that it is tight and weather proof, and not to be shaken by tempests—that it has stood for several hundred years, and, therefore, is not likely to tumble down now—that as to its being inconvenient, his family is accustomed to the inconveniences, and would not be comfortable without them.'

Art. XII. SELECT LITERARY INFORMATION.

*** *Gentlemen and Publishers who have works in the press, will oblige the Conductors of the* Eclectic Review, *by sending information (post paid) of the subject, extent, and probable price of such works; which they may depend upon being communicated to the public, if consistent with its plan.*

The Rev. T. H. Horne has put to press a new edition of his Introduction to the Critical Study of the Holy Scriptures, (reviewed in our Journal for January and February, 1819,) revised, corrected, and enlarged, in four 8vo. volumes, with Maps and Fac-Similes of Biblical MSS. As the third volume will consist principally of new matter, it is intended to print an extra number of that volume, including the additional plates, for the accommodation of such purchasers of the first edition, as may order the same on or before January 1st, 1821. No more extra copies will be printed than are actually ordered.

Shortly will be published, an Abridgement of Morgagni's Valuable Treatise on the Seats and Causes of Diseases. In 2 vols. 8vo. By William Cooke, Surgeon, Great Prescot Street.

The Rev. Dr. Chalmers, Minister of St. John's Church, Glasgow, has a new volume in the press, which will be ready the beginning of November, on "The Application of Christianity to the Commercial and Ordinary Affairs of Life," in a series of Discourses, 8vo.

The Fifth Number of Dr. Chalmers's Christian and Civic Economy of Large Towns, should, in the regular course of publications, have appeared on the 1st of October, but as the subject, which is "Church Patronage," will occupy two numbers, it has been thought better to postpone its publication till the 1st of January, when it will appear along with the Sixth Number.

In the press, and shortly will be published, in 1 vol. 8vo. illustrated with plates and maps, a Statistical Account of Upper Canada, written by the Inhabitants, and compiled by Robt. Gourlay.

Mr. W. G. Rogers will publish early in October, an engraving of the Warwick Vase, in the Lithographic manner.

Shortly will be published, the First Number of a progressive series of Ornamental Sketches, original and selected, drawn on stone, by W. G. Rogers.

Early in October will be published, in 8vo. an Inquiry concerning the Power of Increase in the Numbers of Mankind. Being an answer to Mr. Malthus's Essay on that subject. By William Godwin.

To be published in a few days, Selections from Letters written during a Tour to the United States, in the Summer and Autumn of 1819; illustrative of the character of the Native Indians, and of their descent from the lost Ten Tribes of Israel; as well as descriptive of the present situation and sufferings of emigrants, and of the soil and state of agriculture. By Emanuel Howitt.

Archdeacon Pott is preparing a volume of Sermons on the Fasts and Festivals of the Church of England.

Mr. E. Morgan, surgeon, will soon publish, Practical Observations on the Nature and Cure of Dropsies and Diseases of the Skin, illustrated by several cases.

Sir R. K. Porter has in the press, Travels in Georgia, Persia, Armenia, &c. in 1817-18-19-20, with engravings of antiquities.

Mr. Edward Grainger, jun. is preparing a Concise System of Anatomy, for the use of medical students.

The Rev. J. B. Hollingworth is printing Lectures on the Apostles' Creed, delivered in the Church of St. Botolph, Aldgate.

The Life of William Sancroft, archbishop of Canterbury, compiled principally from original and scarce documents, is preparing for publication.

Preparing for publication, an Appendix to the Midland Flora; comprising also, corrections and additions, referring to the two former volumes; and occasional observations, tending to elucidate the Study of the British Fungi. Concluding with a generic and specific Index to the whole work, and a general Index of Synonyms. By T. Purton, surgeon, Alcester. Embellished with numerous coloured engravings. By James Sowerby, F.L.S.

In the press, an Account of the Most Memorable Battles and Sieges since the Fall of Troy; classed and arranged to afford a view of their respective consequences on the moral condition of mankind. By G. Haliton, M.A. This work is intended to present to the young student, in a series of Lectures, a comprehensive view of the relative importance of the different great military events which have promoted or retarded the progressive improvement of the morals and institutions of the world.

In the press, The History of the Zodians, an ancient people, from the foundation to the final extinction of that nation. By the author of "The Travels and Observations of Hareach, the Wandering Jew." The object of this little work is to illustrate, in a pleasing story, the principles of political economy, as they necessarily develope themselves in the institutions and expedients of domestic and foreign policy.

In the press, The Visits of Hareach, the Wandering Jew, to the most celebrated characters that have appeared in the world since the destruction of Jerusalem by the Romans. By the Rev. T. Clark. This will complete the entire design which the author proposed to himself when he undertook to describe the travels and observations of Hareach. Like the incidents in that work, those of the present are taken from the most authentic biographical anecdotes and histories, with only so much fictitious colouring as was requisite to render the narratives more interesting.

ART. XIII. LIST OF WORKS RECENTLY PUBLISHED.

BIOGRAPHY.

Memoirs of the Life of Andrew Hofer, containing an account of the transactions in the Tyrol, during the year 1809. Taken from the German by Charles Henry Hall, Esq. 8vo. 7s. 6d.

BOTANY.

An Introduction to the Knowledge of Fungusses, intended to bring into notice this much neglected tribe of vegetables, and to promote taking figures and descriptions of them, by young persons and others, who are in the practice of drawing flowers. 2s.

EDUCATION.

The Principles of Education, Intellectual, Moral, and Physical. By the Rev. Lant Carpenter, LL.D. 8vo. 12s.

The Biographical Class Book, or 365 Lives of the most eminent men of all nations, from Homer to Sir Joseph Banks; designed as reading lessons for schools for every day in the year, on the plan of Blair's Class Book. By the Rev. J. Goldsmith. With 150 portraits. 12mo. 7s. bound.

HISTORY.

The Naval and Military Exploits which have distinguished the Reign of George III., accurately described and methodically arranged. By Jehoshaphat Aspin. In one thick volume 18mo. embellished with numerous coloured plates. 14s. boards, 15s. neatly bound.

English Stories, second series, including the period between the accession of Henry the Third and the death of Henry the Sixth. By Maria Hack. Vol. II., 12mo. 7s.

HORTICULTURE.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We have received a Letter from 'The Author of an Autumn near 'the Rhine,' complaining of our 'gratuitous innuendoes at the ex-'pense of the authenticity' of his facts and descriptions, and suggesting that our 'own sagacity might have told' us, 'that it was quite 'impossible that the specific details of scenes and persons which the 'book contains, could be given by any other than an eye-witness.' We are perfectly willing to receive the concession of 'sagacity,' but

not to admit its consequence; we could tell 'The Author of an 'Autumn near the Rhine' of books with quite as specific pretension to genuineness, and containing much correct statement, but whose framework and connecting matter are, notoriously, pure invention. We certainly perceived circumstances which seemed to us to justify scepticism on the point in question, and as we still think that we had reasonable grounds for our intimation, we can by no means allow that our 'innuendoes' were 'gratuitous.' We were, no doubt, liable to error in our judgement, but we neither plead guilty to want of 'candour,' nor can an anonymous writer justly complain of want of 'fairness' in remarks which were not checked by the interposition of an ostensible name. We have now only to repeat, that the 'Autumn 'near the Rhine' is a 'clever book,' and to quote the most important sentence in the Letter before us. 'If the work itself has so little 'the tone of veracity (which I can hardly suppose) as to give rise to 'fair doubts in your mind, I can only refer you to my respectable 'publishers, who will convince you that in stating that *there is no 'scene described which I did not witness, and no person whom I did not 'personally know*, I am much above asserting either to you or the 'public what is not strictly consistent with truth.'

ERRATA IN THE PRESENT NUMBER.

Page 214 line 18, *for* hope it, *read* hate it.
—— 220 — 11, from bottom, *for* insanity *read* insnity.
—— 245 — 11, from bottom, *for* ferrar *read* feuar.

THE

ECLECTIC REVIEW,

FOR NOVEMBER, 1820.

Art. I. *Travels in Sicily, Greece, and Albania.* By the Rev. Thomas Smart Hughes, late Fellow of St. John's, and now Fellow of Emmanuel College, Cambridge. Illustrated with Engravings of Maps, Scenery, Plans, &c. Two Volumes, 4to. pp. 925. Price 5l. 5s. London, 1820.

IN no department of authorship has there taken place within the last twenty years, a greater change—perhaps we ought to say a more striking improvement—than in that which falls under the general head of Travels. A book of travels was formerly a personal narrative of strange and new adventures, the author of which felt himself entitled, on the specific ground of his courageous or persevering achievements, to the attention and sympathy of his readers while detailing what he did, and describing what he saw. The prime merit of a traveller was veracity; and if to this needful qualification were added a lively style and a slight portion of connoisseurship, few persons would have been captious enough to call in question the author's competent endowments. But Dr. Clarke and Mr. Eustace have introduced a new order of things in this respect, and have stirred up a spirit of emulation among our university men that is likely to leave us in no want for the future of classical travellers. Lord Byron's poetry has contributed in no small degree to excite and cherish this same topographical enthusiasm. To those of us who are condemned to sit by our firesides at home, his powerful descriptions of Grecian and Italian scenery are the best possible substitute for the actual sight of the scenes themselves, so far as it respects its effect upon the imagination: his poetry is the essence of a score or two of travellers' journals, and while it often possesses the minute accuracy of an Itinerary, conveys to us at once not only the graphical truth but the moral feeling of the scene. Next to Lord Byron, Mr. Eustace, of all modern tourists, displays the most genuine poetical enthusiasm. Inferior as he undoubtedly is to the other illustrious traveller we have named, in many important

accounts which have been furnished by preceding travellers, of the present state of the Island, relate almost entirely to the political condition of the country, and the manners of the capital. These are wretched and degraded in the extreme. Mr. Hughes speaks of 'the extreme imbecility of the reigning family, the 'dissolute morals of the nobles, the perversion of justice, the 'iniquity of the laws, and the general venality and corruption.' This general statement is, indeed, worth little; resting too, as it does, on the information supplied by scarcely a month's residence at Palermo, and equally applicable to a score of other Continental courts. But the representation is, with respect to Sicily, emphatically just. Mr. Hughes, who does not appear to be much indebted to personal observation for his remarks on the Sicilian character, is chargeable with understating the truth, rather than otherwise. He tells us, for instance, that there is no such thing as *prison-discipline* at Palermo; but he does not tell us of the crowds of untried prisoners who are suffered year after year to languish in the prisons, nor does he hint at the horrors of the *damusa*. He says, indeed, that 'the gaols are lite-'rally schools of corruption, where the innocent are abandoned to 'ruin, and the guilty hardened in iniquity.' But were this all, the marvel would have been if it were not so; if in that branch of civil policy which would seem to be the last to be submitted to the regulations of an enlightened humanity, Sicily, degraded as she is, should have been found an exception to almost every other country under the sun. Where are gaols *not* schools of corruption?

On quitting Palermo, our Travellers crossed the Island to Girgenti, the ancient Agrigentum, the site of which must have had a magnificence almost peculiar to itself.

'Nature traced out its plan in a vast platform of rock; Art had but to perfect the design of that great architect. This magnificent area, which is nearly square, is elevated to a very considerable height above the surrounding territory; its perpendicular precipices formed the basis for walls; ravines penetrating into the interior offered most commodious situations for gates, whilst numerous little eminences scattered about within, seemed as if designed for the advantageous display of noble edifices. Imagination can scarcely conceive a more glorious prospect than that which the southern cliff of this great city once displayed, surmounted by a long unbroken line of the finest monuments of Grecian art! Amongst them stood six majestic temples, of that severe Doric order which so happily combines elegance and simplicity with solidity and grandeur. The S. E. angle is still seen crowned with the ruinated colonnade of Juno Lacinia, surrounded by broken masses of its entablature: next to it is a very fine temple nearly entire except the roof, commonly supposed to have been dedicated to Concord, being indebted for this extraordinary preservation to the piety of those ages which converted it into a Christian

church. That of Hercules, the next in order, seems to have been demolished by the violence of an earthquake, as it lies in all the confusion which such an overthrow would be expected to occasion.'

But the glory of Agrigentum was the temple of Olympian Jupiter, which occurs the next in the range. Every trace of this immense edifice is now nearly swept away; but the complete plan and proportions have been drawn out by the Author's fellow traveller, Mr. Cockerell, who, we are told, intends to lay his discoveries before the public. It appears that the ponderous entablature of the temple was supported by gigantic statues, thirty feet in height, after the manner of caryatides, representing the vanquished Titans; and three of these remained perfect till the year 1401, when they fell. At the S. W. angle of the platform, there stands a very antique Grecian temple, transformed into a modern church and dedicated to St. Blaze, which is remarkable for its extreme simplicity.

Girgenti is stated to possess an excellent public library, comprising about 20,000 volumes, and rich in the best editions of the classics; it is a meanly built town, containing little worthy of notice, and execrably filthy. From this place the Travellers proceeded to Castro Giovanni, the ancient Enna, which is situated as nearly as possible in the centre of the Island. 'Our 'journey,' says Mr. H.

'was enlivened by joyous songs and choruses of the country-people, now' (the beginning of June) 'finishing their harvest, and celebrating the season with festive mirth and bands of music: we frequently observed long trains of both sexes, with garlands of flowers, following their coryphæus or leader, whose solo verse was repeated by the rest in chorus, and which was interrupted only for the purpose of casting a few jeers and harmless jests at the casual passenger. Sometimes also a Madonna, decked in ribbons, or a pasteboard saint, accompanied their processions. The features and complexion of these peasants seemed to denote in general a Saracenic origin, but amongst them is still observed that remarkable contour and expression of countenance, called Grecian, which is so beautifully portrayed upon the ancient Sicilian coins: like all the nations of southern Europe, they are fervently addicted to music, which entering into their amusements and employments, and almost all the acts of life, seems to cheer and console their labour, as it agreeably employs the hours of relaxation: its beneficial influence tends to preserve them from the overwhelming gloom of superstition, the ferocity of barbarism, and the commotions of popular phrenzy; and though the guitar of the peasant and the Doric flute be not calculated to excite the sublimer passions, yet their tender and pathetic tones impart taste and feeling to his mind, and supply such a source of consolation under the unequal dispensations of an oppressive constitution, as almost to compensate for the absence of liberty itself.'

Our scholar has here got out of his latitude, and, seduced by

the evil genius of fine writing, has wandered far into absurdity. The simple fact which he states is curious enough, as a relic probably of rites as ancient as the worship of Ceres; the Madonna being but a Christian appellative of the goddess. We should have been pleased to learn the burden of the song, and to have some intelligible account that we could have depended upon, of the quality of the music. But when Mr. Hughes talks of the overwhelming gloom of superstition as assuaged or counteracted by the influence of music, he must surely forget that it is of the Roman Catholic religion he is speaking; a system of belief the reverse of gloomy or rigid; a religion of festivals, and processions, and pageants, and holydays. As to the potency of music in preserving from the ferocity of barbarism and the commotions of popular frenzy, recent events supply the most expressive comment on the Author's childish representation. In the present oppressed state of the Sicilian peasantry, this Arcadian scene can pass only for a fancy-piece.

Castro Giovanni has a very singular and picturesque appearance: it is intersected with deep ravines, the sides of which are 'literally honey-combed with Saracenic caves.' Some of these have two or three apartments, and are still inhabited by the poorer classes. A great number of similar excavations were subsequently observed amid the ruins of ancient Leontium. One quarter in the town is inhabited by a settlement of Greeks, who retain, Mr. H. states, their native dialect, but corrupted by a strange intermixture of barbarisms.

Syracuse presents not even the shadow of its former greatness. The fourfold city that once covered a site as extensive as that of London, is now reduced within the limits of the little island of Ortygia, the population of which does not exceed 12,000 souls. 'Much of its fertile land is become a pestilential marsh, and 'that commerce which once filled the finest port in Europe 'with the vessels of Italy, Rhodes, Alexandria, Carthage, and 'every other maritime power of the Mediterranean, is confined 'to a petty trade carried on by a few small trabaccole.' Our Traveller beheld 'Arethusa, the lovely Arethusa,' despoiled of all her charms, and degraded to the vile office of a public wash-tub. There was little to detain him in this quarter of the ancient city; but the site of Acradina, and the other portions, are a rich field for antiquarian exploration. One of the most remarkable objects is, the Catacombs of San Giovanni, the origin of which has been variously referred to the Syracusan Greeks, to the Romans, to the Greeks of the Lower Empire, and to the Saracens. Our Author, for what appear to us satisfactory reasons, gives the preference to the opinion that they were constructed for the purpose of a cemetery, by the Roman conquerors of Syracuse, in the

period between its colonization by Augustus and the division of the empire.

'The ancient tenant of a neighbouring hermitage is the guide to these sepulchral labyrinths. With the venerable padre and several peasants provided with torches, we descended by steps cut in the rock to this dark and gloomy city of the dead, in whose long caverns, shrouded as it were by silence, one starts at the dull echos of the human voice as at some unearthly sound. Having sent forward our torch-bearers, we proceeded up the principal street or avenue, which is about ten feet high, and runs to a great distance in a strait direction, being full as broad as the generality of streets in Sicilian towns: its whole length cannot be determined, on account of a lapse of earth which has taken place. We penetrated to the distance of about 200 yards, observing as we went along, deep contiguous recesses on each side, cut in the rock, with arched roofs, containing many parallel cubitories or receptacles for the tenants of this dreary domain, who here lay peaceably side by side after the feverish fit of life: some of the recesses appear to have been private property, from the marks of gates and locks by which they are secured. A great number of streets run parallel to the principal one: transverse ones cut it at oblique and right angles, whilst others taking a circuitous course, lead to spacious squares and corridors formed by different converging avenues: in the more conspicuous situation which these areas afford are found many detached tombs of a large size, destined probably for the reception of distinguished chiefs or holy saints. The walls of the recesses are covered with a fine stucco, painted upon a vermilion ground with various colours and devices, amongst which we observed a number of monograms and symbolical devices, palm-trees, doves, peacocks, processions and funeral ceremonies: but the smoke of torches has greatly impaired the beauty of their designs.

'The spirit of antiquarianism has been here to rifle all these sacred repositories: a vast number of lamps, urns, vases, crucifixes, monumental tablets, and other articles torn from their violated asylum, are deposited in the public museum, as well as in private hands. These extensive vaults are ventilated by the external air admitted through conical or bell-shaped apertures over the above mentioned squares and corridors: here as we looked up, we beheld with astonishment an upper story of catacombs, themselves also subterranean, laid out in a manner similar to those we were then exploring. Before we left these funereal precincts, we cut the torches of our guides into small pieces, by the distribution of which in various parts of the caverns, we succeeded in illuminating them to a very considerable extent: the lurid glare of the light produced an effect curious and even sublime.'

From the site of Tycha, the third quarter of the ancient city in Cicero's enumeration, every trace of habitation has vanished, except the channels of aqueducts, the deep indentures of chariot wheels, and the mouldering remains of the city walls. 'How 'all the materials of so many sumptuous edifices and private

'mansions, can have completely disappeared,' Mr. Hughes is at a loss to conjecture.

'Here is a platform twenty two miles in perimeter, almost entirely composed of solid rock, on which scarcely a vestige remains above ground of the numerous buildings which adorned it, though most of them appeared built for immortality. They have not been used in the construction of the paltry modern town, nor is there any city or public work of importance in the vicinity which owes its origin to the fall of Syracuse. This extraordinary circumstance seems almost to contradict the very tenour of history.'

The remains of the fortress of Hexapylon on the N. W. extremity of the city, are described as one of the most admirable existing specimens of ancient military architecture. The vast subterranean passages whence both infantry and cavalry might make their sorties; the huge square towers of solid masonry; the excellent contrivance of its gateways for every purpose of defence; and the immense blocks of its parapets, bored with grooves to admit of melted pitch or lead being poured down on the assailants; filled our Travellers with astonishment. Descending from the elevated platform on which the city stands, they crossed the marshes of Lysimelia, and proceeded in a boat up the deep and muddy stream of the Anapus to visit the fountain Cyane. The branch which descends from the fountain is translucid, and bending over its clear and tranquil waters is seen the papyrus: its banks are stated to be the only spot in Europe where this delicate plant flourishes in a natural state. After ascending the Cyanean branch of the river some distance, it became choked up with superabundant vegetation, so that the boatmen were obliged to haul along the boat with ropes for nearly half a mile.

'Nothing but the tall and slender stalks of the papyrus marked the serpentizing course of the stream below. At length, we burst all at once into the spacious fountain, a fine circular bason, about fifty feet in diameter, whose sides are fringed with lilies and papyrus, and whose surface is undisturbed by the slightest ebullition.—though at least thirty feet in depth, its transparency is so perfect that the smallest pebble may be seen at the bottom, where large fragments of marble, remains of an ancient temple of Cyane, reflect brilliantly the prismatic colours, and shoals of fish sporting about in perfect security, shine in the sunbeams with scales of gold and purple.'

The celebrated grotto called the *Ear of Dionysius*, is situated in the last built quarter of ancient Syracuse, Neapolis, which Cicero styles the fourth city. The Lautomia, or quarry, out of which it has been excavated, is for its eminent beauty named by the Sicilians *Il Paradiso:* it is a hundred feet below the surface of the rock, and has a bottom of rich mould which produces orange and lemon-trees of the most luxuriant growth, with a variety of shrubs and flowers.

'Transparent water from the broken aqueducts sparkles as it flows down the sides amidst festoons of creepers and parasitical plants, and being received into basins, or led into channels, gives a perpetual verdure to delightful gardens. Add to these features the contrast of dark and spacious caverns, ancient aqueducts, with large isolated masses of rock, and the reader may form some idea of this subterranean paradise: but to know all its delights, he should feel the agreeable sensation of its delicious coolness in a Syracusan summer.'

The cavern, or grotto, the subject of the apocryphal tradition relative to the Syracusan tyrant, bears in its construction some resemblance to the human ear; but the result of repeated experiments on its acoustic properties, satisfied Mr. Hughes and his companion that the story which connects it with Dionysius is a vulgar error. A distinct whisper is conveyed along the walls in much the same way as in the whispering gallery at St. Paul's; only much less perfectly. The full voice is drowned in the confusion of the echoes; and the voices of several persons speaking at the same time are perfectly unintelligible. 'The most 'agreeable effect produced, was by the notes of a German flute, the 'finest by a bugle horn; the sound in both instances being multi-'plied till it appeared almost like a band of music.' Mr. Hughes considers that the excavation was probably only an experiment in acoustics, made by some ingenious mechanic of the school of Archimedes.

Having now completed their survey of the antiquities of Syracuse, the Travellers transferred their head quarters to Catania, described as the finest city in Sicily, and, for its size, perhaps, in Europe, and lauded for its agreeable society, its numerous charitable institutions, and the humane disposition of its inhabitants. Most travellers have been struck with the beauty of Catania. Mr. Blaquiere recommends it as a place of residence to those who design to remain any time in the island, in preference to any other spot, not more on account of the beauty of its situation, than on that of the remarkable superior state of manners among the Catanese. It is also the best university in Sicily.

'It is nobly situated on the roots of Etna, its despoiler and its benefactor—overwhelmed as it has often been by torrents of liquid fire, it has risen like the Phœnix more splendid from its ashes. The very substance which once ravaged its plains, has by its own decomposition covered them with soil fertile as the fabled garden of the Hesperides, and on all sides the material of destruction is turned to the purposes of ornament and utility: the streets are paved with lava—houses, palaces, and churches are built of lava—of lava they form ornamental chimney pieces, tables, and a variety of toys—whilst a natural mole of lava defends the shipping from the fury of the tempest. Ask a Catanian what is the substance of almost any thing you behold in art or nature, and his reply will be, with a most significant elevation of his hands and eyebrows, "Lava, Signore; tutta, tutta Lava."

The plan of the city is very superb, and no one is permitted to deviate from it in building: it contains three streets, each a mile, more or less, in length: the longest and most splendid of these, terminated at one end by the Cathedral, forms at the other a noble vista which directs the eye up a gradual and majestic ascent to the smoking summit of Mount Etna.'

Our Travellers accomplished the ascent up the Mountain, computed at 30 miles, on the 27th and 28th of June (1813). It was day-break when they reached the summit of the crater, which, though it appears like a point when viewed from the Catanian plains, is about two miles and a half in circuit. No flame was visible, notwithstanding that the ground was so hot as to oblige them to shift their position every two or three minutes. Yet even in the interior of the crater, immense ridges of snow seemed, as Mr. H. expresses it, to dispute the pre-eminence of Fire in the very centre of its dominions.

'At length faint streaks of light shooting athwart the horison, which became brighter and brighter, announced the approach of the great luminary of day: and when he sprang up in splendid majesty, supported, as it were, on a throne of golden clouds, that fine scriptural image of the giant rejoicing to run his course, flashed across my mind. As he ascended in the sky, his rays glittered on the mountain tops, and Sicily became gradually visible, expanded like a map beneath our eyes. The effect is most extraordinary; nearly all the mountains of the Island may be descried, with cities that surmount their summits; more than half the coast, with its bays and indentations, and the promontories of Pelorus and Pachynum, may be traced, as well as the course of rivers from their springs to the sea, sparkling like silver bands which encircle the valleys and the plains. We were unable to distinguish Malta, though I do not on that account doubt the relation of others who profess to have done so: the Lipari isles were very much approximated to view by the refracting power of the atmosphere; as also was the Calabrian coast. The sides of Etna itself are covered with beautiful conical hills, from which ancient lavas have issued; their exhausted craters are now filled with verdant groves of the spreading chesnut, exhibiting the most sylvan scenes imaginable: on the plain below, these cones would be lofty mountains; here they appear but excrescences that serve to vary and to beautify the ground.

'I must not forget to mention one extraordinary phenomenon which we observed, and for which I have searched in vain for a satisfactory solution: at the extremity of the vast shadow which Etna projects across the island, appeared a perfect and distinct image of the mountain itself, elevated above the horizon, and diminished as if viewed in a concave mirror. Where or what the reflector could be which exhibited this image I cannot conceive: we could not be mistaken in its appearance, for all our party observed it, and we had been prepared for it beforehand by our Catanian friends: it remained visible about ten minutes and disappeared as the shadow decreased. Mr. Jones (the

Rev. W. J. fellow of St. John's Coll.) observed the same phenomenon, as well as some other friends with whom I have conversed upon the subject in England.'

Mr. Hughes notices the malignant attempt of a former traveller to construct an argument against the Mosaic chronology out of the fact, that a stream of lava said to have flowed more than two thousand years ago, is not yet covered with mould; taken in connexion with the circumstance of a well having been cut through seven distinct courses of lava, each of which was covered with a fine mould fit for the purposes of vegetation. The argument takes for granted, that all lava requires an equal length of time for its decomposition, which is contrary to notorious fact. Different eruptions throw up different materials, and some combinations of matter decay very quickly in comparison with others. Besides which, some streams of lava acquire a mould before their decomposition: 'the lichen often adheres to them; the Indian fig is planted in the crevices, which requires the least possible degree of nutriment; vines succeed, and the very accumulation of decayed vegetable matter in the course of ages produces a layer of soil.' Ashes, too, with which the lava may be covered at the very period of the eruption, are speedily convertible to the purposes of vegetation. Thus superficial are the cavils by which the half-learned and the half-reasoning assail the truth of the Scriptures.

At Messina, Mr. Hughes had an opportunity of witnessing one of the most singular exhibitions of superstitious absurdity which even Sicily can afford; the annual procession of the Bara on the Feast of the Assumption. Messina itself is under the very special protection of the Virgin; and the *copy* of a letter written by her own hand from Jerusalem in answer to a congratulatory address from the good people of this favoured city, is among the most precious of its treasures. A church is actually dedicated to the Holy Letter, which is endowed with the most miraculous properties. The order of the exhibition is as follows:

'The pomp commences with a train of nobles and city magistrates with their insignia of office, and decked in their most splendid habiliments; then follow the military, both cavalry and infantry, with banners flying, to the sound of martial music: next come the fraternities of monks and friars, a motley crew, black, white, and grey, bound round with knotted cords and loaded with relics and crucifixes: these precede an immense car (called *the bara*) equal in height to the very tops of the houses, which totters as it is dragged along with ropes by many hundreds of cattle in the shape of men. The crowds that follow are innumerable, from town and country. The lower story of this moveable tower is embellished with hangings of rich silk and velvet, forming an imaginary sepulchre for the Virgin; it is filled with a band of musicians and a choir, who chant solemn dirges over the body

of the deceased. Twelve youths, with brazen glories on their heads, encircle this tomb externally, to represent the twelve apostles: round them a circular frame carries with an horizontal motion, from right to left, several little children attached to it, in flowing robes and painted wings, to support the character of angels. Upon the platform of the second story stands a company of prophets chanting the Madonna's praises; and in front of this prophetical choir a large image of the sun, revolving with a vertical motion, carries round six infants affixed to the ends of its principal rays, and styled the Cherubim: six more on the other side perform similar revolutions upon a figure of the moon. The third story is decorated with a tribe of singing patriarchs, around whom a circular frame moves horizontally, from left to right, with a train of Seraphim. Over the heads of the patriarchal family is fixed a large sphere, painted sky blue, and figured with golden stars; little winged infants flit around this, under the denomination of "moving intelligences," or "souls of the universe:" upon the sphere itself stands a damsel fifteen or sixteen years old, decked in embroidered robes glittering with spangles, in the character of our Saviour; and in her right hand, stretched out and supported by iron machinery, she holds a beautiful child, who represents the soul of the blessed Virgin.

'At an appointed signal, this well freighted car begins to move, when it is welcomed with reiterated shouts and vivas by the infatuated populace, drums and trumpets play, the Dutch concert in the machine commences, and thousands of pateraroes fired off by a train of gunpowder, make even the shores of Calabria re-echo with the sound: then angels, cherubim, seraphim, and animated intelligences all begin to revolve, in such implicated orbits as make even the spectators giddy with the sight; but alas! for the unfortunate little actors in the pantomime, they in spite of their heavenly characters are seen doomed to experience the infirmities of mortality. Angels droop—cherubim are scared out of their wits—seraphim set up outrageous cries—souls of the universe faint away, and moving intelligences are moved by the most terrible inversion of the peristaltic motion: then thrice happy are those to whom an upper station has been allotted. Some of the young brats in spite of the fracas seem highly delighted with their ride, and eat their gingerbread with the utmost composure as they perform their evolutions: it not unfrequently happens that one or more of these poor innocents fall victims to this revolutionary system, and earn the crown of martyrdom. But imagination can scarcely conceive the violent gestures and frantic exclamations of the crowd below, beating their breasts and tearing their hair, calling out the name of the Madonna in the most impassioned manner, and trampling each other down in eager haste to kiss the sacred car, or touch it with wax tapers which are thus impregnated with all the virtues of an apothecary's shop; the scene can be compared to nothing but Bedlam broke loose, or a set of ancient bacchanals in the celebration of their mystic orgies.'

Or—for change but the nomenclature and the costume, and the thing is much the same—the festival of Jaghernaut. During the following week, it is added, the principal performers in this

celestial mummery pay their visits to the inhabitants, in full costume, to receive their contributions. As all the children are considered as sacred and under the peculiar patronage of the Madonna, a place upon the machine is eagerly sought for by their parents, and a ray of the sun or the moon brings no inconsiderable profit to its proprietor. After this, it must be superfluous to cite any further proofs of the pitch of *stultification* to which the Messinese populace have been reduced as the consequence of the complete ascendancy gained over them by an ignorant, low-bred, and cunning priesthood. Nothing is too gross for the credulity of these wretched people; and when the epidemic frenzy of superstition has been once awakened, nothing can exceed the tumultuous violence of their zeal. In no section of the Papal empire does the dogma that Ignorance is the parent of devotion, receive so perfect an illustration. The universal testimony of travellers assigns to the inhabitants of this city, an incontestible pre-eminence in devotion to the Madonna, its Great Diana, and in a dull, abject, senseless fanaticism. One is almost led to fancy that some spell or some curse must rest upon this devoted spot, that the atmosphere must be charged with some deleterious vapours that act on the brain, or that a hereditary taint of constitutional imbecility attaches to the general body of the inhabitants. We can account for the diversities of national character, arising as they do from the obvious operation of climate, political condition, religion, and employment; and we expect to find a difference, at least in the degree of intelligence, between the citizen and the villager of the same country. But where the latitude, the professed religion, and the political circumstances of two places are nearly or precisely identical, (as is the case with the inhabitants of Catania, for instance, and the Messinese,) it is not a little remarkable to see a local character so distinct exclusively adhering to generation after generation of the citizens of one particular city or town; as if certain propensities and moral qualities were indigenous to the soil. Yet are we not without some analogous instances, even in our own country, of a peculiarity of character, less marked, indeed, but still broad enough to become proverbial, and strictly to be termed a moral peculiarity, attaching to a limited portion of the population. Such peculiarities are fast disappearing before the progress of education. But where the light of instruction has not yet been able to pierce the gross darkness, in Heathen or in Popish countries, it is truly astonishing how retentively and unvaryingly the folly or the wickedness that superstition or any other chance influence has instituted in a particular place, is cherished and practised by the successive generations that spring up and pass away under the same unhappy predicament. The state of intellectual debasement into which the Messinese appear to be sunk,

might seem, however, to receive an adequate explanation in the statement of our Author, that 'every tenth person you meet in 'the streets will be either a monk or a priest.'

'The houses of the great, especially those blessed with a pious lady at their head, are over-run with these retainers, to the total destruction, too often, of domestic comfort: nor are the families even of the lower classes exempt from the same burden. The ascendancy too and power thus gained by the priesthood, and exercised over the minds of the people, is perfectly degrading.'

And yet, when we allow Messina to exhibit an extreme specimen of the fatuity produced by the joint influence of ignorance and priestcraft, the general state of the Island, and of nearly the whole of Southern Europe, comes so little behind that of the worshippers of the Holy Letter as scarcely to warrant our viewing their conduct in any other light than as a fair specimen of Popery.

In his route to Messina, Mr. Hughes met, near the village of Giardini, a shepherd's boy 'playing upon three flutes, or pipes, '(the ancient αὐλοὶ) all inserted in his mouth at the same time;' one of them not being perforated with holes, but sounding the key-note. The music is said to have been extremely soft and sweet. The instruments were the workmanship of the performer.

After passing nearly four months* in this beautiful Island, the Travellers set sail for the shores of Greece. We pass over the chapter which is devoted to the description of Zante, more recent accounts of the Ionian Islands having been furnished by later visitants. A very interesting paper on the Tar-springs of Zante, by Mr. Hawkins, is inserted in the Continuation of Mr. Walpole's Memoirs relating to European and Asiatic Turkey. We observe a rather material disagreement between Mr. Hughes and Dr. Holland, as to the size and population of this island. The latter states the circumference to be 'nearly sixty miles,' and the inhabitants to be reckoned at 40,000, of whom nearly half, he says, reside in the city of Zante. The former gives seventy miles as the circumference of the Island, adding, with the appearance of minuter accuracy, that its extreme length is twenty-one, and its greatest breadth eighteen: he estimates the population at 30,000 only, of whom about two fifths, he says, reside in the city; that is, 12,000 instead of near 20,000, Dr. Holland's computation. We believe that Mr. Hughes's state-

* Mr. Hughes states at p. 143, that they anchored in the roads of Zante on the 25th of Sept.; but at p. 172, the 8th of Sept. is given as the date of their casting anchor in the Bay of Padras. The former should have been, we presume, the 25th of August.

ment is the correct one, and that Dr. Holland has been misled by some old Gazetteer or Encyclopedia. The present Writer anticipates the happiest consequences to the Ionian republic from the establishment of a free press in Zante, connected with the publication of elementary books, patriotic tracts, and scientific researches subservient to the system of public education, laudably patronized by Government. A periodical work, styled the Ionian Ephemeris or Zante Gazette, embracing literary as well as political topics, is stated to have a very extensive circulation. What promises, however, to be attended by still more important benefits to these Islands, as well as to the neighbouring continent, is, the formation, in the course of last year, of an Ionian Bible Society at Corfu, under the auspices of the President of the Senate, the Greek Bishop, the Catholic Vicar-general, and the chief persons in the island, together with auxiliary societies in Cephalonia and Zante. The Athens Bible Society was formed on the 20th of August in the same year. We feel persuaded that we should do great wrong to Mr. Hughes, if we did not believe him to take a very lively interest in these proceedings. He does not, indeed, while dwelling on the possible benefits which the Greeks may derive from the progress of knowledge, hint at such a thing as the introduction of pure Christianity; nor does he, while pleasing himself with the thought that England 'might be the nation to whom, under 'Providence, the Greeks would owe the recovery of their free-'dom,' advert to the consideration that this country ought to be under Providence the means of their becoming possessed of a blessing still more precious than liberty. Nevertheless, as a clergyman, every consideration must appear to him infinitely subordinate to that of the eternal interests of men, and the extension of that kingdom which shall one day absorb every other.

It should seem that a vague expectation is entertained by some of the Greeks,—or, rather *was* entertained, for at the time Mr. Hughes was in Greece, the cession of Parga had not taken place,—some vague expectation that their liberation from their Mussulman tyrants may be looked for from England. While he was detained at Tripolizza, a Signor Demetrio, who was sent to sound the party respecting their motives for travelling, took up, at one of his visits, a copy of Childe Harold, and opened it at the Romaic song beginning

Δεῦτε παῖδες τῶν Ἑλλήνων.

'The discovery seemed to electrify him: running with the book to his companions, he communicated to them the important fact, and after a short but animated conversation, flew out of the room with the book in his hand. His friends soon followed, and as none of

them returned that day, our minds began rather to misgive us lest some plot might be in agitation, and these cunning Greeks might think it a good opportunity of paying court to the Pasha, and shewing their zeal in his service, by exciting his suspicions against us, and giving him some pretext for the brutality of his conduct. In this, however, we wronged them. The book was carried off by Demetrio, for the purpose of copying the song, and exhibiting to a few of the principal inhabitants a specimen of what was done for the Grecian cause in England. Not understanding the context, they supposed that the whole work related either immediately or relatively to the liberation of the Greeks, and the very idea created in their minds an ecstacy of joy, which it would have been a pity to damp by explanation.'

The extreme simplicity, however, which could rest on such doubtful premises so large a conclusion, is scarcely consistent with the wily character of the Greek. Demetrio might well be pleased to discover the song in question, and eagerly copy it, without taking quite so much for granted with regard to the whole volume. But Mr. H. could hardly be mistaken; and it is some confirmation of the anecdote, that when Mr. Cockerell was staying at Andrutzena, in Arcadia, he met with an unexpected degree of urbanity and disinterested kindness from the villagers, by whom he was continually asked, 'When will the 'English come? Why do they not come, since the Greeks 'would be so ready to join them?' In the highly interesting letter from that gentleman inserted in the present work, containing an account of the discovery of the Phigalian marbles, mention is made of such an antiquarian jollification as is not to be paralleled, we apprehend, in the annals of Travelling.

'The party was very large, consisting of Gropius' (most apt cognomen!) 'Haller, Foster, Bronstedt, Lynckh, and Stakelberg, besides their servants, superintendants, &c. amounting to above fifteen persons. On the top of Mount Cotylium, from whence there is a grand prospect over nearly all Arcadia, they established themselves for three months, building round the temple huts covered with the boughs of trees, amounting almost to a village (a city I should have said) which they denominated Francopolis. They had frequently fifty or eighty men at work in the temple, and a band of Arcadian music was constantly playing, to entertain this numerous assemblage: when evening put an end to work, dances and songs commenced, lambs were roasted whole on a long wooden spit, and the whole scene, in such a situation, at such an interesting time, when every day some new and beautiful work of the best age of sculpture the world has ever known was brought to light, is hardly to be imagined. Apollo must have wondered at the carousal which disturbed his long repose, and have thought that his glorious days of old were again returned!'

Our limits will not admit of our following the Author in his travels through Greece: we must avail ourselves of our privilege

of selection. He passed nearly a month at Athens most agreeably, except that during part of the time he was confined to his bed by a tertian ague; but he made neither excavations nor discoveries; and Dr. Clarke has left little, in the way of description, to be done by any subsequent traveller. He took the usual rambles, explored the Theseum, the Areopagus, the Parthenon; 'recited the first Philippic oration upon the very Bema 'of Demosthenes,' in the ears of Athenians who understood not a word of it; traced out the foundations of the Academy, and wandered along the delightful but ungenial banks of the Cephissus; feeling all that it became him to feel as a scholar and classical antiquary on the occasion. He had the advantage of being accompanied in some of his exploratory visits by Mr. Cockerell, who, he informs us, among his other observations on the architecture of the Parthenon, had his attention directed to the entasis or swelling in the columns which Stuart has been unnecessarily reproached with having overlooked.

'With a great deal of difficulty he measured them, and found by a straight line stretched from the capital to the base, that this swell at about one third of the height, equalled one inch. That in the temple of Jupiter at Ægina equalled half an inch, which was in proportion to the other; so that he had no doubt but that there was a general rule on this point with the ancient architects. This protuberance is so delicate that it must be ascertained by measurement: the eye alone cannot perceive it. The fact had escaped Stuart and our other most accurate observers.'

Mr. Hughes joins in the general outcry against the Despoiler of the Parthenon. In visiting it, he was struck forcibly with the lamentable overthrow and ruin wantonly occasioned during its last spoliation. 'Shafts, capitals, and entablatures lie heaped 'together in masses capable of furnishing materials to build a 'palace of marble.' But spoilers more barbarous and mischievous by far than Lord Elgin, are perpetually carrying on the work of sacrilegious devastation. Never does either English or French frigate anchor in the Piræus, but Signor Lusieri has *literally* a shivering fit from the anticipation of what is to follow. 'The young midshipmen are then let loose upon the venerable 'monuments of Athens, and are seldom deterred by the religion 'of the place from indulging in the most wanton devastation of 'statues, cornices, and capitals, from which they carry off me-'mentos of their Athenian travels.' This evil is stated to be on the increase, from the greater number of vessels that arrive at the port. It is only surprising that after all the spoliations to which the city of Minerva has been subjected, so much should remain to repay the zeal of classical pilgrims. 'Romans burn 'it,' remarks Mr. Hughes, 'Goths sack it, Venetians bombard 'it, Turks grind down its monuments for mortar, and cold-

'blooded connoisseurs export them as articles of commerce: 'still Athens is the best school in the world for an architect.' But the crowning instance of *ultra-Vandalic* barbarism, with which no act of either Roman, Goth, Venetian, Turk, or Jew dealer can compare, is that related by our Author of the captains of two English frigates, who actually brought a tar-barrel on shore at Cape Sunium, and 'bedaubed the white and brilliant 'columns of Minerva's temple with long lists of their own 'names and those of their officers and boat-crews, in this in-'delible material.' This is surely the *ne plus ultra* of John-Bullism. An Englishman would not have been content to be saved in Noah's ark, without cutting his name in the timber.

Before Mr. Hughes left Athens, his name was enrolled as a member and benefactor of a society then recently established there for promoting the general interests of literature and science, under the title of the Φιλομουσοὶ, or Lovers of the Muses; the patrons being the Archbishop, the Greek primate, and several of the principal inhabitants. Its leading object is to provide funds for the foundation of a library and museum, for printing translations of the classics and original compositions in Romaic, for enabling young men to prosecute their studies in foreign universities, and for encouraging emulation among those at home by the distribution of rewards and prizes. This is well; but it is something still better, that when Dr. Pinkerton left the metropolis of Heathen wisdom six years after, having succeeded in establishing a Bible Society there, under the direction of a committee composed of nineteen of the most respectable men in the city, all Greeks, the way was paved for introducing the modern Greek Testament as a school book.

We must reserve for a separate article, the Author's travels in Albania, and his detailed account of the life of Ali Pasha.

Art. II. *The Poetical Decameron;* or Ten Conversations on English Poets and Poetry, particularly of the Reigns of Elizabeth, and James 1st. By J. Payne Collier, of the Middle Temple. Two Volumes. Small 8vo. Edinburgh. 1820.

ALTHOUGH we feel ourselves much indebted to those pains-taking and meritorious mortals who have consumed their lives in the chace of black-letter, yet we cannot say that we greatly envy them either their acquisitions or their reputation. Their contributions, if not to literature itself, at least to the history of literature, are not, indeed, without value; but when we consider the expenditure of time and attention, the waste of zeal and perseverance, the comparative neglect of better things, by which their success has been purchased, we cannot avoid referring to the disproportion between the means and the

result. The greater number of these inquirers have, however, we believe, been dull and plodding men, who have laboured in this their vocation from something very like incapacity to attain distinction in any other. The Hearnes, the Ritsons, the Malones, have done the world some service in this way, which they would probably have failed of rendering in a higher range; but we own that we have felt somewhat of painful emotion when we have received from minds of a superior cast, the proofs of keen and intense devotedness to a course of study which has but little tendency either to invigorate or to enrich the mind. We have never taken up the acute "Essay on the learning of Shak-"speare" without experiencing a sensation of regret that an intellect like Dr. Farmer's, should have so habitually busied itself in the examination of the mass of forgotten trash which furnished him with his materials; and while reading with much gratification the entertaining volumes before us, something of the same feeling has occasionally come over us.

Mr. Collier is a man of ability, and has managed with considerable skill to extract amusement from very unamusing matter; but the amount of substantial information to be obtained from his volumes, is exceedingly slender. He has corrected several unimportant mistakes, adjusted sundry minute errors of date, and elicited various small particulars which had escaped the vigilance of preceding inquirers; but he has effected little for the enrichment of literature: so far as we have observed, no new names have been added to the records of genius; the same great individuals stand out from the multitude, while the rest remain in much the same groupes and attitudes as before. We have moreover to complain of the form in which Mr. C. has judged it expedient to communicate the result of his investigations. The interruptions and digressions of a supposed conversation, are, we admit, a convenient medium for desultory information; but, at the same time, the adoption of this plan, instead of putting an author quite at his ease, and licensing him to range at large and in all sorts of irregular directions, imposes on him the necessity of a continual self-restraint, and of a strong effort to maintain as much of order and sequence as the nature of his subject will allow. Here Mr. Collier seems to us to have failed entirely: he takes up a name or a point, keeps it in hand for a short distance, loses it in pursuit of something which crosses his path, resumes it, and again dismisses it, until we feel the attempt to follow so excursive a leader, altogether unavailing. His book is very pleasant reading, but it has by no means left a strong impression on our minds or memories.

Three intimate friends, Bourne, Morton, and Elliot, had agreed to 'spend ten days or a fortnight together at Bourne's house at

'Mortlake:' of this trio, the first is described as profoundly versed in the old literature of England, and the second as enthusiastically devoted to the same pursuits, though with less leisure and fewer advantages; Elliot is an accomplished man of the world, recently returned from foreign travel. The 'Induction' of these volumes furnishes us with these preliminary sketches of character, and with the particulars of the conversation which took place during a pleasant sail from Westminster-bridge to the residence of Bourne. In the course of this dialogue, the commentators on Shakspeare are introduced, and, much to our satisfaction, are handled with just severity: the *variorum* edition of our great dramatist, is treated with merited contempt, and Steevens himself is stigmatised as a tasteless and conceited pedant. Respecting this 'coryphæus of annotators,' one of the interlocutors remarks:

'You recollect that passage in Hamlet, as excellent in the sentiment as appropriate in the expression of it.

'There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will.—

'It seems to want no remark; but what do you think is the ridiculous, the absurd, the degrading comment of Steevens upon it—I think you must remember it?

'As for me (said Morton) there is nothing of which I am so laudably and satisfactorily ignorant as of the notes upon Shakespeare.

'I well recollect the very expressions of this paltry pretender (added Elliot): he is alluding to the trade of Shakespeare's father as a wool dealer or butcher, and to the conjecture that the poet followed the same business before he came up to London; and how do you imagine he draws an argument in favor of the supposition from the lines I just quoted? You might guess to eternity: all the ingenuity of the riddle-solvers, from Œdipus down to Dame Partlett, would be of no avail. He first gives the passage, and then he adds, with solemn gravity, "Dr. Farmer informs me that these words "are merely technical. A wool-man, butcher, and dealer in *skewers*" (and he takes care that the point shall not be lost for want of italics) "lately observed to him, that his nephew, an idle lad, could only assist "in making them—he could *rough hew* them, but I was obliged to "*shape their ends.* Whoever recollects the profession of Shake-"speare's father, will admit that his son might be no stranger to such "a term. I have seen packages of wool pinned up with *skewers!*"'

It would be idle even to attempt an analysis of this literary *melange;* the first conversation, for instance, begins and ends with the poetical character of Fitz Jeffrey, and besides occasional citations from his compositions, a sort of running allusion to him is kept up by the speakers; but the body of the section is filled up by extracts from other writers and references to works and authors quite unconnected with the subject originally proposed. We make no objection to this, certainly, for we have

been much entertained by it; but for our present purpose, we find it exceedingly unmanageable. The second day is principally devoted to the writers of English blank-verse before Milton: the poetry is not very attractive, but the following piece of extravagance is, at least, amusing. We have modernized the old spelling.

'ELLIOT. What black beast is that upon the title-page: is it Beelzebub or a dog?

'BOURNE. Both; it is a representation of Beelzebub in the shape of a dog. I am not joking; read the title, though that does not fully explain the matter.

'ELLIOT. A most fearful object! "A strange and terrible "Wonder wrought very late in the parish Church of Bungay, a town "of no great distance from the city of Norwich, namely the fourth "of this August in the year of our Lord 1577, in a great tempest of "violent rain, lightning and thunder, the like whereof hath been "seldom seen. With the appearance of an horrible shaped thing, "sensibly perceived of the people then and there assembled. Drawn "into a plain method according to the written copy, by Abraham "Fleming." This means nothing less than a supernatural appearance.

'BOURNE. As I said, of the devil in the shape of a large black dog. In the body of the tract it is observed, "This black dog, or "devil in such likeness (God he knoweth all who worketh all) run-"ning all along down the body of the Church with great swiftness and "incredible haste among the people in a visible form and shape, pass-"ed between two persons, as they were kneeling upon their knees, "and occupied in prayer as it seemed, wrung the necks of them both "at one instant clean backward, insomuch that even at the moment "where they kneeled they strangely died."

'MORTON. How could Fleming become the dupe of such an absurd story?

'ELLIOT. Wiser men have been quite as foolish; witness Sir Thomas Brown, one of the latest well educated believers in the existence and power of witches.

'BOURNE. It would be easy to collect thousands of instances of the same weakness, down even to the days of Roger North. We are also told by Fleming, that another man received from this horrible monster "such a gripe on the back, that therewithal he was presently "drawn together and shrunk up, as it were a piece of leather scorch-"ed in a hot fire," and that the wires and wheels of the clock were melted and torn to pieces, thunder and lightning continuing all the time: which, in fact, is the simple explanation of the whole of this "straunge and terrible wunder."'

The third and three succeeding conversations refer principally to the early English satirists. The poetical specimens which are interspersed, are not always so striking as to tempt us to transcribe them; and those which might afford gratification to our readers, would require more introduction and explanation than we can

conveniently afford. As illustrations, and connected with the perpetual commentary of the dialogue, they are extremely interesting; but, abruptly transferred to our pages, they would lose much of their effect. We find the prose more convenient for citation, and shall trespass on Mr. Collier's stores for the following 'good 'story' from Sir John Harrington.

'I remember how not long since a grave and godly lady, and grandmother to all my wives children, did in their hearings, and for their better instruction, tell them a story, which though I will not swear it was true, yet I did wish the auditory would believe it. Namely, how an Hermit being carried in an evening, by the conduct of an angel, through a great city, to contemplate the great wickedness daily and hourly wrought therein, met in the street a dung farmer with his cart full laden, no man envying his full measure. The poor Hermit, as other men did, stopped his nostrils, and betook him to the other side of the street, hastening from the sour carriage all he could; but the angel kept on his way, seeming no whit offended with the savour. At which while the Hermit marvelled, there came not long after by them, a woman gorgeously attired, well perfumed, well attended with coaches and torches, to convey her perhaps to some nobleman's chamber. The good Hermit, somewhat revived with the fair sight and sweet savour, began to stand at the gaze. On the other side the good angel now stopped his nose, and both hastened himself away, and beckoned his companion from the place. At which the Hermit more marvelling than before, he was told by the angel that this fine courtezan laden with sin, was a more stinking savour afore God, than that beastly cart laden with excrements.'

The seventh and eighth conversations are miscellaneous, the last containing references to various sources whence Shakspeare may be supposed to have derived assistance in the construction of his plots. The ninth and tenth also relate to the drama, and contain much illiberal abuse of the Puritans for their conscientious opposition to the stage. We do not think it worth while to argue this matter with Mr. Collier; but he must be perfectly aware that ample evidence is to be produced in justification of the harshest strictures on the licentiousness of theatrical exhibitions.

Mr. Collier seems to intimate an intention of pursuing his subject. We shall feel much pleasure in again meeting him: his resources are abundant; and he is an intelligent and agreeable writer.

Art. III. 1. *Dramatic Scenes* and other Poems. By Barry Cornwall. f.cap 8vo. pp. 166. London, 1819.

2. *A Sicilian Story*, with Diego de Montilla, and other Poems. By Barry Cornwall. Second Edition. f.cap 8vo. pp. 176. London, 1820.

3. *Marcian Colonna*, an Italian Tale; with Three Dramatic Scenes and other Poems. By Barry Cornwall. 8vo. pp. 190. London, 1820.

WE have designated this gentleman as the poetical rival of Mr. Keats, and, though we do not like the cant phrase, we shall neither displease him, we trust, nor wrong him, in referring him to the same school. There are some persons, we understand, who, indignant at the comparison, will have it that the Keats is unspeakably the loftier poet, the more classical genius of the two. We have no wish to bet very high upon either; but judging of their pretensions simply from the productions which they have lavished upon us, we must remark that, on the one hand, the name of Barry Cornwall has not yet been affixed to any thing half so absurd as Endymion, and that, on the other hand, the Author of Endymion has never yet produced any thing comparable in genuine delicacy, sweetness, and pathos to the following stanzas, which attracted our attention before we ascertained their author.

> ‘ Gone from her cheek is the summer bloom,
> And her lip has lost all its faint perfume;
> And the gloss has dropped from her golden hair,
> And her cheek is pale, but no longer fair.
>
> ‘ And the spirit that sate on her soft blue eye,
> Is struck with cold mortality;
> And the smile that played round her lip has fled,
> And every charm has now left the dead.
>
> ‘ Like slaves they obeyed her in height of power,
> But left her all in her wintry hour;
> And the crowds that swore for her love to die,
> Shrunk from the tone of her last faint sigh.
> —And this is man’s fidelity!
>
> ‘ ’Tis Woman alone, with a purer heart,
> Can see all these Idols of life depart,
> And love the more; and smile and bless
> Man in his uttermost wretchedness.’ p. 160.

We know that there have been fortunate moments in which small poets have struck off some exquisite trifles, and we should not, therefore, have felt ourselves authorized on the strength of these verses, to rate superlatively high the capabilities of the Author; but there are other good things in that same volume: the Dramatic Scenes are very spirited imitations of the style of

our elder Dramatic writers, and contain some very touching passages; the minor poems, too, are elegant and pleasing; and altogether the volume, though not quite satisfactory as a performance, appeared to us to contain the promise of some future productions of no mean order. The rapidity with which the three publications at the head of this article, followed one upon another, did not, however, tend to confirm this favourable augury. A writer who either cannot *afford* to keep back the contents of his portfolio, or, not having the excuse of poverty, lacks the discretion that should restrain the eagerness to publish, is not likely to excel his first performance; he has, probably, already done his best. This appears to be the case with the present Author: the contents of his subsequent volumes have disappointed us; and, after reading Marcian Colonna, we are compelled to think much less respectfully of both his taste and his talents than we did when we had read only the earlier specimens. In his first volume, he was the successful imitator of Massinger and Fletcher; in the second, he came down not a little in taking for his model Don Juan, and failing in the attempt; in the third, he is either the imitator or the twin counterpart of John Keats himself. We shall take a specimen from each of the three volumes. The first is from the dramatic sketch entitled 'The 'broken heart.' The story is from Boccacio.

'Jeronymo was sent from Italy to Paris in order to complete his studies. He was detained there two years his mother being fearful lest he should marry a poor and beautiful girl, (Sylvestra,) with whom he had been brought up from infancy. During his absence his mother contrived to have Sylvestra married. He returned, and, after wandering about her dwelling, succeeded in getting into her chamber, conversed with her, (her husband being asleep,) and, at last, died on the bed before her.'

'*Jeron.* So: all is hush'd at last. Hist! There she lies,
Who should have been my own: Sylvestra!—No;
She sleeps; and from her parted lips there comes
A fragrance, such as April mornings draw
From the awakening flowers. There lies her arm,
Stretch'd out like marble on the quilted lid,
And motionless. What if she lives not?—Oh!
How beautiful she is! How far beyond
Those bright creations, which the fabling Greeks
Placed on their white Olympus. That great queen
Before whose eye Jove's starry armies shrank
To darkness, and the wide and billowy seas
Grew tranquil, was a spotted leper to her;
And never in such pure divinity
Could sway the wanton blood, as she did—Hark!
She murmurs like a cradled child. How soft 'tis.
Sylvestra!

'*Sylv.* Ha! who's there?
'*Jeron.* 'Tis I.
'*Sylv.* Who is 't?
'*Jeron.* Must I then speak, and tell my name to you?
Sylvestra, fair Sylvestra! know me now:
Not now? and is my very voice so changed
By wretchedness, that you—*you* know me not?
Alas!
'*Sylv.* Begone. I'll wake my husband if
You tread a step: begone.
'*Jeron.* Jeronymo!
'*Sylv.* Ha! speak.
'*Jeron.* Jeronymo.
'*Sylv.* Oh!
'*Jeron.* Hide your eyes:
Aye, hide them, married woman! lest you see
The wreck of him that loved you.
'*Sylv.* Not *me*.
'*Jeron.* Yes—
Lov'd you like life; like heaven and happiness.
Lov'd you and kept your name against this heart,
(Ill boding amulet) 'till death.
'*Sylv.* Alas!
'*Jeron.* And now I come to bring your wandering thoughts
Back to their innocent home. Thus, as 'tis said,
Do spirits quit their leaden urns, to tempt
Wretches from sin. Some have been seen o'nights
To stand, and point their rattling finger at
The red moon as it rose; (perhaps to turn
Man's thoughts on high.) Some their lean arms have stretch'd
'Tween murderers and their victims: Some have laugh'd
Ghastly, upon—the bed of wantonness,
And touch'd the limbs with death.
'*Sylv.* You will not harm me?
'*Jeron.* Why should I not?—No, no, poor girl! I come not
To mar your delicate limbs with outrage, I
Have lov'd too well for that. Had you but lov'd—
'*Sylv.* I did, I did!
'*Jeron.* Away—My brain is well:
(Though late 'twas hot.) You lov'd! away, away.
This to a dying man?
'*Sylv.* Oh! you will live
Long, aye, and happily: will wed perhaps—
'*Jeron.* Nay, pr'ythee cease. Sylvestra! you and I
Were children here some few short springs ago,
And lov'd like children: I the elder; you
The loveliest girl that ever tied her hair
Across a sunny brow of Italy.
I still remember how your delicate foot
Tripped on the lawn at vintage-time, and how,
When others ask'd you, you would only give
Your hand to me.

' *Sylv.* I—
I thought,—speak softly for my husband sleeps,
I thought, when you did stay abroad so long,
And never sent nor asked of me or mine,
You'd quite forgotten Italy.
' *Jeron.* Speak again.
Was't so indeed?
' *Sylv.* Indeed, indeed.
' *Jeron.* Then be it.
Yet, what had I done Fortune that she could
Abandon me so entirely? Never mind 't:
Have a good heart, Sylvestra: they who hate
Can kill us, but no more, that's comfort. Oh!
The journey is but short, and we can reckon
On slumbering sweetly with the freshest earth
Sprinkled about us. There no storms can shake
Our secure tenement; nor need we fear,
Though cruelty be busy with our fortunes,
Or scandal with our names.
' *Sylv.* Alas, alas!
' *Jeron.* Sweet! in the land to come we'll feed on flowers
Droop not, my beautiful child. Oh! we will love
Then without fear; no mothers there; no gold,
Nor hate, nor paltry perfidy, none, none.
We have been doubly cheated. Who'll believe
A mother could do this? but let it pass.
Anger suits not the grave. Oh! my own love,
Too late I see thy gentle constancy.
I wrote, and wrote, but never heard; at last,
Quitting that place of pleasure, home I came
And found you—married: Then—
' *Sylv.* Alas!
' *Jeron.* Then I
Grew moody, and at times I fear my brain
Was fever'd: but I could not die, Sylvestra,
And bid you no farewell.
' *Sylv.* Jeronymo!
Break not my heart thus: They—they did deceive me.
They told me that the girls of France were fair,
And you had scorn'd your poor and childish love;
Threaten'd, and vow'd, cajol'd, and then—I married.
' *Jeron.* Oh!
' *Sylv.* What's the matter?
' *Jeron.* Soft! The night wind sounds
A funeral dirge for me, sweet! Let me lie
Upon thy breast; I will not chill't, my love.
It is a shrine where Innocence might die:
Nay, let me lie there once; for once, Sylvestra!
' *Sylv.* Pity me!
' *Jeron.* So I do.

'*Sylv.* Then talk not thus;
Though but a jest, it makes me tremble.
'*Jeron.* Jest?
Look in my eye, and mark how true the tale
I've told you: On its glassy surface lies
Death, my Sylvestra. It is nature's last
And beautiful effort to bequeath a fire
To that bright ball on which the spirit sate
Through life; and look'd out, in its various moods,
Of gentleness and joy and love and hope,
And gain'd this frail flesh credit in the world.
It is the channel of the soul: Its glance
Draws and reveals that subtle power, that doth
Redeem us from our gross mortality.
'*Sylv.* Why, now you're cheerful.
'*Jeron.* Yes; 'tis thus I'd die.
'*Sylv.* Now *I* must smile.
'*Jeron.* Do so, and I'll smile too.
I do; albeit—ah! now my parting words
Lie heavy on my tongue; my lips obey not,
And—speech—comes difficult from me. While I can,
Farewell. Sylvestra! where's your hand?
'*Sylv.* Ah! cold.
'*Jeron.* 'Tis so; but scorn it not, my own poor girl.
They've used us hardly: Bless 'em though. Thou wilt
Forgive them? One's a mother, and may feel,
When that she knows me dead. Some air—more air:
Where are you?—I am blind—my hands are numb'd:
This is a wintry night. So,—cover me. [*dies*].'

he extract we are now about to lay before our readers from ale of Diego de Montilla will scarcely be recognised as the luction of the same Author. Whether this arises from the atility or the limitation and misdirection of the Author's ers, we leave them to decide.

'The octave rhyme (Ital. *ottava rima*)
Is a delightful measure made of ease
Turn'd up with epigram, and, tho' it seem a
Verse that a man may scribble when he please,
Is somewhat difficult; indeed, I deem a
Stanza like Spenser's will be found to teaze
Less, or heroic couplet; there, the pen
May touch and polish and touch up again.

'But, for the octave measure—it should slip
Like running water o'er its pebbled bed,
Making sweet music, (here I own I dip
In Shakspeare for a simile) and be fed
Freely, and then the poet must not nip
The line, nor square the sentence, nor be led
By old, approved, poetic canons; no,
But give his words the slip, and let 'em go.

'I mean to give in this same pleasant rhyme
Some short account of Don Diego *de*
Montilla, quite a hero in his time,
Who conquered captain Cupid as you'll see:
My tale is sad in part, in part sublime,
With here and there a smack of pleasantry;
As to the moral, why—'tis under cover.
I leave it for the reader to discover.'

'Diego was a knight, but more enlighten'd
Than knights were then, or are, in his countree,
Young, brave—at least, he'd never yet been frightened)
Well-bred, and gentle, as a knight should be:
He played on the guitar, could read and write and
Had seen some parts of Spain, and (once) the sea.
That sort of man one hopes to meet again,
And the most amorous gentleman in Spain.

'The Don Diego (mind this, Don Dieygo:
Pronounce it rightly,) fell in love. He saw
The daughter of a widow from Tobago,
Whose husband fell with honour: i. e. War
Ate up the lord of this same old virago,
Who strait returned to Spain, and went to law
With the next heir, but wisely first bespoke
The smartest counsel, for that's half the joke.

'The lady won her cause; then suitors came
To woo her and her daughters: she had two:
Aurelia was the elder, and her name,
Grace, wit, and so forth, thro' the country flew
Quicker than scandal: young Aurora's fame—
She had no fame, poor girl, and yet she grew
And brightened into beauty, as a flower
Shakes off the rain that dims its earlier hour.

'Aurelia had some wit, and, as I've said,
Grace, and Diego lov'd her like his life;
Offer'd to give her half his board and bed,
In short he woo'd the damsel for a wife,
But she turned to the right about her head,
And gave some tokens of (not love but) strife;
And bade him wait, be silent, and forget
Such nonsense: He heard this, and—lov'd her yet.'

A man has no right to expect that we should be at the pains of toiling through fifty or sixty stanzas of such dull trifling as this, in order to get at some few beautiful lines which he has chosen to conceal amid the rubbish. But we must do our Author this act of charity.

'O melancholy Love! amidst thy fears,
Thy darkness, thy despair, there runs a vein
Of pleasure, like a smile 'midst many tears,—
The pride of sorrow that will not complain—

The exultation that in after years
The loved one will discover—and in vain,
How much the heart silently in its cell
Did suffer till it broke, yet nothing tell.

'Else—wherefore else doth lovely woman keep
Lock'd in her heart of hearts, from every gaze
Hidden, her struggling passion—wherefore weep
In grief that never while it flows allays
Those tumults in the bosom buried deep,
And robs her bright eyes of their natural rays?
Creation's sweetest riddle!—yet remain
Just as thou art; man's only worthy gain.

'And thou, poor Spanish maid, ah! what hadst thou
Done to the archer blind, that he should dart
His cruel shafts till thou wast forced to bow
In bitter anguish, aye, endure the smart
The more because thou wor'st a smiling brow
While the dark arrow canker'd at thy heart?
Yet jeer her not: if 'twere a folly, she
Hath paid (how firmly paid) Love's penalty.

'Oft would she sit and look upon the sky,
When rich clouds in the golden sun-set lay
Basking, and loved to hear the soft winds sigh
That come like music at the close of day
Trembling amongst the orange blooms, and die
As 'twere from very sweetness. She was gay,
Meekly and calmly gay, and then her gaze
Was brighter than belongs to dying days.

'And on her young thin cheek a vivid flush,
A clear transparent colour sate awhile:
'Twas like, a bard would say, the morning's blush,
And round her mouth there play'd a gentle smile,
Which tho' at first it might your terrors hush,
It could not, tho' it strove, at last beguile;
And her hand shook, and then 'rose the blue vein
Branching about in all its windings plain.

'The girl was dying. Youth and beauty—all
Men love or women boast of was decaying,
And one by one life's finest powers did fall
Before the touch of death, who seem'd delaying,
As tho' he'd not the heart at once to call
The maiden to his home. At last, arraying
Himself in softest guise, he came: she sigh'd,
And, smiling as tho' her lover whisper'd, died.'

This last stanza is exquisitely beautiful; and the whole passage, although it does not display any remarkable originality or power of thought, is written with much taste and feeling; qualities which in our estimation far outweigh that wit and humour in

which our Author is so palpably deficient. It is but justice, too, to Mr. Barry Cornwall to state, that he confesses himself to have had some hesitation in laying this poem and 'Gyges,' which together occupy a third of the volume, before the public at all. We gather from this that he is not satisfied with his own performance, and we think the more highly of his judgement on this account. No doubt, he will have many readers to whom such dull drollery will be more palatable than better poetry; but if he wishes to write poetry that shall not only *sell* but *live*, he will do well to leave the *ottava rima* to the inimitable and detestable Author of Don Juan,* and to William and Robert Whistlecraft.

Marcian Colonna is a disgustingly horrible and unnatural story. The Author tells us that his 'original intention was, to 'paint the fluctuations of a fatalist's mind touched with insanity,' but that 'this intention has been in some measure departed from.' We should never have guessed at his purpose, most assuredly; nor do we perceive any trace of it. There is some ingenuousness in telling the public, 'The poem is not what I intended to make it,—I could not manage the thing;' but we should have thought more highly of his discretion, had he kept his own secret. To what extent the public would in that case have been the loser, let the following extract say.

> 'He spoke "Dear Marcian I"—"How soft she speaks,"
> He uttered: "Nay—" (and as the daylight breaks
> Over the hills at morning was her smile,)
> "Nay you must listen silently awhile.
> "Dear Marcian, you and I for many years
> Have suffered: I have bought relief with tears;
> But, my poor friend, I fear a misery
> Beyond the reach of tears has weighed on thee.
> What 'tis I know not, but (now calmly mark
> My words) 'twas said that—that thy mind was dark,
> And the red fountains of thy blood, (as Heaven
> Is stained with the dying lights of Even,)
> Were tainted—that thy mind did wander far,
> At times, a dangerous and erratic star,
> Which like a pestilence sweeps the lower sky,
> Dreaded by every orb and planet nigh.
> This hath my father heard. Oh! Mar-ci-*an*,
> He is a worldly and a cruel man."'

* No modern bard, however, has handled this measure with more ease and dexterity than William Tennant, the author of Anster Fair; and he was, we believe, the first who availed himself of it as adapted to serio-comic poetry. The only difference between Tennant and the much-bepraised Whistlecraft, is, that in Anster Fair the stanza of Fairfax is shut up with the Alexandrine of Spenser.

This last couplet almost rivals that of good John Bunyan in his Emblems:

> 'Moses was a fair and comely man,
> His wife a swarthy Ethi-opi-an.'

Marcian Colonna abounds with such ingenious rhythmical varieties. Thus, sometimes, we have the conjunction *and* made to sustain the weight of the rhyme:

> 'The masters of the world have vanished, *and*
> Thy gods have left or lost their old command.'

Sometimes, the relative:

> ——————— 'save some sad few
> (Like him imprison'd and devoted,) *who*—

Or still better, a preposition:

> 'He was the youngest of his house, and *from*
> His very boyhood a severer gloom'——

Again:

> 'Her shape and voice fell like a balm upon
> His sad and dark imagination.'
>
> '——————— His mother fondly kissed
> Her eldest born, and bid him on that day
> Devote him to the dove-eyed Ju-li-A ! !' '

This last rhyme is of frequent occurrence; and it is abundantly evident, that the instances we have selected, far from being marks of carelessness, are most deliberately and gravely put forth as specimens of free and accomplished versification. The silly affectation of singularity and utter want of ear which they betray, merit nothing better than contempt. But we cannot persuade ourselves that the genuine Barry Cornwall is responsible for the poem from which they are taken. The name is generally understood to be a feigned one, and for any thing that we know to the contrary, there may be more than one person whom it suits to wear the domino. If our suspicions are well-founded, the real Barry has either had a most unkind liberty taken with his shadowy property, or has committed an act of most magnanimous and self-denying friendship. If they are *not*, the deterioration of taste, ear, and judgement which the latter productions of the same nominal author exhibit, will remain wholly unaccounted for and unaccountable. We can judge fairly of a writer's powers, only by taking into consideration his best productions and his worst. Were we to throw out of our estimate all the bad writing in the volumes before us, what would be left might seem to entitle the Author to rank—we do not say immeasurably above the adventurous young bard with whom he has been accidentally thrown into competition by the choice of the same subject for one of his poems—but to

rank very high among the rising poets of the day. We should then say, let this man be but just to himself, let him continue to converse with the same masters of poesy as he appears hitherto to have taken for his models, without aping their dialect, or making a parade of his familiarity with them; and let him never as a poet do less than his best,—let there be an intellectual character, a moral substance in all that he writes, that the thoughts may always appear worth the setting; and we will venture to ensure him no unenviable share of honourable regard from his contemporaries, and a very sufficient term of literary immortality. But this prediction would take for granted that the maturer productions of the Author would exhibit greater vigour of thought, richer stores of fancy, a severer eye, and a more skilful hand. Taking, however, the whole contents of the present volumes together, we feel ourselves not justified in passing any thing beyond a qualified encomium on their merits, nor can we entertain any very sanguine expectations as to the Author's future success. It is a very fortunate circumstance that he is not, if common report may be relied upon, an idle man: poetry is not his profession, his main object, or his sheet anchor. He will probably enough set lightly, therefore, by our praises and predictions; and when the fit of versifying has spent itself in a few more desultory efforts in a few more different styles, and other engagements and cares, professional and domestic, shall multiply upon our *incognito*, he will be quite resigned to being as Barry Cornwall forgotten.

It is after all a very irksome thing for a critic to be just, and a very thankless thing for him to be honest. Most of our town authors would far rather be be-*Blackwooded* or be-*Jeffrayed* at once; and as to the gentle reader, who cares not a straw how the frogs like the game, it is all one to him whether the poet be lauded or written down an ass. To our good friends in the country, however, who are waiting for our critical sentence in order to determine their purchases of light reading matter for the current quarter, we feel in duty bound to give a faithful report. Waving all further criticism, we shall, for their gratification, give as a specimen of the better things that are to be found in the volume containing Marcian Colonna, the following 'stanzas.'

> 'She died—she died;—yet still to me
> She comes, in sad and sober dreaming,
> And from her hair a pale light streaming
> Shews her as she was wont to be.
>
> 'She stands in beauty by me still:
> Alas! that Death two hearts should sever,
> (The father and the child) who ever
> Loved, and were inseparable.

'Still are her brow and bosom white;
Her raven hair the one adorning,
And her eyes, sweet as the break of morning,
Shine thro' like stars from the darkest night.

'If the quick lustre of her eye—
(Can such then sparkle from the grave?)
Be false, may I still live the slave
Of this so charming phantasy.

'It matters not, to me, from what
Or whom she gains her beauty now;
I see my child's own sinless brow,
And die—if I believe it not.'

e had intended to give extracts from 'the Sicilian Story,' rom Mr. Keats's version of the same tale from Boccaccio, der to afford our readers an opportunity of comparing the poems: but this article is already sufficiently extended. Keats, certainly, tells the story the most neatly and intelli-, but there is better poetry and more feeling, we think, in oem of his rival.

IV. *Sermons*, preached in the Parish Church of High Wy-nbe, Bucks. By the Rev. Charles Bradley, Curate of High rcombe. Vol. II. 8vo. pp. 398. Price 10s. 6d. London. 1820.

E are happy to find the hope realized which we expressed in our review of Mr. Bradley's former volume, and which ply justified by the contents of the present publication. The cts of these sermons are equally well-chosen, and they are ed in a manner extremely pleasing and highly instructive. ' are twenty-one in number.

. God the eternal Dwelling Place of his Servants. II. The arance of David towards Shimei. III. The Grounds of Da- Forbearance towards Shimei. IV. The Rewards of the Con- ng Christian (Rev. ii. 17). V. The Israelites returning from lon. VI. The redeemed Sinner joining himself in a Covenant God. VII, VIII. The Way to Zion (Isaiah xxv. 8—10). IX. Patience of God. X. The Repentance of Judas. XI. The ntance of Peter. XII. The Confession of Pharaoh. XIII. Scape-Goat a Type of Christ. XIV. The Burial of Christ. The Exhortation and Promises of God to the Afflicted. XVI. Advantages of a frequent Retrospect of Life. XVII. The Fear ter when walking on the Sea. XVIII. The Christian waiting is Deliverer. XIX. The Prayer of David for Self-Knowledge. The Wedding Garment. XXI. The Christian reigning in Life.'

ie most striking sermon, perhaps, is that on the Repentance das. It is the object of the Preacher, to point out wherein emorse of the self-condemned traitor resembled true repent- and wherein it differed from it. He shews that in many

respects there was a strong apparent resemblance; in the conviction of sin from which it sprang; the open acknowledgement of guilt which his convictions led him to make; the deep sorrow with which his repentance was accompanied; his self-condemnation; his extreme anxiety to counteract the evil consequences of his crime, when he saw, probably with amazement, to what it was about to lead; and his entire renunciation of its fruits. Under the last head, he remarks:

'"He brought again the thirty pieces of silver to the chief priests and elders." The money, from which he had expected so much gratification, became now a source of remorse and misery. Regarding it as the price of his Master's blood and the wages of his own unrighteousness, he could not look upon it without horror, he could not keep it without torment. Impatient to put it far away from him, he carried it back to those from whom he had received it; and when they refused to accept it, he cast it down with abhorrence in the temple and departed. And not only this, but he endeavours, at the hazard of his life, to prevent the execution of Christ. While one of his disciples was denying and the others deserting him, Judas openly declared his innocence before the assembled Sanhedrim, and thus boldly condemned their proceedings, and showed that he was ready to encounter any danger, to bear the utmost violence of their malice, so that he might vindicate and save his injured Lord.

'These, brethren, are the signs, by which this unhappy man evinced the sincerity of his repentance. Who, as he thinks of them, can resist the conviction that there are very few among us, whose repentance would bear to be compared for one moment with his? We all indeed acknowledge ourselves to be sinners, but no abiding consciousness of guilt disturbs our peace, and our confessions of it are little more than mere words of course, or idle and unmeaning compliments to our God. We call ourselves miserable offenders, but as for the misery of sin, we have never felt it. It is on the contrary our delight, and all our ideas of happiness are more or less connected with it. How backward also are we to condemn ourselves! and how do our proud spirits rise and rage, when we are condemned or censured by others! Instead of forsaking the iniquities we confess, we hold them fast, and are prepared to repeat to-morrow, without compunction or shame, the sins which we have professed to lament to-day. This striking difference between us and the betrayer of our Lord may well excite our fears, and the more so when we remember that even his sincere and heart-felt remorse fell far short of real contrition, and left him to perish.'

This specious repentance, he then proceeds to shew, differed from that 'godly sorrow' with which pardon and salvation are connected, 1. in its origin; 2. as to the object of his sorrow; 3. in its extent; 4. in its result. The closing remarks are truly excellent.

'And now, brethren, let us ask what are the p ctical lessons, which this solemn subject is calculated to teach u It shows us first, that *we may bear a very close resemblance to* *of Christ, and*

yet remain still in the number of his enemies and share their condemnation. It reminds us that we may seem to have proceeded far in the way to heaven and yet never reach it, be almost saved but altogether lost. It calls upon every one of us not to take his sincerity and safety for granted, but to examine the foundation on which his hope rests, and to enquire, with the most earnest anxiety, whether he be indeed and in truth under the converting and saving influence of the gospel of Christ.

'We are more especially warned to guard against self-deception as to our repentance. We are told how far an accusing conscience may carry us, and yet leave us at as great a distance as ever from true conversion of heart. We are called on to look at Judas becoming his own accuser, openly acknowledging his guilt, vindicating his Master, and condemning himself; and while we are ready to commiserate his sufferings and almost admiring his boldness, we are reminded that at this very moment he was as much a son of perdition, as when with a treacherous kiss he betrayed his Lord. Not that his confession was hypocritical, or his repentance superficial or assumed. No confession could be more sincere, no sorrow more genuine, no fear more agitating. And yet he perished, perished not because his sin was too great for the blood of Christ to cleanse and the mercy of God to pardon it, but because he wanted those things, without which the most severe compunctions, and the liveliest feelings, and the most splendid gifts are nothing worth. And what are those things? A heart-felt abhorrence of sin, a conviction of the deeply seated and desperate wickedness of the soul, a spirit of grace and supplication, an earnest wrestling with God for his pardoning mercy. These are the things which accompany salvation, and he who is destitute of these is yet far from the kingdom of God, is utterly alienated from him, a stranger to his covenant of promise, and an heir of his wrath.

'The repentance and end of this fallen apostle reminds us, lastly, that *no man can be a gainer by sin.* When he first received the thirty pieces of silver from the chief priests, Judas undoubtedly felt a momentary gratification, and pleased himself with the thought of encreasing and permanently enjoying his ill-gotten treasure; but he had scarcely obtained possession of it, when he became anxious to part with it, and cursed the hour, in which he had sold his peace of conscience for so mean a price. And thus is it with sin of every kind, and under all possible circumstances. It is treacherous and destructive. It offers us pleasure, but it is a pleasure which ends in the bitterness of death. The losses we sustain by it are real, great, and many; its gains a mere show, an empty delusion, the sweetness of the cup which is charged with poison, the beauty of the serpent whose bite is death.

'And yet Judas is not the only professor of the gospel, whom sin has deceived and ruined. Thousands, who once seemed fair as he, have been overcome by it and perished. For the sake of averting some threatening difficulty or attaining some fancied good, they have consented to betray their Lord. Professing themselves his friends, they have taken counsel with his enemies, deserted his cause, and been ashamed of his name. And what have they gained? "They have

'The truth is, that there can be no real prayer, without some degree of faith; and it is equally true, that the weakest faith, if it be real, gives the sinner an interest in the promises of Christ, as much as the strongest, and makes his final, though not his present, happiness as sure. The comfort of the gospel is the portion of those only, whose faith is strong; but the salvation of the gospel is the portion of all, whose faith is real. The one must necessarily depend in a great measure on our frames and feelings, on those fears and hopes, which are too often as unstable as water and frail as broken reeds; the other is founded on that righteousness which is always perfect, on the efficacy of that blood which is always availing, on the finished work of that Redeemer who is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever.

'To what conclusion then are we to come? Are we warranted to say that if these things be so, we may rest satisfied with a faith, which is weak and wavering; which cures us of no follies, and roots out of us no sins; which enables us to overcome no temptations and to endure no trials; which leaves us the slaves of the world and the obedient servants of its prince? God forbid! To be satisfied with such a faith as this is to be satisfied with that, which makes the devils tremble. Indeed to be content with any faith, however strong it may appear, is to prove that we are merely deceiving ourselves, that we have no genuine faith at all. True faith is a growing grace, and he, in whose heart it has once been planted, will never be satisfied unless he sees that it is growing; he will never think that he can have enough of it, but will be ever crying, "Lord, encrease my faith." Instead of being reconciled to his unbelief by the history before us, he will see how much he has injured himself by it, and will leave this house of prayer mourning over it, and condemning himself on account of it. The words of his Lord will be yet sounding in his ears, "Wherefore dost thou doubt?" and he, who follows him to his closet, will hear him praying there, that he may be enabled this day to cast out of his heart the fears, which are depressing and defiling it; will see him striving to bring forth those enemies of his soul, and to slay them at his Saviour's cross.' pp. 318—320.

That must indeed be a fastidious taste to which, as compositions, these exhibitions of evangelical religion should be repulsive or unacceptable, and that must be an obdurate mind which they fail to impress. In bestowing on them praise thus unqualified, we do not mean to exalt them into models of sermon-writing. We know of very few writers, scarcely any, whose sermons can be safely recommended to general imitation. Some of the most striking compositions of this class are among the least susceptible of being advantageously imitated. The practical excellence of a sermon mainly depends on its adaptation to the local character of the congregation; on its speaking a language intelligible to their feelings, and meeting them with a knowledge of their condition and daily wants. There must be a congruity, too, between the style of the composition and the native manner of the speaker. A sermon ought to be as natural

an effusion as a poem; and this will greatly determine what specific character it should assume. We are speaking now in reference to the pulpit. Three grand requisites these sermons exhibit, which are of universal application: they are simple, affectionate, and interesting. For family reading, they will on this account be found eminently suitable.

We regret to observe a very perverse and inconvenient punctuation adopted in the present volume, for which we do not know whether the Author or the Printer is responsible. In almost every case, the relative is cut off from its antecedent by a comma; not merely when the latter is employed to introduce a parenthetical branch of the sentence, but often when it is introduced for the purpose of specifically qualifying the thing to which it relates: e. g. 'the deep sorrow, with which his repentance was 'accompanied;' 'the banks of the rivers, which flowed;' 'but 'he, who has redeemed them,' &c. The effect of this is not unfrequently to throw an obscurity over a plain sentence, and exceedingly to embarrass a person in reading aloud, till he learns to disregard the commas thus capriciously scattered over the lines. In the second instance, the comma would be proper if it was the *banks* that flowed, instead of the *rivers*, the immediate antecedent.

As we are on the subject of minute faults, we may just add, that Mr. Bradley, who is in general distinguished by the sobriety and chastity of his expressions, rather deviates from his usual good taste in the following sentence: 'Whilst these 'graces are in lively exercise, they envy not the inhabitants of 'heaven.' We cannot conceive of any frame of devout feeling, in which the holiness of heaven should not be aspired after as infinitely desirable, and in which the present state should not be felt to be one of privation and infirmity. In the same sermon, the eleventh, which is not perhaps written with quite his usual care, the following sentence occurs:

'And, like the agitated Joseph, he (Peter) sought where to give vent to his sorrow unseen, and to implore undisturbed that mercy which he so greatly needed.'

The reader is at a loss to know on what occasion Joseph retired to implore undisturbed that mercy which he needed. The Author meant to restrict the comparison to Joseph's retiring to vent his sorrow in secret; but he has not done this, and the sentence as it stands, is incorrect.

The subjects of the Sermons, we have already said, are well-chosen. Looking at the volume as a complete sample of ministerial labours, however, we should demand some of a description more *directly* practical. This is the *tendency* of all of them, but we think the Apostolic example, as exhibited in the

close of the Epistles, is in favour of at least an occasional insisting upon the grand points of social duty, in connexion with those peculiar motives which distinguish Christian morality from all ethical systems whatsoever. It is a true axiom, "Make "the tree good and the fruit will be good;" and for this reason, many good men seem to think that the time which is spent in exhorting men to the practice of holiness is comparatively thrown away: that is not, they will say, preaching the Gospel, which is a proclamation of Divine mercy to sinners. This definition of the Gospel we readily admit; we admit, too, that irreligious persons are not within the reach of those considerations and motives by which the Apostolic writers enforce their practical exhortations. The proper subjects of *practical* preaching are that description of persons to whom those exhortations were addressed; that is, *believers*, true Christians, those whom the lax Christianity of the present day takes for granted to be above the need of such initiatory instruction. In this respect, it is not a little remarkable how completely and perversely at variance are Apostolic and modern practice. On the one hand, the class to which our ethical lecturers direct their recommendations of Christian morality, the uninstructed and the unconverted,—the first preachers of Christianity never thought of addressing in any other language than that of Repent—Believe—Be converted: they would as soon have thought of expatiating upon colours to the blind as of exhorting *them* to the practice of holiness. On the other hand, the class to whom a minute specification of moral duties, and an earnest enforcement of the simply preceptive part of Christianity, appear to be deemed superfluous, is the very class which the inspired teachers addressed in that higher style, "Be ye holy as "God is holy." They were, surely, sufficiently evangelical, and yet they never contented themselves with the preaching of the Gospel. Wherever a Christian church existed, there were other parts of their high ministration which it became incumbent upon them to discharge; and the great stress of their instructions was henceforth laid on the importance of "walking "worthy of the Christian vocation." This topic, pursued out into all the details which connect it with the private duties and diversified circumstances of social life, comprehends the only effective system of morality. The view which it takes of practical duty, is exclusively and peculiarly Christian; and the motives which are connected with that view, are the only effective substitutes for those *lower* motives which Christianity disallows and supersedes, but which, in the absence of true religion, have an undoubtedly beneficial influence upon society. There is such a thing as a person's being, by the circumstance of a religious

education or associations, abstracted, as it were, from the influence of that sense of honour, that lofty regard for reputation, that repugnance to any thing mean or ungenerous, by which worldly men are sometimes rendered most estimable members of society; abstracted, too, from the operation of a pharisaic creed, which yet may prompt to outward acts of virtue, and of a slavish fear of the terrors of the law, which yet may engender a salutary caution;—while yet he is *not* so brought under the genuine influence of vital religion, as to have his temper and conduct governed by its higher principles—the nice feeling of *Christian* honour, the courtesy, the wisdom towards them that are without, the respect to the recompense of reward, the reverence for the Divine Inhabitant of the human temple, the self-denying benevolence, and the constant reference to the Divine glory, which the New Testament every where assumes as the only adequate basis of Christian morality. The lax practice, the alleged meanness and dishonourableness in commercial transactions, the rudeness and coarseness in social intercourse, the symbolizing with the world and the intense pursuit of gain, by which a large proportion of reputed Christians are characterized, can be explained to the satisfaction of the staggered noviciate, only by this consideration. What would seem, then, to be peculiarly called for in times when the religious profession is so extended as to become almost undistinguishing, and so prosperous as no longer to involve a reproach, is, that species of practical preaching which shall call upon Christians, as such, to realize the morality of the Gospel, and attest its superiority; and this by the exhibition of those spiritual motives which reflect impotence on every other system, considered merely as a system of ethics. What is wanted, is, not merely evangelical preaching, in opposition to the preaching of Blair or Alison, or orthodox preaching in opposition to the Pelagianism of the high-church clergy, or the Antinomianism of the low-church seceders; but, Apostolic preaching which should follow out the doctrines of the New Testament into all their bearings on human virtue and human happiness, and, having first rescued the revealed matter of faith from suppression or neglect, recover the rule of obedience, the law of morality also, from the essayists and moral philosophers, whose works have hitherto been considered as a code of practical duty even to the disciples of Christ.

We deem it wholly unnecessary to guard these remarks from misapplication to Mr. Bradley, with whom we have no further acquaintance than is derived from his printed works, and of the complete fidelity of whose ministerial labours we entertain no doubt. We cordially recommend the present volume to our readers; and repeat, that it is from no dissatisfaction with its

contents, that we have taken this opportunity of submitting these few hasty but not unimportant considerations on the general subject of evangelical preaching.

Art. V. *Lyra Davidis*; or a New Translation and Exposition of the Psalms; grounded on the Principles adopted in the Posthumous Work of the late Bishop Horsley; viz. that these Sacred Oracles have for the most Part an immediate Reference to Christ and to the Events of his First and Second Advent. By the Rev. John Fry, B.A. Rector of Desford. 8vo. pp. xxviii. 584. Price 18s. 1819.

IN enumerating the circumstances which have been injurious to the religion of Christ, a fair advocate for its authority would not omit to include the injudicious treatment which the Bible has received in the hands of many Christian teachers. The interpretation of the Scriptures has but too frequently been conducted, both by preachers and by authors, in a manner which, if applied in the attempt to elucidate other books, would not only fail to procure respect for the critical adventurer, but would attach to his name and his labours a character that might prove an efficient means of preserving the purity of literature from some of its grossest abuses. The neglect or the mockery which has fallen on some wayward writers, is the just reward of their irrationality; a visitation by which the insults offered to the Classics are sure of being avenged and punished. Nor are the abuses of sacred literature deserving of a better reward. For if books are written to be understood, and that the knowledge which they convey may be applied to the purposes intended by the communicator, the object of the sacred interpreter must be the same as the object of the classical or scientific reader and expounder, namely, to ascertain distinctly the sense designed by the writer on whose text he has undertaken to comment. No serious book was ever left by its author to the arbitration of its readers, to construe its terms, and to attach to its expressions such meaning as their caprice may dictate; and least of all is the Bible committed into our hands to be dealt with as our fancy may suggest. But how often are expressions and entire passages selected from that volume, to be the trials of erratic minds, and to furnish the occasions and means by which a disordered imagination may indulge itself in self-complacent follies! We have no wish on a serious subject to disturb the grave feeling of our readers, by adducing examples in point, remarkable for their being in opposition as much to simplicity as to truth, and calculated, not to edify, but to produce ludicrous effects. The practice, indeed, to which we are now referring, is so common, that, in the absence of all examples, we may safely reckon on the concurrence of every one of our sober readers, in our belief, that many minds have taken disgust, and have received injury,

probably in some cases irreparable injury, from religious teachers whom they should have known only to be benefited by them. What other result can indeed be expected than an unfavourable one, when texts of Scripture, obvious and definite in their connexion and import, are presented to notice as sustaining remote relations, and as being full of recondite and mystical meaning; while the palpable and literal sense is not merely overlooked, but is altogether denied? Will 'they who came to scoff,' be diverted from their purpose, and 'remain to pray,' when they are supplied with this sort of antidote to seriousness?

Passages, we well know, are of frequent occurrence in the Bible, which relate to spiritual objects, and which are of a prophetical character; and some of those passages are not, it must be admitted, so clear and express, as to preclude difficulty in expounding them. But their character and relation as referring to their subjects, will be less or more apparent; and there are modes of interpretation which a sober expositor will never permit himself wantonly or arbitrarily to violate. In elucidating such portions of the Scriptures, the Christian teacher is engaged in a service which, while he gravely and skilfully uses the proper means of explaining them, must ensure him attention and respect, and obtain, what is so much his proper object, from the persons whom he has interested in the inquiries brought under notice, the virtual promise of reserving them for renewed examination. In such cases the hearer, or the reader, has the feeling that his perception of the subject is indistinct, or may be inaccurate, and he receives the suggestions of an instructer as aids to his understanding. But in the other instance, where neither symbols nor figures are part of the language, and where too the plainest forms of speech are assigned to the most distinct and simple subjects, a meaning is *denied* to the words, which the words fairly and literally contain, and a meaning is asserted to be the only and exclusive meaning, which is not perceptible. And when, in these most intelligible and most obvious meanings, a remote connexion is sought, and a sense remote and foreign is assigned to the passage, what other apprehension can be expected to be excited by this class of mystical interpreters in certain minds, than the apprehension that the Bible is an unintelligible book, different from all other books as to the design and style of its writers, and as to the means of its being understood? And with this impression, is a man likely to take the Bible to be a light to his path in the pursuit of truth? Or can those expositors who have led him thus to the threshold of scepticism, be regarded as doing service to religion?

We are truly sorry to preface our notice of the volume before us in the manner we have done. Our remarks, however, have been entirely suggested by the perusal of its contents. It is a

publication with which we must unreservedly express ourselves not only dissatisfied, but offended. The Translator and Expositor now under our review, has permitted himself to run down all sober and steady rules of explication, and has indulged without measure, in the wildest flights of theological conceit. The book is full of error and extravagance. We cannot, indeed, attribute to Mr. Fry a spirit of levity: no person, on perusing the work can doubt the respectability of its, Author, or be otherwise than favourably and strongly impressed with the uniform evidence of his seriousness and piety. But if a person were to direct his thoughts to the Bible for the purpose of making it ridiculous, he could not be more successful by any thing that he could achieve in his unhallowed design, than is in some instances Mr. Fry. And yet his veneration for the Bible is not to be questioned. Nor would it be equitable to represent the Author as incompetently furnished with the erudition necessary for the work he had to execute. Men may, however, deviate from an approveable course as Biblical critics and translators, while they possess the fairest reputation for learning and religion. It were easy to produce names, great and excellent in many respects, that associate with them recollections of strange eccentricities in theology. While we do justice to Mr. Fry's sincerity and ability, we must also do justice to his book, and to the public for whose use it is provided: this justice it is impossible for us to fulfil without expressing our regret that under his name such a work should have made its appearance, or otherwise than by exposing its erroneous construction and its mischievous tendencies. It is, we think, ominous for Mr. Fry's critical reputation and utility, that he professes to follow out Bishop Horsley's crude assumptions and method of interpreting the book of Psalms.* We have sometimes been tempted to suspect that the Bishop was engaged in an attempt to try what the credulity of some purchasers of books could digest, when he set out as a Commentator on the Psalms. But the Rector of Desford is, we should apprehend, of "another spirit" than that which dwelt in the lofty and lordly prelate, to whom the spiritual interests of Christ's religion were never much indebted. Mr. Fry's work professes to be grounded on the principles adopted in Bishop Horsley's volumes on the Psalms:—Principles they are indeed called by Mr. F.; but nothing like principles has he furnished in his introductory remarks, in which we find nothing better than assumptions, the self-guidance of the Expositor's fancy taking place of all sober rule and dictate.

* Bishop Horsley's posthumous work on the Psalms was reviewed in our Number for January 1816. (Vol. V.) To that article we beg to refer our readers.

It is a gratuitous assumption, that 'these sacred songs are 'not to be applied to the character and personal concerns of 'David' and the other authors of them. Why are they not to be so applied? For no reason whatever but because Mr. Fry is determined to apply them otherwise. Some of the Psalms, unquestionably, have reference to the person and kingdom of the Messiah; but if, because some of these Divine compositions relate to the Messiah, the entire collection of them is to be taken to have no reference to the circumstances of their respective writers, it would then follow, that there is nothing in other entire books, some portions of which are predictions of Christ, that is not directly and exclusively related to the Messiah's character and reign. That the Apostles have referred some of the Psalms to the Saviour, is no reason that Mr. Fry should refer the whole of them directly and entirely to Him. It is another gratuitous assumption, that the titles of the Psalms are 'the 'conceits of Jewish Editors.' These Mr. Fry discards because they oppose his scheme; but to us, we confess, it looks suspicious, and as if a theory were wanting in solidity, when a sweeping riddance of this kind is required in its favour. The eighteenth Psalm is described in the title prefixed to it, as being "A Psalm of David, the servant of the Lord, who spake unto "the Lord the words of this song, in the day that the Lord "delivered him from the hand of all his enemies, and from the "hand of Saul." And this very Psalm is inserted in 2 Sam. xxii. with the very same designation of its contents and purpose: "And David spake unto the Lord the words of this song, in "the day," &c. The introductory verse in 2 Sam. xxii., is an integral part of the book; it is supported by the same authority on which the genuineness of every indisputable passage in the Bible depends; it cannot therefore be expunged; and if it belongs to the composition as inserted in the Second Book of Samuel, it belongs also to it as it appears in the Book of Psalms. That a thanksgiving ode should have no reference whatever to the deliverance which it professes to commemorate, no relation whatever to the person and circumstances of the writer who composed its devout strains as a celebration of signal vouchsafements of the Divine favour to him, is a paradox too grossly absurd to be rendered plausible by a few declamatory sentences from the pen of Mr. Fry. If this sacred song, so definite in its designation, is not to be applied to the character and personal concerns of David, there is at once an end to all certainty and consistency throughout the Bible.

Again: it is a perfectly gratuitous assumption, that the Psalms are 'for the most part of a prophetical character;' the application, therefore, of any mode of interpretation as a canon for the exposition of prophecy, to the Psalms, as a rule to which the

whole of them is subjected, is misapplied, and is perfectly nugatory. We repeat, that *principles* of explanation are not to be found in Mr. Fry's book: from the beginning to the end, there is the entire absence of all intelligible and consistent *data*. The Author constructs his system of interpretation throughout on groundless and extravagant suppositions. For example: the term צדיק *righteous*, or *just*, is, he asserts, to be understood, not as a general epithet referring to religious persons, but as relating to and designating the Redeemer, "the JUST "ONE." Now the word in question does not occur in the Psalms in a sense or construction different from the usage of the term in the other books of Scripture; and it might with as much propriety be asserted that the word צדיק in the book of Job or of Proverbs signifies the Redeemer, he who is eminently "the JUST ONE," as that such is its uniform and exclusive reference in the Psalms. It is, on Mr. Fry's method of explaining Scripture, not of Job, but of the Redeemer, that it is said, "The just (צדיק the JUST ONE) is laughed to scorn." David and Asaph cannot be, Mr. Fry alleges, the subjects of the acknowledgements and prayers which occur in the Psalms, because these assert their integrity of principle, their undeviating observance of the Divine law: then, not Job, but the Redeemer, "the JUST ONE," must be regarded as the subject of the predicate in such passages as these, "The righteous (צדיק) also "shall hold on his way, and he that has clean hands shall be "stronger and stronger."—"My foot hath held his steps, his "way have I kept and not declined. Neither have I gone back "from the commandment of his lips." Not the Patriarch of Uz, but the Redeemer, it would be proper to contend, on Mr. Fry's assumption, is the subject of the xxiii. chapter of the book of Job: in this case, the interpretation would be as correct as many of Mr. Fry's expositions. We should not indeed be surprised to find some bulky volume coming forth to the public for the purpose of shewing that copious passages, not to say entire books, of the Hebrew Scriptures, that have been hitherto considered as historical, have an exclusive reference to the Messiah and to the affairs of his kingdom. Nothing is insuperable to such a genius as Mr. Fry's: his canons, so he calls them, allow ample latitude to dispose of the contents of the Bible in any manner that may be wished; they require no sobriety of judgement; they lay no restraints upon the fancy. Furnished with them, the translator and expositor of Scripture is under no control; he walks at large in his own fields of imagination, and, like the first man in giving appellations to the creatures, whatsoever he is pleased to call any object, that must be its name. The Horsleyan school, improved by Mr. Fry, may

probably furnish us with a gifted race of interpreters. And why should we be without our Christian Cabalists and Talmudists?

To justify the censure with which we feel it to be right to visit this publication, it will be necessary for us to present our readers with a view of its contents. This we shall attempt, after further preparing them for the explications of the Author by stating the fact, that Mr. Fry asserts that the expressions applied to Eve, "the mother of all living," do not signify that she was "the mother of all mankind;" her natural descendants are not, he avers, included in the phrase, but the words "all "living," intend 'a peculiar people, whom God, of his special 'grace, has spiritually quickened and separated to himself from 'the midst of mankind.'

Let our readers now peruse the first Psalm,—a psalm, the propriety and beauty of which, as a descriptive character of the religious man, exhibited in contrast with that of the irreligious, are great and striking; and let them examine its whole structure and entire bearings, for the purpose of satisfying themselves on the question of its direct and pertinent application. What sentiment does it contain, that is not strictly correct as a general representation of the practice and happiness of pious persons? According to Mr. Fry, however, it is 'intended to be descriptive of the character and reward of the 'JUST ONE,' and 'the blessing with which the Psalm opens, 'can light on the "holy child Jesus" alone.' The third Psalm was, according to the title which it bears, composed by David when he was fleeing from his son Absalom; but our Expositor, discarding the title, limits the Psalm to 'the holy Champion 'who entered the lists with wicked men and wicked spirits on 'behalf of his people,' *because* (let this reason be remarked) 'the suppliant in this Psalm speaks of the ungodly, רשעים, as 'synonymous with his enemies;' a reason which would be just as satisfactory for applying the description to Job, who speaks of the ungodly, רשעים, as synonymous with *his* enemies. Job xvi. 11. The twelfth Psalm would seem to refer to the treachery and falsehood of the times of its author; but, in this new version, the Psalm has quite another reference: it is assumed as describing the sad havoc which hypocrisy, deceit, and the seducing lies of false teachers, would make among the professors of the Gospel:—'So low would pure religion be 'reduced, that in his intercession concerning his Israel, the 'Beloved of the Father might seem to be left alone, and to have 'failed in undertaking to redeem a people out of mankind.' The thirteenth Psalm, Mr. Fry considers as 'glancing at the 'state of the Redeemer's feelings during his mournful passage 'through this vale of misery.' 'Thus mourns the blessed 'Saviour while he stands in the sinner's place,' &c. The

fifteenth Psalm, he regards as describing 'the perfection and 'righteousness of the blessed Surety of Mankind. In this Psalm a passage occurs, which will serve very conspicuously to exhibit the Author's singular tact as an interpreter; we refer to the concluding lines, "He hath not put out his money to "usury," &c. This sentence, we might imagine, is sufficient to determine the subject of the composition, as it was expressly forbidden an Israelite to engage in usurious transactions with one of his own nation; but the circumstance is of no disadvantage to Mr. Fry's scheme, to which strength is sought from the very proofs of its weakness. Let this oracle be heard.

'The next trait in the character here drawn—the character of the righteous King and Priest, whom God would raise up from among his brethren—though it is totally inapplicable to men in common life, may well enter into the description of the perfect Priest: "He putteth "not out his money on usury." He does not employ himself in the usual business of life, in the traffic of money or of any other article.'

The xxiiid Psalm is without hesitation referred by this Translator to 'Christ himself, not in the character of shepherd, 'but of the guided protected sheep.' Its subject, he asserts, is 'the confidence of Christ in the care of his father, to protect 'and support his departing soul, about to tread the dark valley 'of the shadow of death.' In this manner Mr. Fry proceeds through the whole book of sacred Odes, deserting in the plainest and most definite instances, the obvious and generally received interpretations, and substituting in their place the most unnatural and extravagant expositions.

To the soberly devout reader of the Scriptures it will occur, that a translator and commentator who attributes to the Authors of the Book of Psalms a constant and exclusive reference to Christ in those ancient compositions, must meet with many passages which, as they have no appearance of agreement with that supposed design of the writers, must perplex him with their untowardness, and induce the apprehension that the hypothesis which he is supporting is not in accordance with truth. But if the reader should imagine that any passages of this kind are beyond this Author's dexterity, he will be quite mistaken. In his hands, the machinery of criticism works well, and overcomes the resistance of the most stubborn passages, which are forced into a size and shape to adapt them to his purpose. His assumed hypothesis is another bed of Procrustes, on which the too-long are lopped and shortened, and the too-short are stretched and lengthened, that the materials of exposition may suit the arbitrary uniformity for which they are assembled together. A few specimens of the novel form and connexion which many passages have received to accommodate them to their new relation in the volume before us, will be quite enough to satisfy every intelligent

and serious reader of the force which has been applied to them. We indeed feel almost persuaded that in extracting more samples of these crudities, we are engaging in a superfluous task; but it may be necessary that we should furnish a more powerful antidote than we have yet supplied against the mode of interpretation which it is the object of the Author of this exposition to make popular; and such an antidote, if we mistake not, will be very effectually administered in the more copious extracts which we shall proceed to cite. The following, then, is Mr. Fry's version of a portion of the Nineteenth Psalm.

' vs. 11. Thy servant also shines amidst these;
In their observance is ' his' great career.
12. Who can distinguish ' occasions of' error?
From concealed ones do thou keep me clear.
13. Also from presumption keep back thy servant;
And let it not have dominion over me.
Then shall I stand apart,
And be innocent from the great rebellion.
14. The words of my mouth shall be an acceptable offering,
And the meditation of my heart in thy presence,
O Jehovah my framer, and my deliverer.'

On comparing this translation with the corresponding passage in the Public Version, the reader will observe deviations adapted to awaken the suspicion that the text has not been fairly dealt with by Mr. Fry: for " warned," we have " shines;" for " by " them," " amidst these;" " great career," instead of " great " reward;" " occasions of" is supplied, &c. This suspicion will ripen into conviction if the reader should turn to the notes and comment. We never, indeed, have had occasion to remark in any book, more flagrant errors, more striking instances of the violent construction of words, and of the most egregious misstatements and perverse reasonings. ' The three last verses con-' tain,' says Mr. F., ' the prayer of our Divine Master, as the ' " Son of Man" entering upon his destined course of perfect ' obedience.' The three last verses, we apprehend, can very easily be shewn to be the ruin of Mr. Fry's system. They admit of no such application as they here receive, because the prayer which they contain, is completely at variance with the supposition of the impeccable nature of the supplicant. As it is important to shew this, we shall examine with some attention the various terms which occur in these verses. We take upon us then to maintain that זהר never means to ' shine;' it is the Niphal of זור, and in every example in which it occurs, no other meaning is ever intended or conveyed than " admonished," or, " warned," which is the proper sense in the example under notice, and which is correctly and perspicuously given in the Common Version:

" Moreover by them (the Divine commandments) is thy servant " warned." Nor does עקב ever mean 'career;' it signifies the heel, extremity, end, or, consequence of a thing. But the skill of our Translator is most admirably displayed in his criticism on the word זדים, " presumptuous." The word signifies, says Mr. Fry, 'mistakes into which, according to the proper meaning of 'the term, a man may be betrayed, in a matter where he *is pure* 'in *intention*, from warmth of affection, for instance, or from 'fervency of zeal, he is moved to do that which the strictness of 'his instructions does not warrant.' 'The exact idea of the 'term זדים,' he maintains in a note, 'may be discovered in Deut. 'xviii. 22: it is the doing a thing without being told or autho-'rized.' Nothing so perfectly absurd, so flagrantly opposed to philological truth, was ever delivered with gravity like this by any novice in Hebrew letters. It may indeed strike the most superficial reader with surprise to find it stated seriously, that to do a thing *presumptuously* is to do it with pure intention. A more destructive reference was never made in support of any notion than the alleged proof from Deut. xviii. 22. We quote the entire passage. " The prophet who shall presume to speak " a word in my name which I have not commanded him to speak, " or that shall speak in the name of other gods, even that pro-" phet shall die. And if thou say in thine heart, How shall we " know the word which the Lord hath not spoken? When a " prophet speaketh in the name of the Lord, if the thing follow " not, nor come to pass, that *is* the thing which the Lord hath " not spoken, but the prophet hath spoken it presumptuously: " thou shalt not be afraid of him." A strange passage, truly, is this to be cited in proof of pure intention! The proof it supplies is precisely and positively the reverse. The root זד is rather an extensive one, but in all its modifications it is used invariably in a bad sense. We shall cite a few passages in illustration of its meaning: " But if a man come *presumptuously* upon his " neighbour, to slay him *with guile*." Exod. xxi. 14. " So " I spake unto you, and you would not hear, but *rebelled* " *against the commandment of the Lord*, and went *presump-*" *tuously* up into the hill." Deut. i. 43. " And the man that " will do *presumptuously*, and *will not hearken* unto the priest, " (that standeth to minister there before the Lord thy God) or " unto the judge, even that man shall die, and thou shalt put " away *the evil* from Israel." Deut. xvii. 12. To do a thing " *presumptuously*" is, therefore, to do it criminally. No passage can illustrate this definition more clearly or more strongly and satisfactorily than the passage which Mr. Fry has selected as his proof of a contrary meaning. The prophet who speaks " *pre-*" *sumptuously*" is a publisher of falsehoods, which he utters in

the name of God who had not commanded him to speak: "pu-"rity of intention" is altogether excluded by the circumstances comprised in the passage to which Mr. Fry refers. (Deut. xviii. 20—22.)

We have been thus particular in remarking on the assertions and references of the Author, because, by the proofs which have thus been provided of their radical fallacy, evidence is also furnished of the unsoundness of the mode of interpretation in which he has so confidently, but so unwarrantably, indulged. It would unquestionably exhibit Jesus Christ in a manner altogether remote from that in which we have been taught to regard Him, if the last four verses of the xixth Psalm be assumed as a prayer, of which He is the subject. Mr. Fry could not possibly represent them as thus applying, so long as the translation in the Public Version retains its place; he has, therefore, attempted to destroy its authority by substituting a translation of his own, which affords a prime example of the folly into which a man may be led when he is under the guidance of his own perverted ingenuity. The suppliant, whose address to God is put upon record in the verses under notice, must have been fallible and peccable, exposed and liable to all the evils which he deprecates.

Here is a part of the xxvth Psalm, as translated and commented upon by Mr. Fry.

'4. Make thy ways known to me, O Jehovah:
Teach me thy paths.

'5. Lead me in thy truth, and teach me;
For thou art the God of my help.

And pardon thou my iniquity, truly it is great!
For the sake of thy goodness, O Jehovah.

'6. Remember, O Jehovah, thy compassion and thy tenderness,
For they are from eternity.

'7. Remember not the sins of my youth and my transgressions,
According to thy tenderness remember me.'

The 4th and 5th verses are unquestionably a prayer for instruction and guidance, and they are immediately followed by a prayer for the forgiveness of personal transgression; "*my* iniquity." Is it doing any service to the cause of truth or piety, to comment on these verses in the following manner?

'The 4th and 5th verses may surprize us in this connexion, being a prayer for instruction and guidance in the truth. To the Redeemer, in his divine capacity, this cannot apply; for he knoweth all things; but in the character of the Prophet and Teacher of his people, the Mediator is said to know only what is revealed to him, for the purpose of instructing his church. It is in this view, in relation to the day of

his second coming, which is the great event for which his people a looking, our Lord said to his disciples, " But of that day and of th hour knoweth no man; no, not the angels that are in heaven, neith the Son, but the Father." And so again, when this secret is in so measure to be revealed to the church, the title of the prophecy run " The revelation of Jesus Christ, which *God gave unto him* to sh unto his servants things that must shortly come to pass." And wh St. John is distressed in his vision, that none is found worthy to op the book and to loose the seals of the prophetic roll, he is comforted the assurance that " the Lion of the tribe of Judah, the Root of D vid, has prevailed to open the book, and to loose the seven seals ther of." The prayer of our Advocate prevailed to procure for us " t sure word of prophecy;" this is to serve us for the present, " as lamp shining in a dark place:" and the prayer of our victorio Champion will at length prevail for the unfolding of every mystery. then " the day-star is to arise in our hearts," and " we are to know as we are known."

' Another great branch of our Lord's mediation is the pardon the sins of his people, of his younger brethren upon earth, and esp cially, perhaps, of those of them who are young in years, and in who human nature is strongest.' pp. 131—132.

Is it possible that Mr. Fry could impose this ill-assorted an strange arrangement of words upon his understanding, as a elucidatory comment upon his text? or expect that there coul be found readers to accept these desultory and irrelevant sen tences, as the means of interpreting the language of the Psalm Never, surely, was text so well suited with comment. Chri praying for instruction and guidance in the truth, is a scen which the evangelical pages never exhibit. We read there o Christ's thanksgivings and of his promises in reference to h disciples, as to their receiving, and as to their being to receiv instruction and guidance; but *his* prayers, on his own accou personally, that his mind might receive instruction, the writer of the New Testament have not recorded; nor, describing Hi as " full of grace and truth," as " the light of the world," is conceivable that they would represent Him so praying. Th writer of the Psalm was a man exposed to the danger of err and mistake, and in his praying for instruction and guidance there is propriety; but its reference to Christ is a liberty so bold, one might have thought, to be hazarded. To what pos sible purpose of utility is the reference to our Lord's declara tion respecting the day of judgement introduced? In wha manner has the secrecy in which that day was left been broke But the interpretation which is given to the 7th verse, " Re " member not the sins of my youth and my transgressions," i still more extraordinary:—' the sins of o Lord's young ' brethren upon earth!!' Is it after all p le, that we a mistaken in attributing to Mr. Fry only t berrations of

erroneous, but sincere mind, and that he is really wilful in the design of burlesquing the Scriptures? "A more lamentable 'display of *criticism travestied**,' we have never seen, than in this passage thus abused by Mr. Fry, who appears to quote and copy the absurdities of Bishop Horsley with singular facility and pleasure. It is really distressing to attempt a serious refutation of such extravagances as this It is sufficient to meet them with the positive statement, that by "*youth*" is meant, and nothing else is ever meant, the early period of human life: "the sins of my youth," are, my sins committed when I was young.

But Mr. Fry's errors are too serious to be slightly touched or hastily dismissed. Many of the explanations contained in this volume are not better, and some of them are even worse than the preceding examples. That such interpretations should proceed from an Author who is not ignorant, and whose religious character is not questionable, is indeed strange; but here we find them, and by us it is fit that they be exposed, that none of our readers may be unacquainted with the precious glosses which the Rector of Desford thinks necessary towards the understanding of the Bible.

The 10th verse of the xxviith Psalm could not, one would suppose, present any difficulty, or afford occasion for any other interpretation than the common one: it is expressive of the confidence which the Psalmist was prepared to repose in the Divine care, in the event of his being deprived of human supports: "When my father and my mother forsake me, then the "Lord will take me up." But hear Mr. Fry.

'Our Lord assuming the character of his afflicted people, prays to his heavenly Father, and earnestly requests that he may not be denied by that Helper, whose love to his reconciled children exceeds a father's or a mother's care. The Redeemer counts himself as one of his people: his style is, "Behold I and the children which God has given me."'

In a note we are told, that '*Father* and *Mother* may perhaps be symbolical of the help afforded by princes and governments to the church of Christ.' This surely is all ridiculous enough, and requires no comment. We proceed to the version given of the xxxiid Psalm.

'1. Blessed is he whose transgression is forgiven, and whose sin is covered:
'2. Blessed is the man to whom Jehovah imputeth not iniquity,
And in whose spirit there is no guile.

* See the quotation from Horsley on the Psalms, in the Eclectic Review. Vol. V. N.S. p. 26. Jan. 1816.

'3. I truly was silent; my bones wasted through my groaning from
day to day:
'4. For day and night thy hand is heavy upon me,
My moisture 'is' turned into the drought of summer.
'5. I acknowledge to thee my sin, and I cover not my guilt:
'I said, I confess my yoke "is" for my transgressions before
Jehovah;
'For thou hast exacted the punishment of my sin.'

The Saviour is in this Psalm, also, to be considered as the real speaker.

'"I truly was silent"—silent as to that language of praise for pardoned sin, which he here teaches his justified followers: he was silent when the penalty of his people's transgressions imputed to him, was exacted. "It was exacted, and he was made answerable, yet he opened not his mouth," and while he bears the sins of the many sons he was bringing to glory, as we often find it described in these Psalms, his human nature, exhausted with sufferings, seems ready to sink beneath the burden. All that the sinner's *surety* could do, was to make confession of the sin for which he was to answer: his imputed guilt he covers not.'

The Translator's abuse of his original must not here escape notice. Nothing can be more incorrect than the expressions, 'For thou hast exacted the punishment of my sin,' as a pretended rendering of the Hebrew text, which is most properly given in the Common Version, "And *thou forgavest the iniquity* of my sin." Mr. Fry himself has so rendered the very same expression in the lxxxvth. Ps. v. 2. '*Thou hast forgiven the iniquity* of thy people;' nor can they bear another translation. 'I said, I confess my yoke "is" for my transgression 'before Jehovah,' is equally strange and erroneous. The Common Version again presents the correct sense: the original terms strictly rendered, read, "I said, I will make confession "against myself of my transgressions unto Jehovah—and thou "forgavest the guilt of my sin." The unwarrantable language here attributed to the Redeemer by Mr. Fry, it were unpardonable to pass by without pointed rebuke. It has hitherto been considered as an established law of exposition, that the obscurities of the Old Testament are to be elucidated by the superior light of the New Economy, in all those instances in which the topics of the former are related to the latter. Now we search in vain throughout the whole New Testament, for expressions similar to those which are assigned to Christ in this Psalm, and in many other passages of the Psalms, by the present Commentator. In no part of the evangelical history, in no part of the writings of the Apostles, do we ever find the Redeemer speaking of *his* sin, *his* guilt, *his* transgressions: this is a language utterly remote from all the details that relate to

the Saviour of mankind, as they have been put on record by the Holy Spirit. Compositions, then, in which this language occurs, and is in frequent use, cannot have relation to Christ. They are proper when employed by the children of men, confessing their guilt and imploring mercy; but they are most unwarrantably applied to Him who "knew no sin." On Mr. Fry's comment it is unnecessary to add another word: it is totally unauthorized, it is most violent and most rash; a grossly perverted application, fitted to a perverted text.

And is the following better?—The reading of the 25th verse of the xxxviith Psalm in the Common Version, is, "I have been "young, and now am old, yet have I not seen the righteous "forsaken." This suits not Mr. Fry, and therefore we have, as text,

'I had been a youth, I also grew old;
But I saw not the JUST ONE forsaken;'—

and, as comment,

'Christ speaking in allusion to the Church, his mystical body, had passed through the stages of helpless infancy in her first establishment, and he had reached, in the decay of her institutions, the decrepitude of old age; yet her just Advocate was not forsaken.'

Again: take Psalm xxxix.

'I said I will take heed to my way,
That I sin not with my tongue:
'I will keep a bridle on my mouth
While the WICKED ONE is before me.

'This Psalm is to be applied to the passion of our divine Redeemer. "The wicked one" is certainly emphatic in this place, and the Scripture has so particularly applied it to the civil and ecclesiastical authority perverted by the devil, to oppose and destroy the rising cause of Christ's kingdom, that I make no doubt the wicked one here is the high priest and rulers of the Jews, and the Roman Governor acting at their instigation—but too exact a type of the wicked one that was to appear in the Christian church itself, and still suborn the same civil authorities to persecute the members of Christ, when he himself should be "caught up to God and his throne."'

This is nearly matchless! Was Christ so ready to offend, or so much exposed to the danger of 'sinning with his tongue, that it was necessary or wise on his part to resolve to "take "heed to his way," and to keep his mouth as with a bridle? The whole of the comment on this Psalm is a strange tissue. We transcribe the concluding verses, and the exposition which attends them.

'For I am a stranger with thee,
A sojourner as all my fathers.
'O spare me, that I may refresh me
Before I depart and be no more

'The Redeemer exhausted by suffering is the speaker—" like all the fathers of his human nature, he was a stranger and a sojourner upon earth; he knows what he had to suffer in his dreadful undertaking for man; but moved by the intensity of his misery, he asks for a little respite before his departure." '

" Blessed is he that considers the poor, the Lord will deliver " him in time of trouble," the commencing verse of the xlist Psalm, might be supposed to refer to the relief of the destitute poor of mankind. No, says Mr. Fry, it has no such meaning: the " poor," " afflicted," or " exhausted," is none other than the same holy sufferer,—'Blessed is he who rightly considers the case 'of this man of sorrows!' The lv th Psalm, according to this same Expositor, contains the distressful cries of the Gospel Church in apprehension of the rising and prevailing power of the great Antichrist. The description in the 11th and 12th verses, " It was not an enemy that reproached me," &c., we are told, 'agrees well with the Bishop of Rome, once a truly 'apostolical bishop, and a leading pastor in the church; but at 'length manifested to be the man of sin.' The supposed old age and grey hairs of David, Psalm lxxi, verses 9, 18, are in this uncommon book, 'the extreme old age of the church whose 'institutions seem ready to decay with time,' and whose 'strength 'as a society, or body politic" *(where does this body reside?)* 'is much reduced.' If the following picture be a true delineation, the 'signs of the times' would seem to be less favourable towards the support and extension of true religion than many worthy persons are supposing them to be: it is, however, possible that the evangelical Rector of Desford may be looking in a somewhat different direction, and may have other notions of 'the church,' than those said worthy persons, who are probably not very strongly interested in the conveyance of the forms of religion to posterity; satisfying themselves, as we apprehend they may, with the hope and prospect that the essentials of Christian worship will ever accompany Christian knowledge and piety.

'The church as a body, was certainly never in so weak and helpless a state to resist the inroads of her enemies, and to convey the forms of religion to posterity, as at this present moment. The principle of disunion has preyed upon her very vitals; and the divine institutions of the ministry and of the holy sacraments have been so neglected by her watchmen, and so roughly handled by those whom necessary zeal or unnecessary presumption has called forth as her repairers, that the interests of Christ's religion, in these western nations, may be justly compared to an old mouldering edifice, undermined by neglect, and ill propped by modern improvements; so that, humanly speaking, it seems likely soon to fall into ruins.'

The lxxxviiith Psalm purports to be a prayer of Heman, and is considered as describing the affliction and sorrows of a re-

ligious. According to Mr. Fry, it 'exhibits the awful picture 'of the soul of the Redeemer, a separate spirit, a prisoner in the 'horrid abyss of hell.' It refers to 'the abode of the soul of 'Jesus in the bottomless pit, while he lay a prisoner under the 'curse of God, separated from all his beloved companions.' "Thou hast removed mine acquaintance far from me," would seem to be a different expression from 'Thou hast removed me 'far from my acquaintance;' but nothing comes amiss to this Translator and Commentator. "Lord thou hast been our dwelling "place in all generations," Ps. xc. 1, Mr. Fry understands 'to 'refer to that mysterious union between Christ and his people, 'which was constituted in the determined counsel and fore-'knowledge of God, before all time began.' After the specimens which we have produced of Mr. Fry's interpretations, it will not surprise our readers that the whole of the cxixth Psalm should be considered by him as containing 'the holy breathings of 'the spotless soul of Jesus Christ;' as relating 'directly and 'exclusively to Christ.' Now, if there be any meaning in words, if language be at all intelligible, this psalm cannot refer to Christ; and lest some *Mumpsimus* or other should not be satisfied with our positive averment, in opposition to the Author, we shall state why it cannot be so applied. To limit our arguments, we shall only cite a passage which all our readers will remember that it contains, "I have wandered like a lost sheep, "seek thy servant." Ver. 176th, תעיתי כשה אבד, the wandering, cannot possibly refer to the 'unprotected,' 'destitute state of 'the Redeemer's soul.' Nothing is here said about being destitute: "I have gone astray," is quite a different predication from, I am destitute, or, I am unprotected. The verb is *active*, and unless there was in Christ such deviation, as in a moral sense can be called his wandering, and which justifies the application of the metaphor of a lost sheep, a sheep that had gone astray, it is impossible that he can be the subject of the verb. But we must not exhaust our readers' patience by enlarging on proof of this obvious and decisive kind. There is only one other object to which it remains that we direct their attention. In quoting from and referring to Mr. Fry's work, we have dealt only with extracts, from which, it may be urged, a fair view of its contents cannot be obtained.

That we may not be suspected, then, of having dealt unfairly by Mr. Fry in extracting any of the preceding passages, we shall copy an entire Psalm as translated by him, together with the whole of the accompanying comment.

'PSALM CXXVIII.

'*The Ninth Song of Degrees.*

'1. Blessed is every one that feareth Jehovah,
That hath walked in his ways.

'2. Thou shalt eat the labour of thine hands;
Blessed art thou, ay, it is well with thee.

'3. Thy wife is as the fruitful vine
Upon the walls of thine house.

'Thy children like olive-plants
Round about thy table.

'4. Behold, for thus blessed is the man
That hath feared Jehovah.

'5. Jehovah doth bless thee from Zion.

'And thou seest Jerusalem in prosperity
All the days of thy life.

'6. And thou seest thy children's children,
'And' peace upon Israel.

כי is omitted in the versions.

EXPOSITION.

'Contrary to all pre-conceived opinions, I am led also by the meaning of the former Psalms, and the analogy of Scripture metaphors, to apply this Psalm also to Christ and his church; in special reference to the glorious scenes of the last days, when "the bride the Lamb's wife shall have made herself ready." For, soon after the restoration, will Zion assume this character, and "the glory of the Lord will appear in her."

'This relationship of Christ to his church is pointed out in many passages of Scripture. The Psalm, indeed, before us, represents the possession of a fruitful wife and flourishing progeny, as the good man's reward. This, as we have argued on the former Psalm, can be only spiritually true of Jesus Christ. And thus understood it is agreeable to the representation of the Apostle: "Christ loved the Church, and gave himself for it; that he might sanctify and cleanse it with the washing of water by the word, &c."

'Again: with respect to the latter part of the Psalm, there could be no promise to the obedient child of God, that, as a reward for his religious fear, he should see Jerusalem in prosperity all his life long, and peace upon Israel. The verbs indeed may be translated in the optative mood; but still I think in these oracular Scriptures the blessing thus pronounced would imply something more than the mere benevolent wish; and therefore the promise could be only intended for the MESSIAH in the character of the BRIDEGROOM of his church.

'This picture of her prosperity represents, I conceive, those scenes of felicity, that shall ensue at the second advent. For, according to the style of the Scripture metaphor, it is not till that era that the marriage of Christ and his church is consummated.

'We may further remark, that the last verse of this Psalm, which at first sight might seem least of all to relate to Christ, and his spouse the church, is exactly similar to the close of the xlvth Psalm, where the meaning cannot be doubted: "Instead of thy fathers, thou shalt have children, whom thou mayest make princes in all lands."'

We shall now dismiss Mr. Fry's "Lyra Davidis," regretting,

on our own account, the necessity under which we have been laid of perusing a work from which no advantage is to be gained, but satisfied, as it regards our readers, if our labour shall enable them to save, and to devote to better and more profitable employment, the time that it would require to go through a volume of more than six hundred pages. A volume remarkable for the extent to which the Author has carried the proofs of an injudicious mind, and in which the most laborious exertions have been used to pervert the plainest, and to perplex some of the least intricate passages of the Bible. In vain have philosophy and criticism their laws; the spirit of this Author breaks through all restraints.

Art. VI. *Memoirs of Richard Lovell Edgeworth*, Esq. Begun by Himself and concluded by his Daughter, Maria Edgeworth. 2 vols. 8vo. pp. 890. [Nine Plates.] Price 1l. 10s. London. 1820.

IT is the remark of Mr. Edgeworth in the first volume of these Memoirs, that 'the *only* advantage which the world 'can gain from the publication of the lives of individuals, is, 'the knowledge of the circumstances that tend to the formation 'of character, or of those which influence the happiness of life.' If this be true, it would seem to afford a good reason why a man's memoirs of himself should be the most useful species of biography, inasmuch as he must be best acquainted, supposing him to be a man of reflection, with the circumstances which have formed his own character and influenced his own conduct. And so far as facts have an efficient influence in determining character, such a memoir may be deemed most likely to serve the purpose of throwing light on the business of practical education. It is very certain, however, that this is not the only advantage which may be gained from biography; for the efficiency of example consists in the praiseworthiness of the individual's conduct, in the intrinsic excellence of the virtues which he exhibited, viewed in connexion with the consequences both to himself and to society, which flow from such a course of action. It is what the man was and how he acted, not how he became so, that supplies the moral lesson and awakes our emulation. For the purpose of self-estimate, indeed, a review of life would be directed chiefly to the detection of the sources of our opinions and feelings, the motives of our actions, and the various educational influences which have contributed to shape our moral being. But this is not the purpose of biography: it is at least not that which is contemplated by the Author of the present Memoirs; for little is disclosed that relates to the interior character, except what is unconsciously betrayed by the Narrator in speaking of his opinions and outward conduct. These,

it may be easy for him to refer to circumstances that in the retrospect appear to have had a decided and powerful influence on the mind, while yet the true and proper character of the man may remain a secret even to himself. He never perhaps investigated, or was capable of investigating, the history and merits of his internal principles. And if he had, the ingenuousness which would lead to such a disclosure on the part of a person writing memoirs of himself for the amusement of the public, forms no part of his duty; no more, to use the words of Mr. Foster, 'than it is that of a fiddler at a ball, so long as he tells 'all that he professes to tell, that is, where he has been, what 'he has witnessed, and the more reputable portion of what he 'has done. Let him go on with his lively anecdotes, and there 'is no obligation for him to turn either penitent or philosopher.'

This is precisely what Mr. Edgeworth has done in the memoirs now given to the public: he tells us what he did and what he witnessed, and he tells it in a manner as lively and amusing as possible; but what he was, is so little to be gained from his own narrative, that the most striking and amiable parts of his character are (as must always be the case) left to be supplied by another: in the present instance, most fortunately for Mr. Edgeworth, the office has devolved upon a daughter every way competent to the task. The first volume of the present work is by far the most entertaining; but the impression which it leaves on the reader is not, as it regards the hero of the narrative, a pleasing one. This does not arise from any affected humility, or any mis-placed diffidence in the Writer: he seems, throughout the memoir, to be on the best possible terms with himself, and to have the most comfortable assurance of his gaining the admiration of his readers. But in the plenitude of this feeling, he forgets to make known his pretensions to the consideration he claims; and strangers unacquainted with all the excuse that such a man, when between sixty and seventy, had for being a little loquacious and not a little vain, will be apt to inquire rather petulantly, Who is this very self-complacent old gentleman from Ireland? The early part of Mr. Edgeworth's life, indeed, to which his own memoir relates, was neither the most honourable nor the most useful portion of it.

There are some very interesting anecdotes of Mr. Edgeworth's ancestry: one of them we cannot forbear to transcribe.

'Before the Irish Rebellion broke out, in 1641, Captain Edgeworth, not aware of the immediate danger, left his wife and infant in the Castle of Cranallagh, while he was summoned to a distance by some military duty. During his absence, the rebels rose, attacked the castle, set fire to it at night, and dragged the lady out, literally naked. She escaped from their hands, and hid herself under a furze bush, till they had dispersed. By what means she saved herself from the fury of the

rebels, I never heard; she made her way to Dublin, thence to England, and to her father's house in Derbyshire. After the rebels had forced this lady out of the castle, and had set fire to it, they plundered it completely; but they were persuaded to extinguish the fire from reverence for the picture of Jane Edgeworth. Her portrait was painted on the wainscoat, with a cross hanging from her neck, and a rosary in her hands. Being a catholic, and having founded a religious house, she was considered as a saint. The only son of Captain Edgeworth was then an infant, lying in his cradle. One of the rebels seized the child by the leg, and was in the act of swinging him round to dash his brains out against the corner of the castle wall, when an Irish servant, of the lowest order, stopped his hand, claiming the right of killing the little heretick himself, and swearing that a sudden death would be too good for him; that he would plunge him up to the throat in a bog-hole, and leave him for the crows to pick his eyes out. Snatching the child from his comrade, he ran off with it to a neighbouring bog, and thrust it into the mud; but when the rebels had retired, this man, who had only pretended to join them, went back to the bog for the boy, preserved his life, and, contriving to hide him in a pannier under eggs and chickens, carried him actually through the midst of the rebel camp, safely to Dublin. This faithful servant's name was Bryan Ferral. His last descendant died within my memory, after having lived, and been supported always, under my father's protection. My father heard this story from Lady Edgeworth, his grandmother, and also from a man of 107 years of age, one Bryan Simpson, who was present when the attack was made on Cranallagh Castle, and by whom the facts were circumstantially detailed.'

Some of our readers may recollect in one of Miss Edgeworth's Tales, (we think Patronage,) the incident of the detection of a forged deed by a sixpence placed under the seal, which was found to be dated five years subsequently to the date of the deed. This circumstance occurred to Mr. Edgeworth's own father. We remember also meeting some where or other with another circumstance, that is related of Lady Edgeworth, the Author's great grandmother.

'While she was living at Lissard, she was, on some sudden alarm, obliged to go at night to a garret at the top of the house for some gunpowder which was kept there in a barrel. She was followed up stairs by an ignorant servant girl, who carried a bit of candle without a candlestick, between her fingers. When Lady Edgeworth had taken what gunpowder she wanted, had locked the door, and was half way down stairs, she observed that the girl had not her candle, and asked what she had done with it. The girl recollected and answered, that she had left it "*stuck in the barrel of black salt.*" Lady Edgeworth bid her stand still, and instantly returned by herself to the room where the gunpowder was; found the candle as the girl had described—put her hand carefully underneath it—carried it safely out, and when she got to the bottom of the stairs, dropped on her knees, and thanked God for their deliverance.'

Richard Lovell Edgeworth was born at Bath in the year 1744. His father had in early life followed the profession of the law, but soon after his marriage, became a country gentleman. Richard was one of eight children, four of whom died very young; but on the death of his elder brother, he became possessed of all the immunities, and exposed to all the penalties, attaching to being an only son. In the history of his childhood, we observe nothing remarkable; but it is very probable, that Mr. Edgeworth's fondness for mechanical pursuits, if not his 'genius for mechanics,' was determined by the sight of the electrical machine, and the orrery, and the wheel-work that interested him so much when he was about seven years old. 'From the pleasure I received,' he says, 'and the impression 'made upon my mind *that morning*, I became irrecoverably a 'mechanic.' All impressions, however, strong as they may be at the time, and pleasurable, are not equally lasting. It is, indeed, melancholy to reflect how much more easily a man may be made irrecoverably a mechanic, or any thing else that has to do with only the taste or the physical faculties, than be made irrecoverably a virtuous or religious being. Of all impressions, those which relate to the conscience would seem to be the most evanescent. 'At seven years old,' says Mr. E. 'I became very 'devout.' He had read some of the New Testament, and some account of the sufferings of martyrs: these, he says, had inflamed his imagination, so that he remembers weeping bitterly because he lived at a time when there was no opportunity of becoming a martyr. This was no proof of a devout mind, though it might be of an enthusiastic one. He adds:

'So strong were my religious feelings at this time of my life, that I strenuously believed, that if I had sufficient faith, I could remove mountains; and accordingly I prayed for the objects of my childish wishes with the utmost fervency, and with the strongest persuasion that my prayers would be heard. How long the fervor of this sort of devotion lasted I do not remember; but I suppose, that going to school insensibly allayed it.'

It never afterwards troubled him. And such is the termination, in thousands of instances, of those early impressions which, unintelligent and vague as they are, present the most hopeful opportunity for laying the foundation of religious habits. The mind then *is*, in the simplicity of its feelings, in ingenuousness, docility, and softness of heart, what afterwards it must by an immense change *become*, in order to enter into the kingdom of God. But, if the child *has* parents capable of giving a right direction to these incipient stirrings of the religious principle, and sensible of the awful responsibility which attaches to them as parents,—if at home that tenderness of conscience might

have been cherished till it was ripened into an habitual fear of God, and that childish mistaken faith might have been raised by instruction into a firm reliance upon Divine Providence,—*going to school* shall insensibly allay the childish feeling, and it shall afterwards be recurred to by the full-grown individual as a circumstance of boyhood of much the same importance as any of the eruptive diseases incident to that period of life.

Mr. Edgeworth had quite got rid of all his religious feelings before he was sent to Dublin college, where he spent six months 'in dissipation of every kind.' He was then not seventeen. From Dublin, his father 'prudently removed' him to Oxford, where he entered Corpus Christi as a gentleman commoner on the 10th of Oct. 1761. At Black Bourton, within fourteen miles of Oxford, resided Paul Elers, Esq. an old friend of his father's, whose assistance, it was thought, might be of service to the young student. Mr. Elers, on being applied to on the subject, frankly and honourably represented, that he had 'several 'daughters grown and growing up, who, as the world said, were 'pretty girls; but to whom he could not give fortunes that 'could make them suitable matches for Mr. Edgeworth's son.' This objection, however, was overruled, and the consequence which Mr. Elers foresaw as probable, in due course followed. Our young Oxonian found the family at Black Bourton most agreeable: he laughed, and talked, and sang with the ladies, and read Cicero and Longinus with their father, till at length, one of the young ladies became the object of his preference; he paid his court to her, and having succeeded in engaging her affections, found too late, when disposed to recede, that no honourable means of extrication were left him. They were married in Scotland, forgiven, re-married by licence with old Mr. Edgeworth's consent, and our hero had a son before he was twenty; soon after which he took his wife to Edgeworth town. His mother died a few days after their arrival. She was, in Mr. Edgeworth's phrase, a woman of exemplary piety.

'On the morning of the day on which my mother died, she called me to her bed-side, and told me with a sort of pleasure, that she felt she should die before night. She expressed the following sentiment—"*If* there is a state of just retribution in another world I must be happy, for I have suffered during the greatest part of my life, and I know, that I did not deserve it by my thoughts or actions."'

What sentiments may not the word 'piety' be employed to characterize! '*If* there is a state'—the dim peradventure of the classical Heathen, on whom the light of Divine wisdom had never dawned! And, then, to hear this *Christian* heathen, just about to enter into the presence of her Judge, claiming future happiness at his hands, as a *debt* of justice for the suffering he had inflicted on her in this world! How truly awful and pitiable

the scene; how transcendently so, when we connect with it the opportunities which a person, in that rank of life, must have had for acquainting herself with the discoveries of Revelation, discoveries for which she disdained to be the wiser, though purporting to come from God himself! We know not whether this sentiment be now a prevalent one among the higher classes: among the lower, it is nearly confined, we believe, to the totally uneducated, the extremely ignorant; but with them it is a favourite notion, and forms one of the greatest obstacles to their being brought to listen to the doctrines of Christianity. Their poverty and hardships in this life, they think, entitle them to some recompense in the other world; they cannot be worse off at any rate; and such poor people may surely be excused troubling themselves about religion and things they cannot understand. The most ignorant, however, at least with some few exceptions, have heard of Jesus Christ, and have some confused notion of being the better off for his coming into the world; but here is a well-informed, a superior, and, it should seem, an amiable woman, declining to be indebted to her Saviour!

We are sorry to break the thread of the narrative by these grave digressions; but such a sentiment could not be passed over without comment. We now return to Mr. Edgeworth, whom we left in Ireland with his young wife. Here he remained a year; and 'I never passed twelve months,' he says, 'with less 'pleasure or improvement.'

'No person of my family had any taste for the scientific employments in which I was occupied, and my young wife in particular had but little sympathy with my tastes. I felt the inconvenience of an early and hasty marriage; and, though I heartily repented my folly, I determined to bear, with firmness and temper, the evil which I had brought upon myself. Perhaps pride had some share in this resolution.'

In the autumn of 1765, Mr. E. returned to England, and stopped for a few days at Chester, where he saw an exhibition of machinery, which revived his passion for the mechanical arts. The exhibitor described to him a carriage invented by Dr. Darwin, which was so constructed as to turn in a small compass, without danger of oversetting, and without the incumbrance of a crane-necked perch. This determined him to try his skill in coach-making.

'As I had no particular object to engage my attention, I had great pleasure in looking forward to this scheme, as a source of employment and amusement. Had I been present at this time of my life in the House of Commons during an animated debate, the subject of which had been level to my capacity, and to the actual state of my knowledge, it is more than probable, that I should have turned my thoughts and my ambition to parliamentary instead of to scientific pursuits.'

After visiting his wife's family at Black Bourton, Mr. E. took a small house at Hare Hatch, between Reading and Maidenhead, intending to keep his terms at the Temple, with a view to being called to the bar, for which profession his father had destined him. Here he had his workshop, and spent the greater part of most days in visits to smiths, coach-makers, and workmen of various sorts at Reading. At this time, the celebrated Comus was exhibiting a variety of scientific deceptions in London. Mr. E. went to see them, and soon discovered many of his secrets. This circumstance first introduced him, through a mutual relation, to the acquaintance of Sir Francis Delaval, who had also discovered these secrets, and believed himself to be the only person in England who was in possession of them. The anecdotes which are given of this eccentric and profligate person, are highly amusing; but, taken altogether, it is a melancholy tale.

'Some years before I was acquainted with him, Sir Francis, with Foote for his coadjutor, had astonished the town as a conjuror, and had obtained from numbers vast belief in his necromantic powers. This confidence he gained, chiefly by relating to those who consulted him the past events of their lives; thence he easily persuaded them, that he could foretell what would happen to them in future; and this persuasion frequently led to the accomplishment of his prophecies. Foote chose for the scene of their necromancy a large and dark room in an obscure court, I believe in Leicester Fields. The entrance to this room was through a very long, narrow, winding passage, lighted up by a few dim lamps. The conjuror was seated upon a kind of ottoman in the middle of the room, with a huge drum before him, which contained his familiar spirit. He was dressed in the eastern fashion, with an enormous turban, and a long white beard. His assistant held a white wand in his hand, and with a small stick struck the drum from time to time, from which there issued a deep and melancholy sound. His dragoman answered the questions that were asked of him by his visitants, while the conjuror preserved the most dignified silence, only making signs, which his interpreter translated into words. When a question was asked, the visitant was kept at a distance from the drum, from which the oracle seemed to proceed. The former habits, and extensive acquaintance of Sir F. Delaval, and of his associates, who, in fact, were all the men of gallantry of his day, furnished him with innumerable anecdotes of secret intrigues, which were some of them known only to themselves and their paramours. Foote had acquired a considerable knowledge of the gallantries of the city; and the curiosity, which had been awakened and gratified at the west end of the town by the disclosure of certain ridiculous adventures in the city, gave to the conjuror his first celebrity. It was said, that he had revealed secrets that had been buried for years in obscurity. Ladies as well as gentlemen among the fools of quality were soon found, to imitate the dames of the city in idle and pernicious curiosity; and under the sanction of fashion, the delusion spread rapidly through all ranks. Various attempts were made to deceive the conjuror under

false names, and by a substitution of persons; but he in general succeeded in detecting these, and his fame stood at one time so high, as to induce persons of *the first consideration* to consult him secretly. His method of obtaining sudden influence over the incredulous was by telling them some small detached circumstances, which had happened to them a short time before. and which they thought could scarcely be known to any body but themselves. This he effected by means of an agent, whom he employed at the door as a porter. This man was acquainted with all the intriguing footmen in London, and whilst he detained the servants of his master's visitants as they entered, he obtained from them various information, which was communicated by his fellow servants through a pipe to the drum of the conjurer. It was said, that in the course of a few weeks, while this delusion lasted, more matches were made, and more intrigues were brought to a conclusion, by Sir Francis Delaval and his associates, than all the meddling old ladies in London could have effected or even suspected in as many months. Among the marriages was that of Lady Nassau Paulet with Sir Francis himself. This was the great object of the whole contrivance. As soon as it was accomplished, the conjurer prudently decamped, before an inquiry too minute could be made into his supernatural powers. Lady Nassau Paulet had a very large fortune, I believe eighty thousand pounds, of all which Sir Francis Delaval became possessed by this marriage. Her ladyship died soon afterwards, and her fortune did not long continue to console her husband for her loss. The whole of the eighty thousand pounds he contrived soon to dissipate.' pp. 135—9.

Sir Francis appears to have fallen a victim at last to chagrin and satiety. One great object had long filled his mind.

'The Duke of York was in love with Sir Francis Delaval's 'sister, Lady Stanhope. Her husband, Sir William Stanhope, 'was dying, and the great object was to keep the Duke's flame 'alive. Every body of abilities about the Duke, whom Sir Fran-'cis could influence, was engaged in supporting this project. But 'the hand of death put a stop to the scheme. The Duke of York, 'in a tour to Italy, went to some ball in Rome, and, after dancing 'violently, caught cold in returning to his residence, which was at 'a considerable distance from the place of entertainment: he was 'seized with a fever, and died.'

'By the death of the Duke of York, Sir Francis found all his schemes of aggrandisement blasted. Though a man of great strength of mind, and of vivacity that seemed to be untameable, his spirits and health sunk under this disappointment. His friends and physician laughed at his complaints. Of Herculean strength, and, till this period, of uninterrupted health, they could not bring themselves to believe, that a pain in his breast, of which he complained, was of any serious consequence; on the contrary, they treated him as an hypochondriac, whom a generous diet, amusement, and country air, would soon restore. He was ordered, however, to use a steam-bath, which was then in vogue, at Knightsbridge. I went with him there one day,

the last I ever saw him! He expressed for me a great deal of kindness and esteem: and then seriously told me he felt, that, notwithstanding his natural strength both of body and mind, and in contradiction of the opinion of all the physicians, he had not long to live. He acknowledged, that his mind was affected as well as his body.

'"Let my example," said he, "warn you of a fatal error, into which I have fallen, and into which you might probably fall, if you did not counteract the propensities, which might lead you into it. I have pursued amusement, or rather frolic, instead of turning my ingenuity and talents to useful purposes. I am sensible," continued he, "that my mind was fit for greater things, than any of which I am now, or of which I was ever supposed to be capable. I am able to speak fluently in public, and I have perceived, that my manner of speaking has always increased the force of what I have said. Upon various useful subjects I am not deficient in information; and if I had employed half the time and half the pains in cultivating serious knowledge, which I have wasted in exerting my powers upon trifles, instead of making myself merely a conspicuous figure at public places of amusement, instead of giving myself up to gallantry which disgusted and disappointed me, instead of dissipating my fortune and tarnishing my character, I should have distinguished myself in the senate or the army, I should have become a *useful* member of society, and an honour to my family. Remember my advice, young man! Pursue what is *useful* to mankind, you will satisfy them, and, what is better, you will satisfy yourself."

'Two mornings afterwards he was found dead in his bed. Thus ended Sir Francis Blake Delaval. Descended from illustrious ancestors, born with every personal advantage, of a countenance peculiarly prepossessing, tall, strong, athletic, and singularly active, he excelled in every manly exercise, was endowed with courage, and with extraordinary presence of mind; yet all in vain. His parting advice was not thrown away upon me. Indeed I had heard and seen sufficient to convince me, that a life of pleasure is not a life of happiness, and that to the broad gaiety of public festivity there frequently succeeds insupportable ennui in private—ennui, which often drives men to the worst vices merely for emotion and occupation.' pp. 154—7.

To enable Sir Francis Delaval to obtain the earliest possible intelligence of the event of a race at Newmarket, Mr. Edgeworth first projected his telegraph; the idea of which was suggested by the perusal of Wilkins' "Secret and Swift Messenger," and by a paper in Hooke's works. He ascertained the feasibility of the scheme, and claims the merit of reviving the invention. Telegraphic communication was not attempted in France till long after. About the same period, he amused himself with several other curious mechanical inventions;—a walking machine, a sailing carriage, and a phaeton on Dr. Darwin's principle. The latter obtained the approbation of the Society for the Encouragement of Arts; a circumstance which Mr. Edgeworth thought proper to communicate to the Doctor, and this led to their subse-

quent intimacy. Dr. Darwin, though he took his correspondent for a coach-maker, invited him to his house. An explanation did not take place till after Mr. Edgeworth had been engaged for some time in conversation with his host. During this visit, he was introduced to the then beautiful and all-accomplished Miss Seward, and the other *literati* of Litchfield. About the same time commenced his intimacy with the Author of Sandford and Merton, which ripened into a friendship that lasted, notwithstanding the strong points of opposition in their characters, till Mr. Day's death. The character of this singular but benevolent man, presents a strange compound of good sense and great weakness, generosity and selfishness. He was a man of extensive reading, and exceedingly fond of metaphysics and argumentation; he was, in a word, a philosopher of the Rousseau school, who thought his master the 'first of human-kind.' In a familiar letter to Mr. Edgeworth, he says, that 'were all the books in the world to be 'destroyed,' the second book he would wish to save, 'after the 'Bible,' would be Rousseau's Emilius. This phrase—'after the 'Bible,' has been applied to do honour to a great diversity of publications; but we question whether ever before so monstrous a *juxta*-position of things human and Divine, entered into the mind of man. And what was this system that so powerfully fascinated the imagination of our philosopher? Let us hear it from himself. 'To yield without murmuring to necessity, to 'exert properly the faculties of nature, to be unbiassed by preju-'dice, are the simple foundations of every thing that is great, 'good, sublime—Excellent Rousseau!' And oh, rare Mr. Day! Mr. Edgeworth tells us, that the Emilius had made a strong impression on his own mind, and that he formed a strong desire to educate his son according to his system.

'My wife complied with my wishes, and the body and mind of my son were to be left as much as possible to the education of nature and of accident. I was but twenty-three years old, when I formed this resolution; I steadily pursued it for several years, notwithstanding the opposition with which I was embarrassed by my friends and relations, and the ridicule by which I became immediately assailed on all quarters.

'I dressed my son without stockings, with his arms bare, in a jacket and trowsers such as are quite common at present, but which were at that time novel and extraordinary. I succeeded in making him remarkably hardy: I also succeeded in making him fearless of danger, and, what is more difficult, capable of bearing privation of every sort. He had all the virtues of a child bred in the hut of a savage, and all the knowledge of *things*, which could well be acquired at an early age by a boy bred in civilized society. I say knowledge of *things*, for of books he had less knowledge at four or five years old, than most children have at that age. Of mechanics he had a clearer conception, and in the application of what he knew, more invention than any

child I had then seen. He was bold, free, fearless, generous; he had a ready and keen use of all his senses, and of his judgment. But he was not disposed to *obey*: his exertions generally arose from his own will; and, though he was what is commonly called good-tempered and good-natured, though he generally pleased by his looks, demeanour, and conversation, he had too little deference for others, and he shewed an invincible dislike to control. With me, he was always what I wished; with others, he was never any thing but what he wished to be himself. He was, by all who saw him, whether of the higher or lower classes, taken notice of; and by all considered as very clever. I speak of a child between seven and eight years old, and to prevent interruption in my narrative, I here represent the effects of his education from three to eight years old, during which period I pursued with him Rousseau's plans.' pp. 178, 9.

In a subsequent part of the narrative, Mr. E. with great candour acquaints us with the further result of his scheme. He took the boy, when almost nine years old, with him to France, where he was chiefly committed to the care of a tutor.

'I had begun his education,' says the Father, 'upon the mistaken principles of Rousseau; and I had pursued them with as much steadiness, and, so far as they could be advantageous, with as much success as I could desire. Whatever regarded the health, strength, and agility of my son, had amply justified the system of my master; but I found myself entangled in difficulties with regard to my child's mind and temper. He was generous, brave, good-natured, and what is commonly called good-tempered; but he was scarcely to be controlled. It was difficult to urge him to any thing that did not suit his fancy, and more difficult to restrain him from what he wished to follow. In short, he was self-willed, from a spirit of independence, which had been inculcated by his early education, and which he cherished the more from the inexperience of his own powers.

'I must here acknowledge, with deep regret, not only the error of a theory, which I had adopted at a very early age, when older and wiser persons than myself had been dazzled by the eloquence of Rousseau; but I must also reproach myself with not having, after my arrival in France, paid as much attention to my boy as I had done in England, or as much as was necessary to prevent the formation of those habits, which could never afterwards be eradicated. I dwell on this painful subject, to warn other parents against the errors, which I committed. I had successfully reached a certain point in the education of my pupil; I had acquired complete ascendancy over his mind; he respected and loved me; but, relying upon what I had already done, I trusted him to the care of another, who, with the best intentions in the world, had no experience in the management of children, or any habitual influence over his particular pupil. The boy soon obtained the mastery.' pp. 273—5.

The sequel was less unfortunate than might have been feared: the youth was sent to a public seminary, where he discovered an invincible disinclination to scholarship; he ran away, went to

mit him to bend his knees, and to rise up and sink down. By these means M. Huise proposed to force Mr. Day's knees outward, but his screwing was in vain. He succeeded in torturing his patient, but original formation, and inveterate habit, resisted all his endeavours at personal improvement. I could not help pitying my philosophic friend, pent up in durance vile for hours together, with his feet in his stocks, a book in his hand, and contempt in his heart.'

All was in vain, and Sabrina was for this time revenged. Notwithstanding the pains he had taken to improve his manners and person, the lady 'could not feel for him the attachment which 'was necessary for her happiness and for his in marriage. In 'short, notwithstanding his great and good qualities, she could 'not give him her heart.' What was to be done? When the shock of the disappointment was over, the mind of the philosopher turned again; turned back to the lovely Sabrina, now no longer a child. 'He certainly was never more loved by any woman,' says his Biographer, 'than he was by her; nor do I 'believe that any woman was to him ever personally more agree-'able.' And now for a consummate proof of our philosopher's great and good qualities. Every body expected that he was on the eve of marrying his ward: it seemed that the Fates would have it so; and with more reason it might have been thought that honour and manly feeling would have it so. But—

'He had left Sabrina at the house of a friend under strict injunctions as to some peculiar fancies of his own; in particular, some restrictions as to her dress. She neglected, forgot, or undervalued something, which was not, I believe, clearly defined. She did, or she did not, wear certain long sleeves, and some handkerchief, which had been the subject of his dislike, or of his liking; and he, considering this circumstance as a criterion of her attachment, and as a proof of her want of strength of mind, quitted her for ever!'

One is really mortified to find after this, that he married—married, and was not, as he deserved to be, miserable; but found a paragon, who united, 'in an unusual manner,' independence of sentiment with the most complete matrimonial obedience; could discuss, and reason, and keep up an argument with him, to his heart's content, upon any topic, 'from the deepest 'political investigation to the most frivolous circumstance of daily 'life.' This was what Sabrina could not have done. But logic and metaphysics will not always please. Mr. Day bought an estate, and became an agriculturist; bought "Ware's architec-"ture," and plunged into brick and mortar; wasted his property, and was in imminent danger of becoming a misanthropist, when he was thrown from a horse he had undertaken to train, and never spoke afterwards. As for Sabrina, she was married to an old friend of Mr. Day's, Mr. Bicknell, who was, with his friend, the joint author of the "Dying Negro." He lived, however,

arcely three years after his marriage, and left his widow with o sons unprovided for; but her character obtained her friends, d, by her exertions, she was able to maintain herself in inde- ndence.

We have almost lost sight of Mr. Edgeworth; but the truth he is a far less interesting personage, in his own memoirs, n most of his friends. In the year 1769, his father died at age of sixty-nine; and Mr. Edgeworth finding himself in session of a competent estate, gave up all thoughts of the r. Soon after this event, his wife being still living, he became quainted with Miss Honora Sneyd, to whom Major André s at that time paying his addresses; and his admiration soon w into a deep attachment. Whatever may be thought of . E.'s conduct in the first instance, he took the only honour- e method of obviating criminality and danger—by flight. went abroad, in company with his friend Day; and while philosopher was practising the graces, Mr. E. engaged in cheme which called into exercise all his skill in engineering: vas no other than to divert the Rhone into a new channel. nen he found he should be detained at Lyons for some time, 'invited' his wife to join him: she staid with him till the ter, and then returned in order to be confined in England, —to die. On receiving this intelligence, Mr. E. lost no time eturning. 'A new era in his life,' he tells us 'was now eginning.' Our readers will guess what this means: he went tly to Litchfield, saw Miss Honora Sneyd, was accepted, married by special license, and immediately after the cere- ny, set off for Ireland. The remainder of the memoir cribes, with more feeling than is displayed in any other part the volume, the few short years of domestic happiness which ued, and the decline and death of Honora; it then proceeds letail the method he took to repair his irreparable loss by rying, at his deceased wife's suggestion, her sister Elizabeth, the discussions to which this gave rise; and it breaks off ptly at the year 1782, when Mr. Edgeworth formed the e determination to return to Ireland, and dedicate the remain- of his life to the improvement of his estate, the education of children, and the good of the country from which he drew subsistence.

t is to his daughter that Mr. Edgeworth is entirely indebted exhibiting the bright side of his character,—as a father, a dlord, and a patriot; that daughter whose writings render it r all his safest claim to posthumous celebrity, that he was the er of Maria Edgeworth. From the period of his settling in land in 1782, he resided in that country, and on his own te, nearly five and thirty years. In that year, the Irish nteers were in force, and Lord Charlemont, their general,

appointed Mr. Edgeworth to be one of his aides de camp. Miss Edgeworth gives an interesting sketch of Irish affairs at this critical period, in which her father bore an honourable part. In 1785, the Royal Irish Academy was formed, and Mr. Edgeworth was named, at Lord Charlemont's desire, one of its original members. In the two following years, he occupied himself very usefully in the improvement of considerable tracts of mountainous land and of bog; and in carrying limestone for the improvement of the mountain farm, 'he made the first trial of 'wooden moveable railways, and small carriages with cast-iron 'wheels, supported on friction rollers.' During the disturbances and alarms of the years 1794, 5, he exerted himself, but without success, to establish a telegraph in Ireland: it did not suit the English government to sanction it. In the year 1797, he lost his third wife, to whom he had been married seventeen years; and as there is no good reason why a man who has had three wives, should not take a fourth, he lost no time in supplying the vacancy. His own daughter must be allowed to be a disinterested judge of the propriety of this step; she says,

'My father was past fifty, when he was left a third time a widower, with a numerous family, by different wives: four sons and five daughters living with him; some of them grown up, others very young—the youngest but three years old—two of the daughters fourteen and sixteen, just at the age when a mother's care is of most importance. Besides his children, two sisters of the late Mrs. Edgeworth had resided with us for several years. Though they had friends and near connexions in England, for whom they felt high esteem, they had remained in Ireland with us, and they formed part of this large family, attached to them by ties of kindred, and by feelings of gratitude and esteem. Those who knew him intimately, and all indeed who had seen how much the felicity of his former life had depended upon conjugal affection, were aware, that he would not be happy unless he married again.' p. 191.

The lady on whom his choice fell, was a Miss Beaufort, to whom is borne a most honourable testimony.

'A more trying situation for a wife could hardly be imagined, than that in which she was now placed. She knew, that in the minds of all who surrounded her—sons, daughters, and sisters-in-law, old associations and present feelings, though not averse to her individually, must be painfully affected by the first introduction of a new wife and mother. She was aware, that points of comparison must continually recur with those, who had been much beloved or highly admired. Love and sorrow for their late mother were still fresh in the minds of her own children; while ever present to the memory of others of the family, and of traditional power over the imagination, was the character of one highly gifted and graced with every personal and mental endowment—the more than *celebrated*, the revered Honora! Knowing and feeling all this—and who could know or feel it more—

my father seemed neither embarrassed nor anxious for his present wife; not imprudently impatient to have her admired or beloved by his family.

'Soon after this marriage, things and persons found themselves in their proper places; and the fear of change, which had perplexed numbers, was gradually dispelled. The sisters of the late Mrs. Edgeworth, those excellent aunts (Mrs. Mary and Charlotte Sneyd,) instead of returning to their English friends and relations, remained at Edgeworth-Town. This was an auspicious omen to the common people in our neighbourhood, by whom they were universally beloved —it spoke well, they said, for the *new* lady. In his own family, the union and happiness she would secure was soon felt, but her superior qualities, her accurate knowledge, judgment, and abilities, in decision and in action, appeared only as occasions arose and called for them. She was found always equal to the occasion, and superior to the expectation. The power and measure of her efficient kindness could never be calculated, and was never fully known to each individual of her family, till by that individual it was most wanted.' pp. 202—4.

Fifteen years after, we have the following most pleasing picture.

'Fifteen years had now passed, since his last marriage. The sisters of a former wife continued to reside in his family, having become the most attached friends of the present Mrs. Edgeworth and of her children. Under her uniting influence, he saw his sons and daughters, by three previous marriages, living together with six of her children, all in perfect harmony and happiness; all looking up to him with fond affection, confidence, and gratitude. From the great difference in the ages of his children, his eldest being at that time above five and forty, the youngest, only one year old; he enjoyed as a father, preceptor, and friend, an extraordinary variety of interest and amusement, as well as occupation and friendship in his own family. Some had been for years his friends and companions, had joined with him in all his pursuits, thoughts, and feelings, and had lived with him on terms of equality, which, diminishing nothing from respect, added incalculably to our happiness, gratitude, and affection.

'Then he had, both as a preceptor and a parent, continual interest in the education of his sons; while their gratitude, and the promise of their excellence, delighted their father's heart with the fairest prospect, and the most reasonable of human hopes. For the fortitude with which he had sustained former misfortunes, and the energy with which he had persevered unremittingly in the education of those which remained to him, he was rewarded by seeing a new race growing up around him, to supply, not to obliterate in his affections, those whom he had lost.' pp. 381—382.

To go back to the year 1798, a memorable one for Ireland. When it became absolutely necessary to have recourse to military interference, Mr. E. felt it to be an act of justice to his own tenantry, to raise a corps of infantry, into which, by what was deemed a most hazardous exercise of liberality, he admitted

Catholics as well as Protestants. But though the corps was raised, the arms were, by some *mistake* of the ordnance office, delayed till all danger was over. The evening of the day on which the news came, of the successful landing of the French at Killala, all seemed quiet at Edgeworth town; but the next morning (Sept. 4), reports reached them that the rebels were up in arms within a mile of the village, pouring in from the county of Westmeath, hundreds strong. These were contradicted, but at length, it was ascertained, that a body of rebels were advancing towards the village, and no alternative was left but to fly. One of Mr. Edgeworth's carriages having been lent, there remained but one for the whole family, eleven in number.

'No mode of conveyance could be had for some of the female servants; our faithful English housekeeper offered to stay till the return of the carriage, which had been left with the officer; and as we could not carry her, we were obliged, most reluctantly, to leave her behind to follow, as we hoped, immediately. As we passed through the village, we heard nothing but the entreaties, lamentations, and objurgations of those, who could not procure the means of carrying off their goods or their families: most painful when we could give no assistance.

'We expected every instant to hear the shout of the rebels entering Edgeworth-Town. When we had got about half a mile out of the village, my father suddenly recollected, that he had left on his table a paper, containing a list of his corps; and that, if this should come into the hands of the rebels, it might be of dangerous consequence to his men; it would serve to point out their houses for pillage, and their families for destruction. He turned his horse instantly, and galloped back for it. The time of his absence appeared immeasurably long, but he returned safely, after having destroyed the dangerous paper.

'Longford was crowded with yeomanry of various corps, and with the inhabitants of the neighbourhood, who had flocked thither for protection. With great difficulty the poor Edgeworth-Town infantry found lodgings. We were cordially received by the landlady of a good inn. Though her house was, as she said, fuller than it could hold, as she was an old friend of my father's, she did contrive to give us two rooms, in which we eleven were thankful to find ourselves. All our concern now was for those we had left behind. We heard nothing of our housekeeper all night, and were exceedingly alarmed: but early the next morning, to our great joy, she arrived. She told us, that after we had left her, she waited hour after hour for the carriage: she could hear nothing of it, as it had gone to Longford with the wounded officer. Towards evening, a large body of rebels entered the village.—She heard them at the gate, and expected that they would have broken in the next instant. But one, who seemed to be a leader, with a pike in his hand, set his back against the gate, and swore, that, "if he was to die for it the next minute, he would have the life of the first man, who should open that gate, or set enemy's foot within side of that place." He said, the housekeeper, who was left in it, was a good gentlewoman, and had done him a service, though *she did not*

know him, nor he her. He had never seen her face, but she had, the year before, lent his wife, when in distress, sixteen shillings, the rent of flax-ground, and he would stand her friend now.

'He kept back the mob; they agreed to send him to the house with a deputation of six, *to know the truth*, and to ask for arms. The six men went to the back-door, and summoned the housekeeper; one of them pointed his blunderbuss at her, and told her, that she must fetch all the arms in the house; she said she had none. Her champion asked her to say if she remembered him—"No; to her knowledge she had never seen his face." He asked if she remembered having lent a woman money to pay her rent of flax-ground the year before? "Yes," she remembered that, and named the woman, the time, and the sum. His companions were thus satisfied of the truth of what he had asserted. He bid her not to be *frighted*, "for that no harm should happen to her, nor any belonging to her; not a soul should get leave to go into her master's house; not a twig should be touched, nor a leaf harmed." His companions huzzaed and went off. Afterwards, as she was told, he mounted guard at the gate during the whole time the rebels were in the town.

'When the carriage at last returned, it was stopped by the rebels, who filled the street; they held their pikes to the horses and to the coachman's breast, accusing him of being an Orange-man, because, as they said, he wore the orange colours (our livery being yellow and brown.) A painter, a friend of ours, who had been that day at our house, copying some old family portraits, happened to be in the street at that instant, and called out to the mob, "*Gentlemen, it is yellow!—gentlemen, it is not orange.*" In consequence of this happy distinction they let go the coachman; and the same man, who had mounted guard at the gate, came up with his friends, rescued the carriage, and surrounding the coachman with their pikes, brought him safely into the yard. The pole of the carriage having been broken in the first onset, the housekeeper could not leave Edgeworth-Town till morning. She passed the night in walking up and down, listening and watching, but the rebels returned no more, and thus our house was saved by the gratitude of a single individual.'

The sequel is well known. The news of the total defeat of the French, near Granard, soon dissipated all fears of danger from the rebels, and the family lost no time in returning to their home.

'When we came near Edgeworth-Town, we saw many well known faces at the cabin doors, looking out to welcome us. One man, who was digging in his field by the road side, when he looked up as our horses passed, and saw my father, let fall his spade and clasped his hands; his face, as the morning sun shone upon it, was the strongest picture of joy I ever saw. The village was a melancholy spectacle; windows shattered, and doors broken. But though the mischief done was great, there had been little pillage. Within our gates we found all property safe; literally "not a twig touched, nor a leaf harmed." Within the house every thing was as we had left it—a map that we had been consulting was still open on the library table, with pencils, and

slips of paper containing the first lessons in arithmetic, in which some of the young people had been engaged the morning we had been driven from home; a pansy, in a glass of water, which one of the children had been copying, was still on the chimney-piece. These trivial circumstances, marking repose and tranquillity, struck us at this moment with an unreasonable sort of surprise, and all that had passed seemed like an incoherent dream. The joy of having my father in safety remained, and gratitude to Heaven for his preservation. These feelings spread inexpressible pleasure over what seemed to be a new sense of existence. Even the most common things appeared delightful; the green lawn, the still groves, the birds singing, the fresh air, all external nature, and all the goods and conveniencies of life, seemed to have wonderfully increased in value, from the fear into which we had been put of losing them irrecoverably.'

We find we have no room for further extracts, and must, therefore, pass over the details relating to Mr. Edgeworth's short parliamentary career, in which he behaved with the manly independence and integrity which ought to be the character of the country gentleman and county member: he voted against the Union, on the ground that the sense of the country was against it. In the year 1806, during the administration of the Duke of Bedford, he had another honourable opportunity of serving the country in which he had been so long a resident, as one of the board of commissioners for inquiring into the education of the people of Ireland. Mechanics, his favourite study, and literature, continued to employ his leisure, and to interest him to the last; and he died in the midst of his family, and in the full enjoyment of his intellectual faculties, on the 13th June 1817, in the seventy-fourth year of his age.

As a man of the world, this was all that there remained for him to wish for, to die thus honoured in the arms of his children, and to leave one such daughter behind to be his biographer. Nor do we know where we should find a fairer or more exemplary specimen of the character of a man of the world. But there is another world; and this thought, which inevitably suggests itself to a reflective mind on closing the memoir, gives a melancholy character to the tale. One cannot avoid recurring to the dying sentiment expressed by the mother of Mr. Edgeworth; and, contrasting her protracted sufferings with the active, joyous life of her son, it is obvious to inquire on what his confidence of happiness in a future state of retribution could rest, since he had no such supposed claim to compensation for earthly suffering. It is painful to reflect how characteristically the mark of irreligion was impressed on the whole of Mr. Edgeworth's life—on all his literary productions, on his principles of education, on all his views and reasonings; and how completely it was the character of his associates. We are made acquainted with a number of interesting and intelligent individuals in the

course of these memoirs, of whom one after another is seen sinking into the grave, and all of them either the avowed champions or the credulous disciples of infidelity. The more amiable they were in private life, the more distinguished by their talents, their graces, or their benevolence, the more poignant is the feeling of solemn regret—and the phrase is, we confess, exceedingly below the occasion—inspired by the fact, that they completed the term of their probationary existence in ignorance, criminal ignorance, of what the human race exists for; ignorant of what was their actual predicament as subjects of the moral government of God, and totally unfitted, by reason of that ignorance, for entering on the final and irreversible state of being. This is not the place to enter into an examination of the sentiments maintained in the works of Mr. Edgeworth and his daughter: it might otherwise be shewn, that what seems at first a negative fault, a mere avoidance of every thing relating to theology, really involves a spirit of active hostility; and that this irreligion is connected, as it must of necessity be, with a corrupt morality that taints the whole of their instructive and valuable writings. But we forbear to pursue the subject, having no disposition coolly to resume the task of criticism, after contemplating one of the Authors of those works as the subject of an irreparable and infinitely calamitous delusion.

Art. VII. *A Treatise on Topography, for both civil and military Purposes.* Compiled, and partly written, by C. S. de Malortie, of the Royal Military Academy, Woolwich. 8vo. 2 vols. London.

ENGLAND has been very little distinguished by scientific contributions to what we may venture to term the literature of war. While continental officers have published their speculations on the different branches of military service, and have bent the whole strength of their faculties to the discovery and improvement of the various methods and materials of attack and defence, Englishmen, with few exceptions, have been satisfied with adopting the systems of others, and with making successful use of weapons and munitions, the invention of which they owed to their enemies. We have had no Vaubans nor Cohorns; and while the Guischardts, the Puysegurs, the Saxes, the Feuquieres, the Jominis, have been giving to the world the most interesting and important illustrations of the science of war, we cannot quote a single name qualified to stand in competition with those able and celebrated writers. Even in elementary works, we were either greatly deficient, or compelled to have recourse to foreigners for that instruction which our own countrymen were either incompetent or reluctant to communicate. This reproach, if after all it be not an honourable distinction, seems to be in

course of removal: the publications of Col. Pasley, and Sir Howard Douglas, are of distinguished merit, and we have no doubt will be followed up by others equally valuable and accessible. Still, we are far behind the French in this kind of preparation: at least equally favoured in the possession of brilliant talent and scientific acquisition, we appear to fall short of them in the wisdom which forestalls and accumulates, and the dexterity which communicates and renders generally available. They mingle, indeed, with these desirable qualities a large alloy of charlatanism and pretence; there is much of unnecessary bustle, a characteristic parade of knowledge, and a restless intrusion of topics rather adapted to personal display than to the furtherance of the matter in hand; but still there is much valuable result, and we are content to take it in their way if we cannot have it in our own.

These remarks are, in some degree, verified by the publication now before us. For the main substance of it, we are indebted to the well-known *Memorial Topographique et Militaire;* and it will be found to include both the valuable qualities and the defects to which we have just alluded; the latter, however, by no means interfere with the general merit of the work. The French *Depot general de la guerre*, originally established in the reign of Louis XIV. has, we believe, invariably received from the government the utmost attention: men of ability have been carefully selected as its superintendants, and the utmost diligence and skill have been used in the collection, revision, and arrangement of documents. With a view to the introduction of accuracy and uniformity into the scientific processes of military surveying, the work whose original title we have cited, was published, and its directions have been generally adopted. As presented by M. de Malortie to the English student, it is comprised in four parts. The first relates to Geodosic operations, including the description of various instruments, and an appendix of useful tables. The second part, from Biot, explains the use and application of the barometer, with improved tables. The third part is subsidiary to the first, and contains a considerable variety of important instruction on the subjects of secondary triangles, and minor surveys. The fourth part is a translation of Col. Allent's Essay on Military Reconnoitring, and it was to this portion that we more particularly referred in our preliminary observations. It is, undoubtedly, a valuable and comprehensive treatise, but at the same time embracing much that seems only to encumber the subject. Instead of confining himself to the simple statements and directions which the nature of his essay required, the Colonel blends with them a number of suggestions and points merely collateral, and which

night have been safely left to inference and observation. In addition to this, there is sometimes a little want of distinctness in the expression which, as we have no present means of referring to the original, we are not able to assign to its real source. It is, however, but just to say, that the translation seems, in general, to be carefully executed, and that the work in its English dress, forms a convenient and useful manual.

Art. VIII. *An Introduction to the Writing of Latin Exercises:* containing easy Exercises on all the *Declinable*, with copiously arranged Lists of the *Indeclinable* Parts of Speech. Adapted to the Eton Grammar. By James Mitchell. 18mo. pp. 72. 1819.

THIS little work will much assist the young scholar in his progress through the Latin Grammar, as it supplies him with a considerable number of examples of words in the several declensions and conjugations. The exercises upon the verb in particular, will be found of great utility in forming the pupil to an accurate and complete acquaintance with the different moods and tenses. This "Introduction" may be safely recommended to the attention of teachers, as one of those works which facilitate the business of instruction without offering improper advantages to the learner.

Art. IX. *The Scripture Doctrine of the Trinity*, briefly stated and defended: and the Church of England vindicated from the Charge of Uncharitableness in retaining the Athanasian Creed. By Thomas Hartwell Horne, M.A. &c. 8vo. pp. xv, 189. London. 1820.

THIS is a respectable and useful compendium of the positive evidence upon the important article of the Christian faith, which it discusses. It is designed for popular use, and we hope it will be the means of preserving many from being beguiled by the sophistical representations, and unsound, though often plausible, criticisms of those who deny the Deity of our Blessed Saviour, and the personality of the Holy Spirit. But this purpose would have been more effectually answered, had the estimable Author taken more pains to preclude objections, and had he been more vigilant against the introduction of loose arguments which will not endure the closest scrutiny. His plan does not allow him sufficient scope for discussing the sense and bearings of each passage of the Holy Scriptures which he adduces: it was therefore the more imperative upon him to have examined them to the utmost point of his own previous satisfaction. Had he done so, his list of texts might have been somewhat shortened, but his positions would have been better fortified. He has adduced (p. 37.) Heb. xi. 3, as one of the

passages which ascribe the work of creation to Christ; though the appellative there used is not Λογος but ῥημα. If it was his opinion that the latter word was also used in the personal sense, he ought to have given his reasons.

We cannot, however, but be astonished, and lament, that the worthy Author has founded his disquisition upon the text, 1 John v. 7, which, to speak in the most subdued tone, is of doubtful authenticity, and which, Mr. Horne well knows, is openly pronounced to be spurious by many of the first Biblical writers. In what he calls his proof of the genuineness and authenticity of this passage, he makes some very incorrect assertions. We believe that no addition is pretended to be made to the facts which form the data of the case; and we therefore cannot but withhold our assent from conclusions which seem to us at absolute variance with the premises. Mr. Horne is surely not aware of the triumph which this mode of arguing the case will give to the adversaries of the orthodox doctrine. They will impute the unhappiness of laying the foundation on so weak and dangerous a ground, not to a want of judgement in the Author, but to a fatal deficiency in the merits of the cause. We deeply lament this, for we are most solemnly convinced that it is the cause of God and truth, and that the greatest interests of the Christian religion are bound up indissolubly with it.

The Appendix, which forms more than one half of the volume, is, in our judgement, by much the more valuable part.

Art. X. *Remarks on the Foreknowledge of God*, suggested by Passages in Dr. Adam Clarke's Commentary on the New Testament. By Gill Timms. 8vo. pp. x, 99. London. 1819.

MR. TIMMS expresses his surprise that no writer more competent than himself to do justice to the subject, had stepped forward to controvert the palpable errors to which these Remarks relate. But he must recollect, that the number of readers is comparatively small, the number of Dr. Clarke's readers very small, who are accustomed to metaphysical reasoning. To those persons who have any competent acquaintance with such subjects, the Doctor's hypothesis must have appeared so totally destitute of novelty as scarcely to require notice; and we know of nothing more irksome than the having gravely and patiently to combat stale and often refuted sophisms by what must be substantially a repetition of familiar arguments. On this account, we have suffered the present pamphlet to lie longer on our table than it deserves to have done. It is a very able performance, and does equal credit to the Author's logical skill and his Christian temper. Dr. Clarke is treated with all the

personal respect which his philological talents and his amiable character deserve; his arguments are treated with more respect than they deserve. At the same time, considering to what class of readers Mr. Timms had to make himself intelligible in prosecuting a train of argument so dry and abstract, we are not disposed to think him unnecessarily minute; we do not at all complain that he reiterates the proof of what should seem to be so obvious as to require no formal demonstration, or that he uses old arguments in demolishing for the hundredth time old absurdities; and if we were disposed on the first view of the matter, to think the undertaking almost superfluous, we are quite pleased that those who will read only what is in form new, should be furnished with this neat and luminous exposition of the question.

Dr. Clarke's notion, stripped of the jargon in which he has invested it, comes to this; that the *knowledge* of God springs from, or is dependent on, his *will:* God knows just so much as he chooses to know, and no more. He *can* know all things, but there are some things, called contingencies, which he chooses not to know. 'Being omniscient, (which the Doctor tells us means, having the power to be omniscient if he pleases,) he prefers not to know those things which he has left determinable by the free agency of man; he wills so far, not to be in *fact* omniscient.

The things which, by the supposition, are excepted from the Divine knowledge, are, in their own nature, either possible to be known, or they are not. If it is possible for God to know them, while yet in fact they are unknown to him, there future existence must be certain; and as 'nothing can be future to God, 'because he lives in all futurity,' those future certainties are to Him existing certainties, of which He prefers, according to this supposition, to be ignorant! They are certain, and yet the Omniscient Creator of all things does not know them to be so! They are ever present to Him, but he wills to take no cognizance of their existence!

If it is not possible for even Omniscience itself to know these 'contingencies;' that is to say, if to suppose them known and yet contingent involves a contradiction; then what becomes of Dr. Clarke's representation, that God 'is not obliged' to know 'all that he can know?' If God can foresee nothing as certain which he has suspended on the free agency of his creature, then, it is evident he does *know* all that he *can* know, and that only what is unknowable, is excluded from his knowledge. According to this view of the Doctor's theory, Omniscience, even in his own sense of the terms, that is, 'the power to know all things', is no attribute of Deity. Infinite knowledge is not a perfection,

or else the Supreme Being is not a perfect being! The former supposition is an absurdity; the latter is blasphemy.

But how is the case mended, if we recur to the former statement, that this partial ignorance of things future, springs from the will of God? If it is good not to know them, if God can do otherwise than know them previously to their being brought into act, why should it be good or necessary that they should ever become known to God? Will the Almighty know more at some future period than he does know, and does He will to remain till then, less than perfect in knowledge? Were it possible in the nature of things that one perfection of Deity should be arbitrary in its origin, that God should, in any one respect, be what he wills to be, what hinders that some other perfection of Deity may not be the result of the Divine will? The Omniscience of God is not less necessary, less inseparable from the nature, or less essential to the perfection of the Eternal, Unchangeable Being, than his holiness. God cannot *will* to know less than all things, because He cannot be less than himself. He cannot now but know all that at any future period he will know, because He ever was, and now is, all that through eternity He will be.

Upon this last point, the *argumentum ad hominem* is well managed by Mr. Timms. He shews that Dr. Clarke's sentiment, that the knowledge of God may be considered as partial with respect to futurity, is neutralized by his own language.

"The Foreknowledge of God," says the Doctor, "is never spoken of in reference to *himself*, but in reference to *us*; in him properly, there is neither *foreknowledge*, nor *afterknowledge*. God cannot have *Foreknowledge*, strictly speaking, because this would suppose that there was something *coming*, in what we call *futurity*, which had not yet *arrived* at the *presence of the Deity*. Neither can he have any *afterknowledge*, strictly speaking; for this would suppose that something that *had taken* place, in what we call *preteriety*, or *past time*, had now got *beyond* the *presence of the Deity*. As God exists in all that can be called *eternity*; so he is *equally* every where: nothing can be *future* to him, because he lives in all *futurity*, nothing can be *past* to him, because he equally exists in all *past time*: *futurity* and *preteriety* are relative terms to us; but they can have *no* relation to that God who dwells in *every point* of eternity, with whom all that is *past*, all that is *present*, and all that is *future* to man, exists in one infinite, indivisible, and eternal NOW." Notwithstanding these observations; when speaking of future events in relation to this very Being, the Doctor divides them into those which are *certain*, and those which are *contingent*; defining the latter thus. "By *contingent*, I mean such things as the infinite wisdom of God has thought proper to poise on the *possibility* of *being* or *not being*, leaving it to the will of intelligent beings to turn the scale."

'The terms fore, and afterknowledge, whether applicable to God or ot, must be retained in reference to man. This Dr. Clarke allows. nd hence, in comparing the passages just quoted, a question naturally uggests itself, Would it be possible for the learned Commentator to ake a division of past events into contingent and certain, similar to hat he has made of those which are *future*, in relation to the knowdge of the divine Being? But why not: if *futurity* and *preteriety*, s applied to *him*, are precisely the same thing? After these counter-tatements, the Doctor is reduced to this *dilemma:* either of giving to uture events "*the certainty*" which always attaches to those which are ast: or to *past events*, that *contingency*" which he has chosen to atach to those which are future; for as he has asserted, in the strongest nd most unequivocal language, "that *preteriety* and *futurity*, though elative terms to *us*," when applied to God, stand for the same idea, hat to *him*, between *past*, *present*, and *future*, strictly speaking, there an be *no* difference: were he now to seek to make *a difference*, he ould be convicted of contradicting his own assertion.

'Which of these alternatives is the Doctor disposed to choose? or from both the horns of this dilemma it seems impossible for him o escape. Will he prefer the latter, and maintain, that the divine nowledge of the *past* may be *also contingent?* Here it would be only ecessary to remind him of his own definition of *contingency*, and to sk, Can any thing which has *actually been*, be "poised on the possiility of *being or not being;*" and suspended on the will of man for s existence? To maintain this, would be to deny the being of the ery thing to which he ascribes it, and to move in a circle of contraiction. A thing, when it has taken place, is denominated a fact; nd what is a fact must be certain; and where *certainty* is, *continency* is necessarily excluded. It is true, indeed, there are many intances in which the human mind, because imperfect, may remain *uncertain* as to *past* events; but the *uncertainty* in these cases attaches, ot to the object, but only to the medium through which we contemlate it. It belongs solely to defect of evidence; for no man was ver found simple enough to doubt the *certainty* of what he himself new to be an actual fact. Our scepticism in all cases in relation to past event, is confined entirely to the deficiency of evidence. But othing of this kind can apply to God. "God exists," as Dr. Clarke xpresses, it, "in all that can be called Eternity; nothing can be *future* to him, because he lives in all *futurity:* nothing can be *past* to *him*, ecause *he* equally exists in all *past time*," aad it may be added, as *to* im there can be nothing future, so *from* him there can be nothing emote. He sits in the centre of his own works; and his omnipreence touches every surrounding object. No intervening cloud therefore can darken his views; or cause either faintness, or fluctuation n his perceptions: He sees things always as they *are;* but *never* as hey are *not*. His views must ever accord with truth and reality. As the learned Commentator himself informs us, he cannot see *contingent* events as *certain*, nor *certain* events as *contingent;* for he sees hings as they are: this is the purport of the Doctor's own assertion. But if he would contend that God contemplates *past* events as *con-*

tingent, he must see them differently to what they *are*,' for contingency cannot possibly, by any latitude of interpretation, be applied to *past events*. If then Dr. Clarke should be compelled to abandon this side of the dilemma, will he find himself more secure on the opposite; and, measuring the divine knowledge, of what to us is *futurity*, by his knowledge of what to us is *preteriety;* will he give to *future* events, the *certainty* which always attaches to those that are *past*? But then if so, he relinquishes the very position he is labouring to defend; and the fallacy of his novel distinction of events into two classes, *contingent* and *certain*, is exposed by the light of his own argument. If the Doctor admits that *future* events are *as certain* to the mind of God, as those which are *past;* then all the difficulties attending a belief in his *absolute Foreknowledge*, return upon him in their full force; and he has only to call to mind his own words, "If no *contingency*, then no *free agency*, and *God alone* is the sole actor. Hence the *blasphemous*, though from the premises, *fair* conclusion, that God is the author of all the evil and sin that are in the world."

This extract will give the reader a more just idea of the present Writer's style of reasoning, than any analysis of the pamphlet. It is, however, a fault that he has not presented any syllabus of its contents. The remarks are distributed into six general positions. The first is, that if what Dr. Clarke has advanced respecting the Divine Prescience, was correct, it would leave the difficulties it is employed to remove, undiminished; since nothing short of *entire ignorance* in God, would go far enough to serve the purpose of his argument. Secondly, the Dr.'s definition of Omniscience is shewn to include either too little or too much for his purpose, while it is in itself an absurdity. Thirdly, the Dr.'s reasoning against the *certain* foreknowledge of God, as incompatible with the free agency of man, is shewn to rest on two false assumptions: 1st, that the certainty of an action destroys its freeness, and, consequently, its moral qualities; 2dly, that fore-knowledge implies some impelling influence over the agent. Fourthly, it is shewn that the attempt to establish an analogy between Omnipotence, or the power of doing all things, and Omniscience as the power of knowing all things, is a mere fallacy. Fifthly, the reasoning of Dr. Clarke with respect to the Divine knowledge, is shewn to be self-contradictory. Sixthly, it is remarked that 'Dr. C.'s hypo-'thesis, if fully realized, would tend to shake our confidence in 'the Divine government, and render Him incompetent to the 'management of the Universe.'

Mr. Timms has made a proper use of Edwards's treatise on the Will, in which all that can be said on the subject is to be found, although not in a popular form. Had Dr. Clarke ever seen that work, it is scarcely conceivable that he could have

imself open to the remarks of the present writer. Howe
) cited; but there is in some part of his works, (we be-
in his "Living Temple,") a passage directly to Mr.
s's purpose, exposing the absurdity of imputing limita-
) the Divine Omniscience. These are writers which the
mass of Dr. Clarke's subscribers are not likely ever to
nto; but he ought not on that account to have felt him-
; liberty to take no notice of their reasonings.

II. *The Brothers*, a Monody; and other Poems. By Charles Elton, Author of a Translation of Hesiod, and of "Specimens he Classic Poets." 12mo. pp. 120. Price 5s. London. 1820.

R. ELTON is advantageously known to the public as the Author of the Translation of Hesiod to which his title-page , and of some fugitive originals, by which his poetical talents been sufficiently attested. Had he not been so known, we ould not have made the present volume an occasion for ıting a rigid examination into his claims. The subject of resent poem is so mournful, and the publication bears upon h strong marks of having originated in deep feeling, that ts intrinsic merits been far below what they are, we must merged the critic in the common sympathies of humanity. Monody is written to commemorate the loss of two brothers, hildren, we presume, of the writer, who were drowned; the in the attempt to rescue the younger from the waves.

ıere is a well-founded prejudice (if a prejudice may be well led) against monodies in general, arising from the idea the feelings which they so elaborately express, or at least , would disqualify for the cool artifices of verse. This inly holds true, not only as to the first moments of strong ion, but as to every subsequent stage of passion, until the ination has become so far reconciled to the idea which at shocked and pained it, that the pleasures of recollection onderate. The effort to which the mind is then prompted, for its object, to perpetuate those vivid impressions, in the ıg of which it would seem to part with its last hold on the ure it has lost. It has no readier way of bringing back distinct idea of what was once its own, than by calling up feelings which the recent loss occasioned; feelings at the insupportable, but in the remembrance of which there is a sure bordering upon complacency. There is a pleasure , in assembling every incident connected with the period of ring, in heaping up every circumstance of aggravation, in r to transport ourselves back nearer to the time when we hed upon possession. The imagination is thus set at work ssist the sluggish and treacherous memory; and it is in this : of excitement, under the pleasing recollection of keenly

painful emotions, that it is not only very possible, but sometimes a relief and a luxury, to compose.

We do not dispute that there may have been monodies and elegies written very soon after—immediately after an afflictive bereavement; because there are men, and alas! poets too, who have very superficial and very transitory feelings, and whose imagination readily supplies them with consolation amid any of the ills of life that do not press very hard upon their personal convenience,—in the very trappings of grief, the pomp and consequence of sorrow, and the brief notoriety, or at least attention, which is conceded to the sufferer. There are cold egotists who are happier in the sympathy they awaken, than they were in the possession they are pitied for having lost. And there are those whose grief is altogether a fiction, whose sensibility is purely the sensibility of taste.

The present Writer, we feel convinced, is not of this class. He has borrowed one motto from Young, and another from Lord Byron; but we will not wrong him by imagining that his sorrow is either the theatric grief of the Night Thoughts, or the hollow sentimental pretence of the consummate actor who wrote the 'Farewell.' If the circumstances described are not fictitious, they *must* have produced in the mind of the most unimpassioned parent, all the agony which the poem describes. The only question that can arise, is, how he could love to dwell upon them. This we have attempted to answer; and the reader will have in recollection a case very much in point, in the affecting and elegant 'Monument of Parental Affection,' written by an excellent clergyman as a solace under a loss that was bowing him to the grave.

But what pleasure, it may be asked, can a man feel in laying bare his heart to strangers? Does not real sorrow shrink even from sympathy? We suppose that no person possessing the slightest portion of sensibility, ever sate down to give vent to his feelings, with the intent, *at the time*, to publish what he wrote. From the public as a *presence*, the mourner would shrink, perhaps, with morbid sensations of proud reserve, at the very time that to that same public as an *abstraction* he was entrusting the preservation of the fond memorial reared in secret to the object departed. There is no contradiction in this. There are moods in which one can impart more of one's inmost feelings to a stranger than to an inmate; partly, because that stranger has no opportunity of knowing more than we choose to impart of our feelings and our history; partly, too, because we do not daily live under his eye, and are not subject, having vented our hearts, to encounter the scrutiny of the look that bespeaks a knowledge of our feelings, when we would conceal, or forget, or disown them. The poet can fancy this unknown Public his friend, with-

; being subject to its intrusion, and enjoy an imaginary sym-
:hy which does not hurt, but rather soothes his pride. And
o has not pride to be soothed, even at the moment that he
ms laid in the dust?

The chief motive to publishing such works, however, we take
be, the wish to perpetuate the memorial, and to give it a chance
n of surviving its author. A vain wish, doubtless, in most
es, and a delusive consolation; but in this respect, a poem
d a grave-stone speak the same language, and are the efforts
the same instinct, which says of what once was ours, 'It
hall not all die.'

We shall attempt no analysis of the narrative of the present
m, but merely lay before our readers a specimen.

'There is a scene, which memory in her mood
Too faithful mingles in its sun and shade:
A single alley of o'ershadowing trees;
A pathway rising through an upland field;
The cottage built fantastic like a tower,
With its encircling garden, and beyond
The hill-dale sprinkled with its whitening crags:
Beneath the branches of those trees I sate,
With two, whose features bronzed and ruddy glowed
With the warm noon-beams, while the sea-breeze raised
Their light and flexile hair: so, pleasantly,
They turn'd the classic page. The page is closed:
The book unopen'd rests, a monument,
A sign and a memorial: he that saw
Those sunny features and those azure eyes,
Looks on them still in vision: but for him
The letter'd dead converse in vain: th' expanse
Of nature smiles in vain: there is a shroud
Upon the sun: a seal upon the book
Of that serene creation: the blue hills,
And undulating billows wafting life
And fragrance, and the joyous sounds, that ring
Among the thickets and the craggy dales,
Are images of beauty that is gone:
Echoes of hope and love, and tranquil joy,
Remember'd, not possest: a scene of dreams
From which the heart is shut: from which it turns,
Lest it should open springs of bitterness:
The paradise is there, but still beyond:
There is a gulf betwixt: I may not pass
And taste the pleasance of that glorious earth,
And feel the balm of yon embracing heaven.'

'Rock of St. Vincent! I revisit thee
With other thoughts and fainter steps; and climb
The spiral path alone, which last I climb'd
Not unaccompanied; and pausing now

Midway the cliff, how desolate the change!
The landscape lies in snow: brown leafless woods
Stretch to the water's edge, contrasting dark
With the dell's whiten'd hollows: dark the stream,
Now winding at its full: a mirror'd flood
Of clearest blackness, so intensely white
Glare the frozen banks above it, and the vales
Fringed with their bare brown thickets: oh drear scene!
How alter'd, yet how meet!—when last I stood
Upon this beetling clift, the leafy dells
Laugh'd in their greenness: hawthorns blossom'd thick,
And hazels spread their clusters, and the paths
And brakes were gemm'd with flowerets, while the birds
Chirp'd their shrill notes, confused with bleating sounds
From the sloped vallies by that river's side;
And the full current, sparkling in the sun,
Wafted some home-bound ship, its streamers spread
To the soft fanning breeze: and when I look'd
Beyond me, that fair stripling youth was seen
Lifting his half-bower'd head among the dells;
The whilst that other rose-cheek'd boy, who track'd
His steps, was busied with the treasury
Of mosses, hare-bells, wild anemonies,
Or honeysuckle; gathering them with heart
Of love, that wander'd towards the little ones,
Dear sisters, who awaited his return,
Beneath our happy roof. But now I look
Upon a scene of wintry dreariment,
Pale, leafless, herbless, cold: on that black stream
Black from o'erpowering white, the very barks,
And they the living beings that propel
Their sullen sluggish motion, darkling move,
As if the nether Acheron roll'd on
Its tide before me, and a ghostly fleet
Sail'd on its ebon current. Oh most strange
And most congenial picture! death is there—
Death is before my vision: death within
My heart: but as I lift my saddening eyes,
The tops of those tall clifts are tinged with light
As it were gold: and on my left the sky
Is one clear space of azure, where the sun,
A broaden'd orb, in ruddy splendour hangs
About to drop beyond the western hills:
Making the whiten'd banks and woodlands brown
The clear black current and the darksome barks
More desolate from contrast, yet to all
Yielding a glory and sublime relief,
With mingled gorgeous imagery of light;
Though solemn still, and chasten'd by the gloom
And desolation. How the mind, effused
Out of itself, communicates the hue

Of its own subtle spirit to the forms
Of outward things, and makes the woods and streams
Respond to its discourse, and character
Their image to its passion!—I beheld
A grave of waters, deepening dark and still,
Beneath me, and, above, the tinging gleam
Of light from heaven; the resurrection's dawn
Gilding the funeral vault; and in the sun
The Christian's rest of glory; light and strength
In his decline—the earnest of his rise.'

The fugitive pieces are of various merit and interest. The following verses to a young lady, combine the simple elegance of a song with the point of an epigram.

'TO A YOUNG LADY.

'Sweet Marian! thy blushing cheek
Where health and pleasure smile:
Thy blue mild eyes, whose glances speak
A bosom pure from guile:

Thy flowing locks, thy fairy feet,
Thy manner's timid grace:
Thy virgin voice, so thrilling sweet,
So angel-fair thy face:

Not these the source of rapture prove,
Sweet Marianne, to me:
But thou resemblest her I love,
And therefore love I thee.'

The most pleasing specimen of the Author's powers, however, in every respect, is the poem entitled 'Sabbath Musings:' the sentiment and the diction are alike elevated, and will strongly remind the reader of Coleridge.

'It is the sabbath morn. The landscape sleeps
Calm in the sun, and silent are the hills
And vallies and the blue serene of air.
The sea scarce trembles to the rippling breeze,
Bright in tranquillity. The vanish'd lark
Breaks faint the silence and disturbs it not.
Congenial is this quiet: 'tis the hush
Of nature's earliest sabbath when the glance
Of love creative beam'd upon a world
Of peace and beauty, and beheld it good.

'Oh native isle beloved! by rounding waves
Bosom'd remote, and hallow'd from the world!
The spirit meek of sanctity now walks
Thy flowery meadows and thy thickets green.
I love thy pious reverence of the day:

It whispers hope; it breathes the secret pledge
Of preservation, when earth's kingdoms fall.'

* * * * * *

'Hail scene of beauty! scene of sabbath calm!
Thou greenest earth, thou blue and boundless heaven!
Thou sea reposing like the stillest lake!
Hail ye, that blend your silence with the soul!

'Around the unimaginable God
Moves, visible to faith, but unconfused
With these, the works and wonders of his hand:
These intercept his presence: they are his
But not himself: the veil before his throne:
The symbol and the shadow of th' unseen.
He sojourns not in clouds, nor is the light
His essence, mingled with the common mass
Of elements, as ancient sages dream'd,
God and his creatures one. Beyond the scope
Of sense the incommunicable mind
Dwelleth; and they that with corporeal eye,
Adoring nature's beauteous forms, discern
Intelligence in colours and in shades,
In sunlight and the glimmer of the moon;
Who deem their worship holy, when they hear
A God in empty winds and in the sounds
Of waters, they have raised an altar up
To their own idol of material things:
They in the temple of the Deity
See but the temple: in the rocks and trees,
In every blade and flower, in every bird
That wings the yielding air, they find or feel
Their godhead energy, their mindless God:
The universe its cause. Away from us
This heathen's wisdom and this poet's creed:
Away from us the dim philosophy
Whose mole-eyed optics scrutinize a God
Sever'd in parts, dissected in his powers
And attributes, and with unhallow'd zeal
Torn from himself: be thine alone the praise
And love and wonder, God! whose name is One:
God of the Sabbath!'

Art. XII. SELECT LITERARY INFORMATION.

*** *Gentlemen and Publishers who have works in the press, will oblige the Conductors of the* Eclectic Review, *by sending information (post paid) of the subject, extent, and probable price of such works; which they may depend upon being communicated to the public, if consistent with its plan.*

Speedily will be published, in 8vo. a History of the various species of Palsy, with the method of cure, being the first part of the second volume of Dr. Cooke's treatise on nervous diseases.

Mr. J. Halison has in the press, an Account of the most memorable Battles and Sieges since the Fall of Troy, with a view of their consequences on the moral condition of mankind.

The Rev. Dr. Jones is printing, in two octavo volumes, a Series of Sermons on the Contents and Connection of the Books of the Old and New Testament.

Sir G. S. Mackenzie, bart. will soon publish in an octavo volume, Illustrations of Phrenology, with 17 engravings.

Mr. Charles Lloyd, author of Nugæ Canoræ, has in the press, Desultory Thoughts in London, with other Poems, in a duodecimo volume.

The works of Sir Richard Blackmore, now first collected, with his life and notes, by Mr. Chalmers, are printing in ten octavo volumes.

The Rev. W. Hutton will soon publish, in a duodecimo volume, the Book of Nature laid open, in a popular survey of the phenomena and constitution of the universe, and the appearances of nature during each month of the year.

Colonel David Stewart is printing, in two octavo volumes, Historical Sketches of the Highlands of Scotland, with military annals of the Highland Regiments.

The Travels of Cosmo III. Grand Duke of Tuscany, through a large part of England, in 1669, translated from the Italian MS. in the Laurentian Library at Florence, are preparing for publication, embellished with more than 40 engravings.

G. L. Chesterton, Esq. late captain and judge advocate of the British Legion raised for the service of Venezuela, will soon publish a Narrative of his Voyage to South America, with observations on that country.

Dr. S. Hibbert is preparing, Illustrations of the Geology, Antiquities, and Scenery of the Shetland Islands, with a geological map and other engravings.

On the 20th of November will be published, with the Almanacks, Time's Telescope for 1821, or a complete guide to the Almanack, containing an explanation of Saint's days and Holidays, with illustrations of British History and Antiquities, notices of obsolete rites and customs, and sketches of comparative chronology, astronomical occurrences in every month: comprising remarks on the phenomena of the celestial bodies, and the naturalist's diary, explaining the various appearances in the animal and vegetable kingdoms. To which will be prefixed, an Introduction, containing the Elements of British Ornithology.

The Rev. Mr. Maturin, author of Bertram, has in the press, a Poem, entitled "The Universe."

A new and improved edition of the Hermit in London, is preparing for publication.

In the press, Remarks made during a Tour through the United States of America, in the years 1817, 1818, and 1819. By William Tell Harris.

In the press, Anston Park, a Tale, one volume 12mo.

The new Satirical Novel, by the author of London, or a Month at Stevens's, so long ago announced under the title of Edinburgh, will certainly appear in November.

Early in January will be published, a small work on the Privileges and Obligations of Christian Parents and their Children, adduced from a view of the Abrahamic Covenant.

A Narrative of the Persecution of the Protestants of the South of France, during the years 1814, 1815, and 1816, by Mark Wilks. Illustrated with a Chart of the Department of the Gard. This work will contain a general review and defence of the conduct of the reformed churches, from the commencement of the revolution, and authenticated details of the

Holstein, Orange, Nassau-Weilburg, Austria, Hesse-Cassel, Sweden, &c. and the Family of Bonaparte. By Edward Baker. Handsomely engraved, printed on a sheet of double elephant, and coloured, price 10s. 6d., or on canvas and rollers, 15s. 6d.

Remarks on the Necessity of Conforming to Order, with respect to Clerical Vestments; and on the present Dilapidated State of many Country Churches. In Two Letters. By a Graduate of Baliol College, Oxford. 8vo. 1s.

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XIII. LIST OF WORKS RECENTLY PUBLISHED.

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A View of the Present Order of Succession to the British Throne, exhibited in a Genealogical Table of Descendants from George II.; showing the degrees of claim that members of the following Houses have to the crown of Great Britain: Brunswick, Wirtemberg, Denmark,

concerns of Eternity to Chance.—VI. On Virtue, unconnected with Piety.—VII. On Splendid Virtue, unconnected with Piety.—VIII. On Benevolence, unconnected with Piety.—IX. On Devotion merely external.—X. On a mere Assent to the Articles of the Christian Faith.—XI. On Professing Repentance at the close of Life.—XII. On external Reformation.—XIII. On Occasional and Transient Professions of Piety.—XIV. On Artificial Substitutes for Piety.—XV. On Pretensions to Piety, unconnected with Virtue.—XVI. On the different degrees of Wickedness —XVII. On Infidelity.—XVIII. On the Culpability of Error in Religion.—XIX. On the Nature of True Piety.—XX. On the Imperfections of the truly Pious.—XXI. On the Peculiar Disadvantages under which some labour with regard to Piety.—XXII. On the Difficulties attending the Study of the Scriptures.—XXIII On the Religious Differences among the truly Pious. —XXIV. On the Number of the Irreligious. —XXV. On the Influence of Fashion in Religion.—XXVI. On the Compatibleness of Piety with Intellectual Improvement —XXVII. On the Compatibleness of Piety with active Life.—XXVIII. On the Compatibleness of Piety with Pleasure.—XXIX. On the Compatibleness of Piety with different Circumstances and Ranks in Life —XXX. On the different Kinds and Degrees of Piety.—XXXI. On the Peculiar Circumstances and Number of the Pious.—XXXII. On the Peculiar Happiness of the Pious.'

Vol. II. 'Essay XXXIII.—On the Mode and Means of becoming Pious.—XXXIV. On the Difficulties attending the Commencement of Piety.—XXXV. On the Evidence of true Piety in ourselves.—XXXVI. On the Evidence of real Piety in others.—XXXVII. On the ordinary Sources of Temptation.—XXXVIII. On the Temptations of Evil Spirits.—XXXIX. On the Uses of Temptation.—XL. On the Guilt of Yielding to Temptation.—XLI. On the Means of Overcoming Temptation.—XLII. On the Declension and Revival of Piety. —XLIII. On the Preservation and Improvement of Piety.—XLIV. On Presumption in Religion.—XLV. On Religious Despondency.—XLVI. On Improvement in the Worship and Service of the Deity.—XLVII. On Improvement in Christian Principles.—XLVIII. On Improvement in Christian Obedience.—XLIX. On Religious Conversation.—L. On Austerity.—LI. On Frivolity and the Love of the World.—LII. On the Testimony of a Good Conscience.—LIII. On Reputation.—LIV. On Bigotry.—LV. On Liberality of Sentiment.—LVI. On Efforts for Promoting Benevolence and Piety.—LVII. On the Connexion between Piety and Patriotism.—LVIII. On Religious Abstraction.—LIX. On Weariness of Life.—LX. On the Dread of Death.—Appendix. On the Importance of Learning to the Christian Ministry.'

The Author's particular design, which he shall explain for himself, has led him, in abstaining from certain vulgarized terms and modes of expression, to adopt a periphrastic dialect which will give his less discriminating reader occasion to call him (as we have already hinted) an abstruse writer. And this impression will, perhaps, be strengthened by a rather cumbrous involution

and prolixity of style, and by a retrospective relation of sentences in a paragraph, at a greater remove from each other than is agreeable to the intellectual habits of ordinary readers. But, while we grant that Mr. Burnside is not always perspicuous, we can assure such readers, that they will find, upon exercising a closer attention, that he is never chargeable with the obscurity which results either from a want of meaning, or from the affectation of depth. Indeed, we may safely affirm, that he is absolutely free from every kind of pretence or affectation. And as to his abstruseness, it is an abstruseness of the most soluble kind; being, for the most part, nothing more than a little mannerism in the phraseology, and such as rarely belongs to the thought itself.

'It is my design to prove the reasonableness and importance of true piety, from the principles most generally acknowledged by mankind, and which have usually the strongest influence on the human mind and conduct. I propose to show, that the same maxims which govern men, for the most part, in the affairs of this life, will, on a further application, infallibly lead them to acknowledge the propriety of that disposition and conduct relative to the life to come, for which I contend. On this account, though the Scriptures are frequently referred to in the course of the work, yet it is more for the purpose of confirming the dictates of reason, than of prescribing to it; and sometimes, merely with a view to ascertain sentiments and facts recorded by certain writers whom all must allow to be very ancient, and whose authority ought at least to have weight with all who admit that they were divinely inspired. I have brought forward scarcely any of the assertions peculiar to that most extraordinary book, without appealing to reason on the subject; and though in some cases the truth of the facts necessarily rests entirely on the authority of the Bible, yet the introduction and application of them will not be considered as a deviation from my plan, when it is recollected, that the arguments for receiving the Scriptures themselves as a divine revelation, are glanced at in the course of this performance. I confess, however, not only freely, but with joy and gratitude to their Glorious Author, that to them I am indebted for the far greater part of those important ideas, which seem to flow entirely from reason.'

'The first four are preliminary; for without the establishment of the positions which they contain, religion could have neither importance nor even existence. In a considerable number of those that follow, my object is to explode the false ideas of piety, which are too prevalent in the world. The next class of them contains a reply to the many plausible excuses that are made for the want of personal religion. Afterwards, directions and encouragements are given to those who are solicitous concerning their eternal welfare. The concluding ones are addressed to the truly pious, according to the various relations and circumstances in which they may be placed.'

The elevated purity of intention which is every where apparent

in these volumes, is well announced in the concluding paragraph of the Introduction.

'Brethren of mankind! however inferior I feel myself to multitudes of you in a variety of important respects, I am in one respect, at least, your equal—as a fellow-traveller with you to eternity. Since my discourse will only relate to the right road, and to the momentous issue of the journey, I hope I shall not be deemed impertinent, if I sometimes speak to those who are near me, and sometimes call to those at a distance, whether behind or before. When I contemplate the glories of that Being on whom their fates as well as my own depend, as also the glories of his Son, emphatically styled "the Desire of all nations," as being the grand and only medium of ultimate safety and felicity to man, I feel particularly anxious to forget every circumstance attending my companions in the way, except such as relate to the present design. If the Divine Spirit does but graciously vouchsafe to make me a partaker of that religion which I am recommending to my fellow mortals, to assist me in recommending it, and to render that recommendation effectual with those who may happen to be my readers, I shall then indeed have the greatest reason for joy and thankfulness, as having, under God, accomplished the grand object of my exertions and my prayers.'

Mr. Burnside imperceptibly wins the attention of his reader in treating the most hackneyed topics, by an air of originality, resulting, as it seems to us, from the abstracted simplicity of his own character: in passages where nothing either new or profound can be traced, the reader finds that the whisper of modest wisdom has smitten the ear with the impression of novelty. The Author's tranquil tone seems to charm the hurry of the thoughts; and his moderated and contemplative air inspires a wish to be counselled by the humble sage, with whom, evidently, are no harsh rebukes; who, if austere in his habits, is indulgent in his opinions, and who pretends to reveal no other mysteries than those which transpire when the immortal spirit consents to commune with herself. In truth, having ourselves no personal knowledge of the Author, he has perpetually presented himself to our imagination in the character of the mild hermit, to whose cell the prodigal bends his steps in the sober hour when conscience prevails against passion. It is, however, sufficiently apparent, that the Author, though probably himself but lightly entangled with worldly ties, has long lived among men,—that he is no novice, or purblind contemplatist: he writes for those with whom he has actually conversed; and it is the folly, the perversity, the infatuation which he has seen, and studied, and reproved, that he now seeks to convict and reform.

In the first four Essays, Mr. Burnside seems at home amid the objects which have imparted its most characteristic colouring to his own mind. He aims in these preliminary Essays to introduce, as it were afresh, into his reader's thoughts, the bound-

less ideas of a future life. The object of the first Essay is to demand the attention of the inconsiderate reader.

'The idea of never losing life in one respect, and of recovering it in another, the proofs of which we have been collecting and stating, cannot in itself be otherwise than uncommonly pleasing. Who that has once tasted the sweets of life, and experienced its advantages, unless incapable of reflection, can avoid rejoicing, that when he ceases to live in this world, he will exercise the vital functions in another? Annihilation is indeed abhorred by every one who has not reason to dread something worse than the mere loss of being, and who is not reconciled to the loss of life by its preferableness to the endurance of misery. The brute is not made unhappy during life, because it cannot reflect on the loss it will sustain at death: it is reduced to a state of nonexistence without the pain of foreseeing it. But we know the value of the good we enjoy, and having the loss of it in prospect also, should, in ordinary circumstances, certainly feel our present enjoyments imbittered, without the consolatory fact we have been proving—provided we had nothing to apprehend in the life to come that was worse than nonexistence itself. It is delightful to think, that death is not the termination, but the introduction to a different state of being—where, with powers differently modified, the stranger will find himself in a different world, amidst objects and incidents entirely different. The prospect of a situation so completely novel may well be supposed to wind up human curiosity to the highest pitch—especially if there is a hope that the future condition will not only not be worse than the present, but that it will be greatly improved, and that not only successive years, but successive ages, will never bring any one, after his arrival, nearer to death a second time, than he was when he first entered that wonderful state, much less to an utter extinction of being.'

'The points to which our attention should be directed are evidently these: Is there evil as well as good in the world to come? If any, of what kind? To what extent? And whether, if any one of the human race, on his arrival, should have the tremendous misfortune to endure it, he stands any chance of ever being delivered from it? What is the nature, as well as the extent and duration, of the good that exists there? Is it such as will be agreeable to the stranger? Should it strike him as disagreeable to his present taste, and there be no choice allowed him of any other, are there or are there not any means by which his taste may be rendered conformable? Should he be so unhappy as to be at variance with the government there, and should he be exposed, on his coming thither, to imprisonment and to torture, is there any expedient by which that difference may be compromised, before he leaves the present world?

'This is not the place for answering the inquiries just enumerated. Of their infinite moment, there can be no doubt, and as little, I should think, of the importance of an early, serious, and patient investigation, till the mind is able to come to a satisfactory conclusion. They include propositions, the truth or falsehood of which cannot be dis-

cerned by intuition. As they are not beyond the capacity of the most ignorant and illiterate to examine, so neither are they so obvious as not to claim the most diligent study of the greatest scholar, and the most profound philosopher. They are of equal consequence to both sexes, and to all people, whatever may be their age, their birth, quality, or circumstances, and in whatsoever part of the world they may happen to live. In forming his decision, no one can derive security from the number and quality of his associates, nor suffer detriment from the number and quality of his opponents. This is a business in which no relation, however near, no friend, however dear, can interfere with effect. The minister of religion cannot answer for his congregation, nor the magistrate, the legislature, or the sovereign himself, for the people. The children of men often appear to die singly; but even should they enter the other world in groups, their cases will be considered separately. "Every one of us shall give account of himself unto God."

'What a mean and wretched figure does *he* make in the view of his own mind, who, to avoid alarm and difficulty, will not look his situation in the face! How precarious must be his peace—how tremendous must be his end! Is it thus, then, that the prospect of renewed, of endless being, in itself the noblest basis of human hope and joy, becomes to mortals the principal cause of gloom, of terror, and distress? Who can but lament the strong, the extensive prevalence of folly and wickedness? Happily it is not universal. There are not a few of different ages, countries, and denominations, who with reason look forward to the future life as the chief good, and to whom it is the great purifier and gladner of the present.' Vol. I. pp. 11—19.

We are not in the present case attempting a regular analysis, but shall merely present such detached passages as seem the most fairly characteristic of the Author's manner.

'I proceed to a particular on the sublime topic under discussion, the (nature of the heavenly state,) in which no one can feel interested, except a person of real piety, but which every one of this description must view as the principal ingredient in celestial felicity. According to the Scriptures, the Deity, in the heavenly world, is not, as here, beheld through the circuitous, obscure, and unsatisfactory medium of reason and faith, but by something analogous to what we call "sight," and "face to face." What an addition must thence arise to the pleasure and improvement afforded by devotion! The spirit of religion, too, is now no longer counteracted by inferior or criminal affections, so as to mar enjoyment, if not to produce shame and fear in divine worship. The apprehensions, griefs, and desires, which agitated the mind in this world, having given way to perfect security and "fulness of joy," petitions are converted into thanksgivings, and complaints into praises. How can the happy spirit feel otherwise than affected in the strongest manner by admiration, gratitude, and joy, when he possesses a bright and enlarged view of what he once had only a glimpse—the divine glory! when the afflictive dispensations of Providence on earth are accounted for to his satisfaction, and when all he

experiences within, and all he observes around him, so loudly proclaim the riches of divine greatness and goodness!

'I must not omit the peculiar gratification which the true believer will feel in actually beholding that most wonderful Philanthropist, who, unmindful of his own supreme dignity and felicity, submitted to degradation, labour, and suffering inconceivable, for the noblest and most benevolent of purposes—to whom myriads, once involved in depravity and guilt, in wretchedness and danger, owe their final salvation and happiness—to whom the believer himself, in a word, is indebted for his advancement from the most deplorable circumstances to a state infinitely above the highest pinnacle of earthly felicity! That Benefactor—"the Chief of ten thousand," whose name infused spirit into his devotional exercises here below—which animated every religious affection of his soul—which tuned his voice and heart to praise in every hymn—which was the burden of his religious meditations and conversation—which fired his zeal for duty, and supported his spirits under suffering—which was his only hope in death—that Jesus he now sees, and handles, and converses with! The apostle Paul, who had "a desire to depart and to be with Christ," finds his wish gratified; and the strangers scattered abroad, who, "though they never saw him, yet loved him," notwithstanding they were "in heaviness through manifold temptations," in heaven possess a much stronger and more complete cause for "rejoicing with joy unspeakable, and full of glory."' pp. 31, 32.

In treating subjects upon which the resources of language have been long exhausted, Mr. Burnside gives us none of the well-turned wordiness of vapid sermonizing: neither, we must allow, does he bear us away by the power of a sublime eloquence. But there is something in the primitive simplicity of his manner, that strongly conveys the idea of a childlike πληροφορία. His meditations, in becoming minutely familiar with "things to "come," would seem never to have been checked by the doubting suggestions of the foolish wisdom of this world. We might name much more powerful and elevated passages on the same subject, which have produced upon our minds (we hardly know why) a less realizing impression than some parts of these introductory Essays.

'But at length the body comes to take its share in the felicity enjoyed by the soul to which it was formerly united. On the return of the material part in the saint's constitution to life, the objects he first sees are very different indeed from those which he last beheld. The transition is a great one, from a bed of sickness and death, in an apartment resorted to by anxious and sorrowing relations, to a spot covered on all sides by numberless human beings, where he finds himself in full possession of his powers. He will, however, probably have no immediate opportunity of contemplating the change either in himself or the objects around him on earth, on account of certain appearances in the sky, which deservedly engage the whole of his attention. Yet, surprising as it must be to see the "Son of man coming in the clouds with

power and great glory," even that of his Father, and of all the holy angels; to hear "the voice of the archangel and the trump of God;" and to witness the solemn changes that immediately pass on the heavens and on the earth, his surprise will be accompanied not by fear, but by joy. In his Judge, he will behold his Saviour; he is certain of being allotted a place among those who shall stand at the right hand of Christ, be honourably acquitted, and be invited in consequence to "inherit the kingdom prepared for them from before the foundation of the world." What must now be the felicity of the new man to find himself possessed of all the agility and strength of youth, free from every bodily defect and blemish, transformed, in short, into the likeness of the Redeemer himself, after his resurrection! To increase his joy, he will know that inclemency of weather, poverty, sickness, pain, and death, have for ever passed away. Nor will he be solitary in this new kind of felicity; he will be surrounded by numbers in the same truly prosperous condition, among whom he will recognise many who were once strongly bound to him by the ties of blood or friendship, and whose sight, company, and conversation, formed one main branch of his happiness in this life.' pp. 34, 35.

We subjoin a portion of the Author's observations upon a subject much more difficult to treat with propriety.

'The misery thus endured by the separate *spirit*, will only undergo a change for the worse, on its re-union with the *body* at the general resurrection, when, besides its own pains, it will have to sustain those of its companion, which it has long apprehended. That the corporeal sufferings spoken of in the Scriptures are wholly figurative, is more than any one can with certainty affirm. The new body attached to a spirit under condemnation, is, perhaps, in reality, subjected to "darkness that may be felt;" and its new qualities may, for aught we know, admit of its being tortured by hunger, thirst, and the action of the most terrible of all elements, and yet remain unconsumed, like the burning bush of Moses. It is natural to fear, from the corporeal sufferings experienced in life, that the bodies, as well as the souls, of the wicked, will in the life to come have their share of misery, as they had of sinful action and gratification, whatever may be the nature of that misery. In holding out the tremendous idea, the writers of the Bible affirm no more in substance, than what is asserted by other authors; and after all, supposing the scriptural expressions denoting this misery to be merely allegorical, they certainly indicate something extremely horrible; and there is as much reason to believe that they fall short of the truth, as the images used for describing celestial felicity, however delightful and glorious.

'There may be, in fine, sources of misery, as well as of happiness, with which we are totally unacquainted, and which it is possible that the Deity may see it necessary hereafter to open for the punishment of sin. The "joy of your Lord," and, on the other hand, "the wrath of God," together with many other phrases used in the Bible, seem to indicate that this will actually be the case. But in speaking of the punishment of the wicked, I have chosen to confine the statement chiefly to the withholdment of good on the part of the Deity, and

the want of his interference to prevent or remove evil. The account, on this limited plan, is sufficiently alarming, and its reasonableness or credibility is less liable to be called in question by those who believe at all the existence of future misery. With regard to those who treat the idea itself as utterly improbable and even absurd, I must observe once more, that they oppose not only the Bible, but the general opinion of mankind both in civilized and in uncivilized countries. The antediluvians thought the idea of a deluge that should destroy nearly the whole human race, repugnant to the divine mercy: yet it came to pass, notwithstanding their immense number. It is probable, that the present sufferings of individuals and of nations, especially in some cases, would be treated as chimeras on the same account, if they existed only in prediction, and not in reality.' pp. 44, 45.

In the fifth Essay, 'on abandoning the concerns of Eternity 'to Chance,' the Author exhibits a familiar knowledge of the current sophistries of the irreligious world.

'When the mind is thus unwilling to think or hear of any loss or suffering that is supposed to threaten it, what can be inferred, but that there is a fixed determination in such persons to leave the event to chance? They cannot indeed be imagined to consider good and evil as the same, or not to prefer the former to the latter; but they are willing to take their chance concerning the existence or nonexistence of the danger, concerning their enduring or not enduring the evil, concerning the possibility or impossibility of ever being delivered from it, and concerning the equality or inequality of their fortitude and patience, to the trial with which they may be exercised. The habitual refusal of attention, permitting it to wander, or calling it off, whenever the concerns of the future state are the point to be discussed, evidently imply the disposition and resolution just described.

'There is another class of persons, that seem similarly inclined toward the kind of treatment proper to be given to the leading questions at issue on the subject of religion, namely, those who start doubts, without conducting their inquiries to any conclusion. Whenever any assertion is brought forward relative to the existence of future punishment—the character of those who will be saved—the divine authority of the Scriptures, or the declarations made by them in any given case —the assertion is instantly met by an observation from these people that the point is controverted, and that there are those who withhold their assent, if they do not deny it altogether. This plan is particularly adopted, when the position is applied to some practical purpose either of censure or of admonition. The sceptic, satisfied with proposing his doubts, takes no measures for their confirmation or removal; but having restored the balance to what seems to him an equilibrium, retires without ever informing himself which scale really preponderates. In this state of mind he continues, till some friend of religion brings forward the same or fresh evidence in its favour, when, to elude the force of it, he practises the same manœuvre. Thus, during the whole of life, he "halts between two opinions;" and therefore may not improperly be represented as willing to take his chance for annihilation or for future existence, for eternal happiness or eternal misery.' pp. 96, 97.

There is a cool, reasoning earnestness, wholly free from vituperative declamation, in Mr. Burnside's manner, which is often highly impressive.

'What remains now, but to expose the extreme danger, as well as absurdity, of abandoning the concerns of eternity to chance? It is not a small or partial loss that is hazarded, but the loss of a good that is exempt from the deficiencies and the alloy attendant on every other good—a good that is adapted to fill every capacity of enjoyment, whether mental or bodily, whatever may be the number or the variety of capacities! What on earth can parallel a loss like this? Nothing can equal the sensation it ought to produce, except the astonishment and almost incredulity that the mind feels at the idea of such a good existing, and being accessible to mortals—nay in the actual possession of thousands who were once circumstanced like ourselves: a good infinitely superior to the best that was ever enjoyed, or heard of, or imagined, by any in the present world! a good, too, that to all its other excellences adds those of invariable power to satisfy, unalienable possession, and perpetual existence! That the opportunity of attaining such a good, once lost, can never return, excites no surprise: but that any one who has an opportunity of attaining a good of this nature, should see with indifference, and even levity, that opportunity rapidly passing away without improvement, and leave the realizing of the golden prospect to chance, is so surprising, that it scarcely appears credible!

'The loss, however incalculable, is not the worst part of the evil sustained by this most criminal as well as unfortunate adventurer. There is no inferior enjoyment, nor even absence of suffering, to counterbalance, in the smallest degree, this unparalleled misfortune. Such alleviations as frequently present themselves in this world, have no place in the other. With exclusion from heaven, departs every other joy, and the presence of misery instantly succeeds to the absence of happiness. But a misery of what kind? A misery, like that which was said before of celestial bliss, suited to every capacity of suffering, whether mental or bodily, whatever may be the number or variety of those capacities! a misery that admits of no lenitives, not even that of hope! a misery that does not grow less intolerable by time! a misery that tortures, without ever terminating sensation or existence! This state of suffering bears no resemblance to the worst condition of human woe on earth: nor can death be looked for or fled to for relief, as in this world; for in the world to come, "men shall seek death, but shall not find it."'

'In a case, then, where such loss and such suffering are not only possible, but very frequently happen, for any one to leave the issue to chance—what words can sufficiently mark the absurdity and the wickedness!—especially as the evil is absolutely without remedy. What then shall we say to those who, as before described, cannot endure a serious suggestion concerning religion, either from themselves or others, or who never come to any solid conclusion on this momentous subject? It is natural, indeed, to divert the attention from a topic that requires the care and labour of study, which is distasteful, or

that leads to disagreeable consequences. But were that practice to be adopted respecting the common concerns of life, the result would prove very fatal to intellectual improvement, to success in the world, and even to our subsistence, our health, and our personal safety. In such instances, it is but fair to consider the evils not on one side only, but on the other also, and to weigh the advantages against the disadvantages. It may be unpleasant and difficult to stop our course, or turn out of the road, but it would be a much worse calamity to rush down a precipice. It would be a great mortification to sacrifice present ease and pleasure; but that mortification would be amply compensated, by the possession of a far greater and more lasting good. It may not be agreeable to listen to the voice of admonition, whether external or internal; but it would be more for the credit, as well as for the safety and comfort, of the individual admonished, to hear the worst of the case, and to take good counsel, than to have his peace and enjoyments exposed to continual interruption from the warnings and advice of friendly officiousness, and to have recourse to any expedient, however miserable, to preserve or restore a tranquillity, which must shortly end in the most fatal catastrophe!' pp. 105—7.

The Essay 'on Virtue unconnected with Piety,' we think, taken altogether, to be judicious; although we are never pleased with the unaccompanied word 'Virtue,' or with the phrase 'the Virtuous,' on occasions when nothing more is intended to be expressed than the absence of particular vices, or the favourable expansion of the social affections, or the solitary prominence of some talent or excellence beneficial to society. We admit that, if Mr. Burnside's qualifying statements are all taken together, he is not fairly obnoxious to objection. But his phraseology we think, in places, liable to a misconstruction favourable to certain vulgar and erroneous notions of morality. Indeed, we may remark generally, that there is quite as much *concession* in our Author's moderation as we can think defensible. He is wisely careful to give no needless offence to the perverted apprehensions of those whom he would win. And we know, that the wise caution of mild spirits will sometimes be hardly distinguishable from a timid compromise of principle. We have several times been fain to imagine that the Author was reasoning with "a certain young man who was a ruler, "and had great possessions;" and that, instead of sending him away "sorrowful," he has said,—'Nay then, follow Christ; 'peradventure, even with thy bags and righteousness, thou 'mayest pass the needle's eye.' But the Author's goodness of heart, and—might we surmise also?—his professional engagements, have perhaps induced upon him a tone of concession—of indulgence—of deference, the actual effect of which he does not always correctly estimate.

The following quotations, however, will evince that Mr. Burnside can make an explicit assertion of unpleasing truths.

'The common exercise of it, (virtue) therefore, compared with an enlarged view of its effects, is no more than a glimmering taper brought into competition with the meridian sun. Can we suppose, then, that the Divine Being will acknowledge the former, unconnected with the latter, to be real virtue, or accept it as a substitute for piety? The supposition seems grossly absurd: but if any doubt could be entertained on the subject, it must vanish the moment he who admits the Scriptures to be the word of God, hears them declaring, that "being born again," "being in Christ," and becoming "a new creature," are indispensable parts of that character to which heaven will be assigned as a portion.

'Indeed, were this not the case, it would be difficult to conceive, how the virtuous who are strangers to pious ideas and feelings could be happy in heaven. In that world, there are no such grounds as exist here for the exercise of what is commonly called virtue. There is no animal nature to be guarded or provided for, either on our own account or that of others. The relations, stations, and circumstances of this life having ceased, the duties arising out of them cease with them. There is nothing, therefore, remaining for the exercise of a virtue which was calculated merely for the present state—no gross temptation to be resisted—no danger to be obviated—no grievance to be redressed—no want to be supplied—at least of such a nature as the character in question is able or willing to supply. Heaven presents no employment, except that which the merely virtuous man neglected, and was disinclined to, when upon earth. How can he with any satisfaction unite with those, who there celebrate the praises of Him that "loved them, and washed them from their sins in his own blood," when such a man has been used to content himself with the slightest and most superficial view of this love—and perhaps to suppose, that however much others might need it, he himself was little, if at all, indebted to it, and therefore contemplates it with almost perfect indifference.' pp. 122—123.

Again:—

'I am not insensible, that the idea of there being no other alternative than heaven or hell, is painful in the extreme. To one who has been accustomed to behold the countenance, to hear the language, and to observe the manners, of virtue, in different stages of life, and in different ranks and stations—to admire its charms, and to be profited by its favours—the idea must be peculiarly distressing. But revolting as it must be to the feelings of every humane and grateful mind—horrible as it must appear to the virtuous individual who stands in this awful predicament—humanity and gratitude themselves will not allow me to change the mournful topic. To conceal so serious a danger, or even to disguise it, lest it should excite alarm, distress, or indignation, would be an instance of false delicacy, injudicious respect, and pusillanimous obsequiousness, which, on account of its iniquity and cruelty, ought to be reprobated in the strongest terms. It would be to deprive the individual, placed in such extreme hazard, of the opportunity which still offers for escape. Let that opportunity inspire him with resolution to look the danger full in

the face, and to hear the voice of truth, whatever consternation it may occasion.' pp. 124—125.

The Essay 'on Splendid Virtue unconnected with Piety,' displays much correct thinking. To estimate properly the characters of men distinguished by eminent qualities or great achievements, he remarks,

'it is necessary to take into the account not only the excellent nature, tendency, and effects of their actions, but also the principles by which they were influenced. Illustrious and beneficial deeds have sometimes been performed by worthless and bad men. In other cases, though the motives were perhaps innocent, yet being of an inferior quality, they surely furnish the performers with no pretence for claiming the highest recompence. Of these latter, that may be considered as one, which consists merely in a mechanical and irresistible effort of great talent to display itself. There is little or no reflection, it may be, on the pleasure or advantage likely to arise from its exercise. It is a movement that obeys an impulse, like many motions of the body, which are spontaneous, involuntary, and without premeditation. It seems an exertion of nature to relieve itself. The concealed faculty of the mind must be developed in some way or other. A child when grown up may render service to society, and the figure it may make in the world redound somewhat to the honour of the parent that gave it a suitable education; yet it is evident the latter cannot take credit to himself for a production, the beneficial result of which is an object that he did not originally purpose, and for the attainment of which he studied and adopted no proper means. The river which abundantly fructifies a country, may very naturally awaken curiosity concerning its source, and travellers may, without the charge of laborious idleness, take difficult and hazardous journeys to discover it. But the source itself possesses no extraordinary merit in giving rise to a stream which gushed out of itself, and with a force that could not be restrained. These observations will, I think, apply to all those great and happy results of natural endowment, where little or no pains are taken to direct its course, and to distribute it through proper channels, that its benefits may be as much multiplied and extended as possible, or at least to prevent its doing mischief by taking a wrong direction. The non-improvement, and especially the abuse of talent, reminds us of the noble and generous instincts in some animals, for which their Maker, and not they, is to be praised, and which, to make them truly serviceable, or at least not injurious, must be placed under the government and control of human reason. It is happy where great endowments, abandoned to chance, continue moving, like the planets in their orbits, with useful, though unconscious, magnificence and splendour: but it will not be owing to the wise and good conduct of their possessor, if they do not deviate from their course, and prove materially detrimental.' pp. 133—134.

The Author then labours to expose the futility of the religious hopes often rested upon such eminent qualities, or distinguished public services.

tents, or at least for their inattention to its meaning and spirit? The hypocrisy of the nominally religious man may be no less offensive to the Deity, than the wilful blindness of the infidel. In respect of sloth, and disaffection to the cause of truth and righteousness, they are perhaps equal. In another respect, the guilt of the former seems greater. In doubting the authenticity of a work, till proper evidence can be procured, no disrespect to the author is necessarily implied, since impositions are too often attempted, the case of revelation itself not excepted; whereas he who disregards that which he acknowledges to be a divine communication, cannot be otherwise than guilty both of the most glaring inconsistency with himself, and also of directly offering the grossest affront to the Supreme Being.'

'The believer will be glad to find, that the weakness and fluctuations attending his faith in the divinity of the Scriptures, rest on no solid foundation. In addition to the information given by reason and nature, he derives from the sacred volume the most important documents relative to the invisible and future world, which he is shortly to enter. It exempts him from much vain study, and frees him from the intricate and perplexing mazes in which perhaps the researches of his blind understanding had involved him. Amid the wild fictions of enthusiasm or imposture, and the contradictory schemes of unenlightened philosophy, it conducts him to truth and certainty, by a short and easy road. What a happiness to learn, that the flattering anticipations of the most sanguine expectation during waking hours, and the far more romantic scenes of grandeur and felicity exhibited by the excursive fancy in dreams, bear not the smallest proportion to that real prosperity which ere long will be his portion! How can he be thankful enough to the Divine Spirit, who not only indited the Scriptures, but inclined his heart to receive and improve them! Here are deposited his best armour against temptation, his best antidote against the weariness arising from the inadequacy of earthly good to his desires, his best support against the shafts of adversity and the fear of death. At the same time, he will see the necessity of "growing in grace, and in the knowledge of the Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ," in order to prove that he at all "knows any thing as he ought to know," and to perfect more and more in himself the image of those divine sentiments and manners presented in the Scriptures, to which, notwithstanding many revisions and retouches, it still bears so very faint a resemblance.' pp. 346—8.

Although he occasionally discusses disputed points of theology, it is not as the theological disputant that Mr. Burnside will take his rank as a writer. His proper ground is in the field of moral sentiments; and his *forte* lies in the reasoning that is addressed to the conscience. The Essay, for instance 'on the Culpability of Error in Religion,' though by no means without merit, would, we fear, make little impression upon minds inured to the athletic habits of religious controversy. The idea suggests itself, that the Author is accustomed to measure his style of argument against the strength of adolescent intellect.

benevolent of Beings, whom he was bound, by every tie of justice and gratitude, to make the principal object of his regard?

'Amiable and useful, therefore, as the virtue of benevolence is justly considered to be, we may see its value sometimes rated infinitely too high, with respect to the person by whom it is exercised. There is particular reason to guard against the mistake, on account of the ease with which this virtue fascinates mankind by the charms of its appearance and benefits. The fact seems to be, that compassion and benevolence are wanted so frequently and to such an extent, in a world so full of trouble as this, that religious principle, their proper source, existing in so few instances, could by no means answer the demand; and therefore to supply the deficiency in some measure, the Divine Being has provided other inferior motives. But it would be a fatal error to suppose that these motives supersede the necessity for true piety, or that this will be accepted in its room in the world to come. The generosity natural to youth, and the tender compassion prevalent in the breasts of females, in the absence of other qualities, ought not to be considered by them as decisive proofs of that goodness which the Divine Being will hereafter acknowledge.' pp. 163—164.

Mr. Burnside's argument in defence of Revealed Religion, is not without a degree of originality. We can only present a passage from the concluding part of the Essay on Infidelity.

'There is a certain description of people, who, under the influence of education and early habits, of public authority and general example, acknowledge the divine authority of the Scriptures, and regard them, so far as relates to the external forms of religion; but without so much as acquainting themselves with the principles inculcated in the sacred volume, at least without adverting to the tendency of those principles, or pursuing them in their consequences. It is doubtful whether this class of men ought to be distinguished from that of infidels, since they admit the truth of the Bible only when their opinions and practice happen not to be contradicted by it; but instantly question its authenticity, and call aloud for evidence, whenever they are required by it to assent to unwelcome truths, or summoned to the arduous task of self-denial—provided they cannot explain away "these hard sayings." Not, however, to dispute their claim to the character of believers, let us consider in what light they will probably appear to the Divine Being. His great object by means of a revelation, which was to bring back their hearts to Himself, and to "set their affections on things above," is as much unattained in their case, as in that of unbelievers. Will he tamely acquiesce in the failure of an end so important to his glory, to the good of society, and to the ultimate welfare of individuals? Will he be pleased with their open declarations in his favour, while he plainly overhears what they say aside to their fellow creatures, or at least in their own hearts? Will he be content to see them stand lifeless and inactive, merely because the labels attached to their mouths are correct and appropriate? Will their zeal in maintaining the divinity of the Bible compensate for their almost total ignorance of its con-

Unhappily, the state of real piety in the world, is by no means that which is here supposed.

'The immense number of the irreligious, is an idea which weighs much with each individual of that description, relative to the confirmation and increase of his "enmity against God." He perhaps finds them in his own family, the members of which he sees, and with whom he converses every day—the sharers of his hopes and fears, his joys and sorrows; with whom he takes sweet counsel in his perplexities; to whom he is united by the strongest ties of relationship, friendship, and common interest. To whichsoever side of his habitation he turns, or whomsoever of his neighbours he meets, he sees and hears, in general, nothing that indicates the least sign of piety, if it does not manifest entirely the reverse. His connexions in business, his friends whom he visits and by whom he is visited, his acquaintance whom he speaks to or has affairs to transact with occasionally, are almost all perhaps of the same irreligious character. The individuals and societies, whether in private or public life, whether belonging to his own nation or to foreign countries, known to him personally, by report, or through the medium of the daily papers, seldom discover attachment to religion; so far from it, that their language and actions are often absolutely incompatible with it.'

'An aversion to piety so extensively prevalent, and of such a long standing among mankind, cannot but operate most powerfully upon the mind of a person, that is of itself disinclined to the subject. The prodigious number of the irreligious, separate from every other consideration, must strike him most forcibly. Be their endowments, characters among themselves, or stations, ever so disadvantageous, he will be glad of their concurrence in the present instance. He will shew no more delicacy in the choice of his associates and adherents for maintaining the cause of irreligion, than the Roman conspirator of old, who, notwithstanding his high dignity as senator, in attempting to effect the ruin of his country, was willing to receive the assistance of the meanest and most infamous slaves. In like manner, the man who never made regeneration or conversion his concern, however proud he may be of his fortune, his rank, or his office, if he happens to possess any of these advantages, and however he may disdain all connexion with his inferiors in this respect, feels not a little encouraged in his opposition to the faith and obedience of Christ, or to the renovation of his heart and life, by thinking of the general character of mankind, both in ancient and modern times, with regard to the cultivation and improvement of religious principle. He is pleased with the totality of the sum, forgetful not only of the very large proportion there is in it of the poor and obscure, but also what a multitude it contains of ignorant, worthless, and abandoned characters. Much less, it may be supposed, will an irreligious man, who has no pretensions to deference or consequence among those around him, object to the want of such claims in others, who, like himself, are strangers to piety, where it is simply his object to estimate the strength of his cause.' pp. 502—4.

In the latter part of this Essay, reflections, obvious as to their matter, are very well and forcibly presented.

'But the most important consideration to be urged against the improper influence of fashion on weak and irreligious minds, still remains to be mentioned. The truly pious man is by no means so much in the minority, as appears at first view. Besides his correspondence in spirit and character with numbers of "faithful brethren in Christ," of various ranks, stations, and denominations, in his own country, and with all who "fear God and work righteousness" in every age and country: in order to form a just idea of his associates, the inhabitants of the eternal world to which he belongs must be taken into the account: "the general assembly and church of the first-born, whose names are written in heaven; the spirits of just men made perfect; the hundred and forty and four thousand of all the tribes of the children of Israel; the multitude that no man can number, collected from all nations, kindreds, and tongues; an innumerable company of angels; Jesus the Mediator of the new covenant, and God the Judge of all." Though this infinitely grand association be invisible, yet it is real; and as its existence cannot be affected by the dimness or short-sightedness of mortal vision, so neither ought the impression which it is so eminently calculated to make upon the mind, to be weakened by that circumstance. To the eye of faith, which appeals to reason for its support, invisible objects seem no less substantial, than the horses and chariots of fire that appeared to Elisha's servant to cover the mountains round about his master, whom, before his eyes were opened, he thought to be alone, and without defence, in the midst of numerous and powerful enemies. Let then the real Christian, when he thinks that he stands opposed singly to an innumerable host of the irreligious and of nominal believers, reflect on the number and splendour of his unseen approvers and confederates. He will perceive them to be fully a match for his earthly adversaries. Their multitude will fill as wide a space, and present as magnificent a spectacle, as his opponents. The bright exhibition of their possessions and honours, will glare upon the sight full as much as earthly riches. Their imposing attitude, invested as they are with authority and dominion, is fully capable of vieing with that of the other. Were the celestial spirits above, among whom true piety is the reigning mode, once to make their appearance, the fashionable votaries of irreligion, when showing themselves to the greatest advantage, as they are actually found in an illustrious and crowded assembly, or even as they exist in the glowing anticipations and wishes of a youthful imagination, would soon—very soon—share the fate of the twinkling stars, when the sun rises above the horizon.'

'The irreligious admirer of the gay world cannot but know, that the multitude, to which these fashionable Christians in name only belong, their pomp and glitter, their applauses and censures, the good and evil effects of their power, cease to retain the command of his senses in the still and solitary hours of night, when he lies awake upon his bed, enveloped in the shades of darkness; nor would they

retain their hold on his imagination, if he did not expect to see the scene renewed the day following. The night will shortly come, however, to be succeeded by a morning, when, instead of that scene which will then have passed away into obscurity, insignificance, and even something far worse, he will witness, to his utter confusion and terror, the triumphant situation of the once forlorn and afflicted friend to real piety—never, never, to be banished from his observation.' Vol. I. pp. 513—6.

We do not feel obliged to enter upon the endless question relative to 'lawful amusements.' But we must just remark, in passing the twenty-eighth Essay, 'on the Compatibleness of 'Piety with Pleasure,' that, though the purest intentions are very apparent in every sentence, we fear the indistinct and tremulous tone of Mr. Burnside's dehortations will produce little impression upon the 'lovers of pleasure.' The monitor who betrays a fear that the thread of his influence will snap, instead of being able to restrain his wanton charge, will only be dragged ignominiously at his heels. There is in this Essay, and perhaps in some other parts of the work before us, something of that sort of indistinctness and timidity to which the term trimming is commonly applied. It is indicated, for instance, in the beginning of the Essay, by the very odd periphrasis which occurs in the middle of the following paragraph.

'If I mention the relaxing the features occasionally into a smile or a laugh; the admission of wit and humour into conversation; reading for entertainment as well as for instruction; exchange of friendly visits; dividing the time between town and country; the partaking sometimes of delicacies and luxuries; *together with certain sorts of corporeal and mental amusements, more easily conceived than enumerated;* I suppose I shall notice some of the particulars at least usually comprehended in the word *pleasure.* Let me not, however, forget to include in it elegance, if not splendour, in houses and furniture, in dress and equipage; though they relate chiefly to the higher classes. With respect to these modes of enjoyment, I may be bold to say, that religion by no means interdicts them altogether; nor indeed am I aware, that she in general prescribes any other limits to them, than what would be assigned by considerations of safety, interest, decorum, and moral obligation, without religion.' pp. 560, 561.

Again: the apparent implication conveyed in the ensuing sentences, seems to us, to say the least, of very doubtful propriety. 'The lovers of frivolity are not always virtuous 'characters; but if they were, still *many of them* live without 'that religion which is so variously and emphatically described 'in the New Testament, and so strikingly manifested in the 'sentiments and spirit, in the language and the practice, of the 'apostles and their followers.' (p. 580.) We would not be captious upon a word; but, in truth, we think this is either very

lax charity, or very incautious writing. By these 'virtuous 'lovers of frivolity,' we can suppose the Author intends persons not grossly immoral; though we think, even in that sense, it is an unadvised association of terms. But we can affix no meaning whatever, compatible with the Author's avowed sentiments, to the insinuation, that there may be, and *are, some* 'lovers of frivolity,' who are at the same time *Christians*, in the Apostolic sense of the word.

In the Essays of the first volume, the Author seems to address himself to the irreligious, labouring to attract their attention towards the great objects of futurity; to meet and remove the difficulties and objections most commonly urged by such persons in excuse for their neglect of religion as a personal concern; to recommend the ways of piety as ways of peace and pleasantness;—in a word, to offer a diffuse apology for personal religion. The Essays of the second volume are adapted to meet the difficulties, and varied feelings and circumstances of those who have actually commenced the Christian course.

We must, with few comments, present some specimens from this latter portion of the work; which perhaps, on account of the subjects of which it treats, may be to the majority of Mr. Burnside's readers, rather the more interesting of the two.

The forty-fourth Essay, 'on Presumption in Religion,' contains much just thinking and well-pointed animadversion.

'There is nothing wonderful in the presumption with which piety is treated by the irreligious. Strangers to its nature, importance, and the difficulties attending it, they presume that it may be attained at any time, or that no great evil will arise, if it be never attained; and those of them who cannot go to the length of deferring it, much less of neglecting it altogether, yet presume that the form is the substance, especially when it is accompanied by a grave exterior: they therefore think that "their hearts are right in the sight of God," when they are all the while "in the gall of bitterness and the bond of iniquity." However dangerous and lamentable these instances of temerity are, they are easily supposable. What appears extraordinary is, that any whose minds seem better informed on this grand, solemn, and difficult subject, should manifest, in its treatment, the most unbecoming inconsideration. They behave in the house of God, if not with rudeness, yet with as little ceremony as if they were in their own houses, at a time when neither the persons present, nor the occasion, required any particular self-recollection. They quote the Scriptures with as much levity, as they would a profane author who had discussed some trivial or ludicrous subject. They entertain no fears respecting the genuineness of their piety; and of course none relative to their "holding fast the beginning of their confidence, and the rejoicing of the hope firm unto the end." The obstacles to be surmounted in the discharge of painful duties, or in rejecting "the pleasures of sin," as also their manifold failures, with the unhappy

consequences of them, are topics which give them little or no concern.' Vol. II. pp. 243, 244.

The most free and endearing relations, therefore, subsisting between God and his worshippers, will not excuse the want of decorum on their part.

'They are children, it is true; but they are children who were once rebellious, and who were reconciled to their much injured Father by means which ought to inspire them with the highest reverence for him, and with the deepest sense of their own guilt and unworthiness. The recollection of these facts should make them feel abashed in his presence, amid their most lawful freedoms, and their most rapturous joys. In the midst of that splendid entertainment which the father prepared on the return of the prodigal son, the marks of endeared affection which the latter received, and the ornaments of dress by which he was distinguished, could not make him forget his gross misconduct, or his late mean and wretched condition. The unexpected and overflowing goodness of the parent humbled while it comforted him; and amidst his joy, there were no doubt, at intervals, external manifestations of the shame and sorrow he felt within. No truly penitent believer in Christ can be an utter stranger to sensations of this kind in the worship and service of God, or can fail of testifying them by a suitable behaviour, even when favoured with the most cheering smiles of the divine countenance. Indeed, separate from the reason for humiliation just alluded to, the conduct of no Christian is so correct and becoming, even after reconciliation, as not to warrant self-diffidence and self-abasement, when his communion with the Deity is the most intimate and delightful.' Vol. II. pp. 245, 246.

We would not lose the opportunity of placing the following remarks in the way of any whom they may concern.

'Here it is scarcely possible not to advert to the flippant and ludicrous, if not mean and vulgar, phraseology introduced into discourse and writing, when the things of God are the subject, by some who sustain the religious character. To mention instances would degrade piety, and excite disgust: neither is it necessary, since they are so often the subject of painful reflection to the friends of godliness, as well as of good sense and propriety. The offenders are generally persons of a low turn, and of coarse manners; their natural parts, whatever they may be, have never been refined by education, reading, or conversation with their superiors in station; or if they act in opposition to their own judgment and taste, it is because they despair of recommending themselves to their readers or hearers, without this contemptible and criminal obsequiousness. Neither the worship of God, nor the pulpit itself, is entirely uninfected by this scandalous practice. The excuses alleged for it are—that it causes the multitude to come together—that it engages the attention of the thoughtless, the volatile, and those of low degree—and that it is often blessed for the great purposes of conversion and edification. The fact, however, that good is not unfrequently brought out of evil, does not furnish a good reason for committing evil; neither is it certain that

the good produced in the present case, exceeds the evil occasioned through the blame attached to the holy ministry, by thus giving offence. There is nothing ludicrous or disgraceful in the discourses or writings of the inspired authors. This buffoonery in the illustrations and phrases made choice of, as well, perhaps, as in the looks, tone, gesture, and actions of the speaker, is the more lamentable, as the offender is not always tempted to it by the want of talent, and might possibly become as popular and serviceable by its proper use, as by its abuse. Though these strictures seem wholly to relate to ministers of the gospel, they implicate the people likewise; for if the practice complained of were not countenanced by the latter, it would not be continued, or even adopted, by the former.' Vol. II. pp. 247, 248.

We have already remarked in Mr. Burnside's manner some want of decision, explicitness, and courage, in dealing with the indefensible prejudices, inclinations, or practices with which he attempts to contend. But no instance of this kind has appeared to us more strange than that which occurs in the following passage.

'I cannot but strongly recommend the study of Christian obligation to all who truly love the Lord Jesus Christ. Neither ministers nor people, perhaps, pay so much attention to this study as they ought to do. The former very properly think, that the first and principal duty of an evangelical minister, is to insist upon the principles of the oracles of Christ; since these are employed by the Holy Spirit as the chief occasions and instruments of sanctification. They are also the subjects which mankind stand in most need of being taught; and without them, duty will want both its proper basis, and its most powerful auxiliary. *Some attention, too, ought to be paid to the prejudices of an audience, who generally prefer instruction, comfort, and entertainment, to reproof and admonition.* Still I should imagine, that points of duty, irradiated and enlightened by the truths of the gospel, would not only be inoffensive, but acceptable and profitable to the people of God, were they discussed a little more frequently in the pulpit. At least, the practical improvement of doctrinal subjects ought to be less short and vague. *But if these alterations in the public addresses of ministers would in some cases be peculiarly inconvenient and hazardous, or prove insufficient for the purpose, (as I suppose, indeed, they would upon trial, in some congregations,)* perhaps the same difficulties would not present themselves at visits and in private interviews—especially those that take place for spiritual purposes. Here even the defects of practical preaching itself might possibly be supplied. Here a Christian pastor of adroitness and faithfulness might with good effect observe on passages of Scripture and moral topics that are too remote from the grand object of his function, too minute, too personal in their application, and of too rare occurrence, to be discussed more publicly: he might speak directly and pointedly to the circumstances of the family or of the individual, without the possibility of his meaning being either misunderstood or eluded. Of course he will recollect the importance of a good example to the

acceptableness and success of his reproofs or admonitions.' Vol. II. pp. 334, 335.

We should be happy to admit any explanation of the sentences distinguished by italics, which might render them less liable than they appear to be, to very serious reprehension. We have no room for discussion, but must plainly say, that the respect with which the general strain of the work before us inspires us for its Author, restrains us from the use of those strong terms in which we should feel impelled to remark upon the kind of policy here insinuated as allowable to the Christian Minister. There is, it must be confessed, room to fear, that an unhappy deference to this prejudice, as Mr. Burnside is pleased to call it, against the due administration of pastoral 'reproof and 'admonition,' in too many cases hangs like a mill-stone about the consciences of those who should be, and who are in the main, the servants of Christ,—seeking to please not men, but God. And it may also be very true, that those 'alterations in 'the public addresses of ministers,' which a higher-toned faithfulness and courage would inspire, might prove, 'in some cases, 'peculiarly inconvenient and hazardous.' Or, in other words, it must be acknowledged, that professors of religion who will not endure sound doctrine, are able to accommodate themselves with teachers content to administer to their hearers just so much of Christianity as they stipulate to receive. But at any rate, let not such facts be alluded to in terms which may bear to be interpreted into a settled and prudential acquiescence.

In a subsequent Essay we meet with a passage which might have served as a sufficient corrective of the one we have just adduced.

'The concealment or qualification of unwelcome truths, when the safety and interest of any one may depend upon their proper communication, is a species of complaisance very remote from true benevolence. While we justly appreciate the esteem and good will of men, let us not forget, that there is One whose approbation is infinitely more important, and who can confound us before the very persons in whose presence we are culpably silent to avoid confusion. Whatever our difficulties may be, or our inability to surmount them, both our own hearts, and those of the people whom we address, are in the hands of Him who is the great Object and Author of religion, who particularly wills its promotion, and who has promised to assist and bless those who seek his aid in the holy cause.' Vol. II. p. 355.

The opinions advanced in the Essay on Austerity, are, perhaps, not liable to material objection; though, no doubt, a rather different aspect might be given to the same subject, with some appearance of support from Scripture. We think, at least, that as the tendency of opinions and manners in the Christian Church, in the present day, is almost entirely in the

opposite direction,—when jolly good cheer, when plumes, gildings, and odours, are so much more in vogue among professors of religion, than leanness, vigils, and horse-hair shirts, a companion Essay on Self-Denial, might with particular propriety have entered into Mr. Burnside's comprehensive plan. We say, considering the actual state of manners, that this very important branch of Christian morality should not have been dismissed in a short and solitary sentence: 'At the same time, let us take 'heed that we do not fall into the more dangerous and common 'extreme of laxity in principles and manners.' If laxity in principles and manners be both a more dangerous and a more common extreme than superstitious severity, why is the subject thus slighted?

The last three Essays are judicious and interesting. We must now restrict ourselves to a single concluding quotation, and we are glad to take leave of our Author while he is indulging his happier and more favourite meditations.

'Every human being whom the saints on their arrival (in heaven) meet with, besides his present exemption from every little, mean, or criminal passion, will behave himself on the occasion like one who recollects that he was once in the circumstances of the stranger. The pure and noble nature of superior spirits in glory forbids the suspicion of defect in their equity and benevolence toward others on their admission. But what is of infinitely greater consequence, they will not enter into the holy of holies unaccompanied by the true High Priest, who with his own blood sprinkled the mercy-seat, and who comes at death "to take his people to himself:" they are going where proper persons will receive them on their entrance, who now feel pleasure in the prospect of their coming; they will be where preparations have long been made by Christ for their entertainment, where the ruling personages were their friends and patrons in this world, and, in a word, where they are fully "wrought for the self-same thing." Involved as they are in darkness on this most interesting subject, they are not wholly ignorant: for "whither they go they know, and the way they know." They have long carried on a real and beneficial, though a mysterious, correspondence with the Sovereign of the new world, and with Him to whom "all power is given in heaven and in earth." Unknown as its inhabitants are to them, they themselves are well known not only to the Father and the Son, but to the "ministering spirits sent forth to minister to those who shall be heirs of salvation;" and though they now "know only in part," yet hereafter "they shall know even as they are known." Their being placed at perfect ease, will be but the work of a moment.' Vol. II. p. 602.

Mr. Burnside's metaphors, though they are generally rather trite, assume, for the most part, an air of originality from the manner in which they are treated. There is, however, a much too frequent recurrence of the same, or of very similar me-

taphors;—as for example, that of a monarch and rebellious subjects: they are also often drawn out to an excessive length. In truth, the heaviest fault of the Author's manner, is, such an unsparing and leisurely amplification of every point, as has given a bulk to the work which will inevitably circumscribe its circulation and usefulness. We are strongly disposed to wish that the Author could have the magnanimity to subject his two volumes to a process which should precipitate the heavier portions of them, and leave to the public about the quantity of one. Such a volume would surely obtain for itself a lasting estimation. But even as it is, we have already without hesitation hazarded the opinion, that there is a vigour in the work which will enable it to live long beyond the date of the common crowd of religious publications.

Art. II. *Travels in Sicily, Greece, and Albania.* By the Rev. Thomas Smart Hughes. Two Volumes, 4to. London. 1820.

(Concluded from p. 318.)

THE readers of our Journal are already familiar with the name and character of the redoubted Vizir of Albania. Both Mr. Hobhouse and Dr. Holland have drawn his portrait at full length, and the former has given us the outlines of his history.* But it has been reserved for the present Writer, to furnish the completest biographical memoir of the life of Ali Pasha that has yet appeared. The earlier part of his career is already involved in the obscurity of tradition, and cannot be very authentically or accurately detailed. Mr. Hughes states, that he perused nearly fifty accounts compiled from oral traditions, without meeting with two that agreed with each other 'either in the 'relation of facts or the development of motives.' Among the rest, he obtained a transcript of the life of the Ali Pasha in Romaic verse, written by a native Albanian pôet; but, unfortunately, the hand-writing is so confused, that this curious document has been, he says, of no service to him.

Ali, whose surname is Hissas, was born at Tepeleni, a small town of the Toskides, about the year 1750. His family had been established in that place for several centuries; and one of his ancestors, named Muzzo, having been very successful in the honourable profession of a *kleftes*, or robber, procured for himself the lordship of Tepeleni, which he transmitted to his descendants, who continued to hold it by a kind of feudal tenure under the pasha of Berat. Ali's grandfather, after whom he is named, is stated to have been deemed the greatest warrior of his age. The father of Ali, named Vely Bey, was a man of humane disposition and excellent character: he held for some time the pashalic of Dervino, but lost it through the intrigues of a cabal, and re-

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* Ecl. Rev. N. S. Vol. IV. p. 530; and Vol. VII. p. 339.

tired to his native lordship of Tepeleni, where, harassed by the neighbouring beys and agas, who were little better than free-booters, and unable to make head against his enemies, he is said to have died of grief and vexation. He left two widows and three children.

'The mother of Ali and of his sister Shalnitza, was a woman of uncommon talents, undoubted courage, and determined resolution, but fierce and implacable as a tigress. Her first act was to get rid of her rival, whom together with her child she took off by poison, thus securing all the rights and property of her husband to Ali, who at this time was about fourteen years of age. Far from yielding under the disastrous circumstances of fortune, she armed herself with double fortitude, and rising superior to the weakness of her sex, carried a musket against her enemies in the field at the head of her faithful clan, performing all the duties both of general and soldier. In most of these enterprises she took Ali as an associate, though she kept him within the strictest limits of obedience. Plainly foreseeing that his security depended chiefly upon his military education, she accustomed him early to the perils of an active and romantic life, and improved his naturally strong constitution by exercise and temperance: she engaged the oldest and most faithful retainers of her family to animate his zeal by a recital of the history and exploits of his ancestors, to correct his rash impetuosity by their experience, to instruct him in all the manly exercises of an Albanian palikar, and to school him in the knowledge of mankind and the arts of governing them, rather than in the lore of book learning and science. Ali's progress kept pace with her most sanguine hopes.'

Mr. Hughes has rather too paraphrastic a style in stating a fact. As to what this worthy old lady plainly foresaw, it is mere conjecture or assumption, nor is it a matter of any consequence: what we want to come at, is, the fact, what she *did*, which was neither more nor less than this; she brought up her son according to the custom of the country, and he soon became an accomplished robber. At an early age he distinguished himself as the best horseman, the swiftest runner, and the most expert marksman of his day; and by traversing the country with his musket on his shoulder, he acquired a perfect knowledge of all the mountain fastnesses, and every opening for advance or retreat. His memory is said to be so strong, that when an old associate in the profession of *kleftes* has been taken and brought before him, he has sometimes astonished the culprit with a recital of all the principal events of his life.

While he was yet very young, an event is stated to have occurred, which, if well authenticated, would seem, on the principle of retaliation, to justify almost any excess of vengeance, and in the mind of a barbarian to constitute revenge a sacred duty. Mr. Hughes's account of it, however, has all the character of an imperfect relation. The inhabitants of Gardiki, a

large town in the mountains of Liapuria, made a secret expedition by night against Tepeleni, and succeeded in carrying off both the mother and daughter, Ali being accidentally absent. The seizure of their persons could not, however, have been the primary object of the expedition, especially as undertaken by the inhabitants at large of a distant town, unless it was expected that they should obtain a high ransom. The atrocious treatment which these defenceless women are described as having met with at Gardiki, would not in that case have been ventured upon; nor is it credible that the leaders of the expedition, or the chiefs of the place, should have permitted so general a participation of their prize. Conduct such as Mr. Hughes mentions, has scarcely a parallel in barbarian annals, and must, if it took place, have originated in some powerful motive,—in cool, refined malignity. Unexplained, it carries on the face of it the highest degree of improbability. After they had been detained prisoners more than a month, the indignant Ali, we are told, was *just preparing* to attempt their liberation, when a bey of Gardiki, at the hazard of his life, conducted their escape to Tepeleni.

'This stain upon the honour of Ali's house was considered indelible but by blood. The authority of his mother, and the never-ceasing entreaties of his sister, who inherited all her mother's spirit, (and who, as the old governor of Tepeleni told us, had she been a man, would have fought with Ali inch by inch for his dominions,) were exerted to keep alive within his heart the flame of vengeance. The former on her death-bed conjured her son, never to stop till he had exterminated the guilty race; and the latter, in all her conversations with him, ended every speech by the expression that she never could know peace of mind, or die with satisfaction, till she had stuffed the couches of her apartment with the hair of the Gardikiote women. After a lapse of forty years the vengeance of these furies was executed to the full by Ali's stern decree—the guilty but unfortunate Gardiki is no more, and Shaïnitza's head reclines upon the raven tresses of its daughters.'

Forty years was rather a long term of impunity for this devoted town to enjoy. The authors of the outrage would, in the natural course of events, be all extinct, and the raven tresses of even their daughters have become tolerably grey, before Ali fulfilled his mother's dying injunction. There is nothing, however, so patient as revenge. It must have been no ordinary provocation, assuredly, that induced the Vizir, when he had attained the plenitude of his power, to inflict such signal vengeance on a town, the population of which was entirely Mahommedan. Ali's own generals discovered are luctance to execute his vindictive intentions, upon which he despatched a confidential officer, at the head of a large body of Greek and Albanian troops, with instructions to act promptly in combination with all the other Greeks in the army. They, he well

knew, would exterminate a Mahommedan tribe with the greatest alacrity; and as the Turkish generals did not dare interfere, the city was soon given up to all the horrors of assault. Very few persons escaped. Those who were reserved as prisoners, were afterwards, to the number of between seven and eight hundred, massacred in cold blood in the presence of Ali, and their bodies left unburied to rot upon the place of execution, which was a large han near the commencement of the Gardikiote territory. The gateway of the area was then walled up, and an inscription placed over it cut in stone, which signifies, 'Thus perish all the enemies of Ali's house.' It is stated, that every individual victim underwent a personal examination by the Vizir himself, previously to the order being given for the execution, and that some few were in consequence spared, probably on its being found that they were unconnected with the old inhabitants. On the same day, seventy-two Gardikiote boys and other prisoners of distinction, who had been conveyed to Ioannina, and treated with a delusive shew of clemency and respect, were all strangled. From the han Ali marched to Gardiki itself, which he laid in ruins, placing it under an anathema, and prohibiting it from ever again becoming the habitation of man. The property of its citizens he had already converted to his own use; and as they were great merchants, he is stated to have kept an accurate account of all the debts due to them, and to have exacted the most punctual payment.

'Every Gardikiote that was subsequently discovered within the dominions of Ali was arrested and put to death, when his corpse was sent to augment the mouldering heap of his unfortunate countrymen at the han of Soliarè. The vizir was grievously offended with his son Vely, who refused to put to death some Gardikiotes in his service, or surrender them up. It is scarcely necessary to observe that Ali glories in this deed, which he considers one of just and pious retribution. It occurred on the 15th of March, 1812.'

We have deviated from the course of the narrative for the purpose of connecting with the most marked circumstance in Ali's early life, the tragical and characteristic sequel. Soon after it had occurred, the young chieftain, impatient to try his strength against his enemies, extorted from his mother an unwilling consent that he should take the field.

'He was fortunate in his first attempts, but had neither troops nor money to prosecute his success: he was then defeated in his turn, and wandering about the country to escape his pursuers, was indebted for his safety to the benevolence and fidelity of several individuals. On his return to Tepeleni, he was received with the most indignant reproaches by his mother, who it is said threatened to clothe him in female attire, and shut him up in the harem; and when, after the most ardent solicitations, he gained from her fresh supplies, and per-

mission again to try the fortune of war, she added, in the true laconic style, that she expected to see him return upon the shoulders of his troops, either as a conqueror or a corpse.'

Again he met with reverses, but in his retreat, accidentally discovered, we are told, a treasure within the ruins of a deserted monastery, that enabled him to appease his mother and to raise fresh levies. At the same time he is stated to have connected himself very advantageously in a matrimonial alliance; but the particulars which should verify the statement, are not given. His mother still held the reins of government, and Ali appears to have taken the field as her general, accompanied in the expedition both by his mother and his bride. The contest, however, appears to have been very unequal: against the forces headed by this youthful hero, the confederate beys of Argyro-Castro, Gardiki, Kaminitza, Goritza, Chomovo, and some others, brought an over-whelming army. The Tepelenites were routed and dispersed among the mountains of Mertzika, whose barriers alone saved them from the fury of the conquerors. At this crisis, Ali exhibited all the latent energy and sagacity of his character. The measure which he resolved upon, will appear most extraordinary: it was a desperate one; as such, it was suited to the state of his fortunes; but the result shewed that Ali had not inaccurately calculated upon the probabilities of success. Mr. Hughes tells us, indeed, that he ran no hazard from thus placing himself in the power of his foes, inasmuch as the voluntary suppliant of an Albanian chieftain, whatever may be his demerits, is sure not only of protection in his presence, but of an escort on his return.

'Knowing that a very considerable detached portion of his enemies were encamped upon the plain, and that the chiefs of Argyro-Castro and Gardiki, the most powerful of his opponents, had retired to their respective cities, he at once determined upon his mode of action. Leaving his bed about midnight, he gave strict orders to his wife that she should keep the door of their apartment locked, and that when his mother came, according to custom, very early in the morning to inquire after her son, she should answer that he was asleep and wished not to be disturbed. He then departed alone and unprotected, gained the camp of the confederates, and soon after the dawn of day stood in the presence of those who sought his life. Astonished at his appearance they demand the motives of his conduct: when the young chieftain with a modest but undaunted air thus addresses them: "The life and fortunes of Ali are in your hands; the honour and existence of his house depends upon your will: here I am, driven to despair: I have fought till my means are exhausted; I now throw myself into your power, and you must either destroy or support me against my enemies: but do not deceive yourselves and suppose that you would derive benefit from the death of Ali: my enemies are in fact your own, and they seek my destruction only to be enabled more

easily to place the yoke upon your necks. The chiefs of Argyro-Castro and Gardiki, already too formidable for the liberty of their neighbours, will profit by my fall to gain the sovereignty of the whole district. Tepeleni, strong by nature, fortified by art, and garrisoned by my faithful Arnaouts, might, if I were supported, present an invincible barrier against their ambitious designs: but if they once gain possession of this fortress, they will not only have the means of annoying their neighbours, but of securing themselves from all retaliation. Destroy me then, if you please, but be assured that my destruction will be the prelude to your own." '

It is a most fortunate circumstance, that there was a short-hand writer in the camp to take down this pithy oration, which Mr. Hughes has doubtless faithfully translated from the original Albanian. He is, however, singularly reserved in mentioning his authorities.

'In the mean time Ali's mother came as usual to his chamber door, and was answered by his wife according to her instructions. In about an hour she returned, and received a similar answer: this being repeated a third time, she began to be alarmed, and suspecting that all was not right, ordered the door to be broken open. Not finding Ali within, and learning in what manner he had departed, she tore her hair, and rushing out of the house in wild disorder, took the same route her son had taken, shrieking violently, and calling upon his name till the mountains echoed with her cries. No long time elapsed before she met the object of her search returning to her presence at the head of those very troops who had espoused his cause, and whose assistance enabled him so effectually to make head against his remaining enemies, that he obtained a peace, strengthened the fortifications of his native place, and secured his family and fortune. It is from this decisive act that he dates the commencement of all his future glory.'

The old lady died soon after—some will have it not a natural death, but our Author totally disbelieves the accusation that would add to her son's crimes that of matricide: he only kept her a state prisoner in the apartments of the harem, to prevent her from fatiguing herself any further with the cares of government. Ali, now his own master, became a leader of banditti on a grand scale; but, some how or other, his good fortune, which has always served him in intrigue, has repeatedly failed him in the field. He fell into the hands of Kourt, pasha of Berat; but the conqueror, instead of treating him like a rebel, 'honour-'ed him,' as Mr. Hughes has it, with his confidence: that is to say, he made good use of his services in a war in which he was engaged with the pasha of Scutari; and at length, finding the young hero too great a favourite with the soldiery, as well as with certain members of his own household, sent him back to Tepeleni enriched with presents of considerable value. Again Ali resumed the profession of kleftes, choosing the mountains of Epirus as the scene of his operations. Again he became a

prisoner; and earnest application was made to the pasha of Ioannina, who was now master of his fate, to make a public example of him. The pasha, however, had his reasons for preferring to make a friend of his prisoner, and is said not only to have liberated him, but to have supplied him with the means of raising a fresh band of freebooters, at the head of whom Ali rendered the whole country so unsafe for merchants and travellers of every description, that his fame reached Constantinople, and the Porte issued an order to the derven-pasha of Rumelia to attack and exterminate the offenders. The derven-pasha happened to be no other than Ali's old friend, Kourt pasha of Berat; and an amicable negotiation was entered into between the two parties, the result of which was, that Kourt accepted of Ali's services in an expedition he was about to undertake against some enemies of the state, procured his pardon from Constantinople, and gave him a high military command at his own court. This he did not long retain: he was detected in an intrigue with the pasha's married daughter, and obliged to flee. He then entered into the service of the pasha of Negropont, and having acquired a great deal of wealth, returned once more to Tepeleni, to recommence operations on his own private account. His first attempt was too daring for his means: he endeavoured, we are told, to take advantage of internal sedition in the great city of Argyro-Castro, and to introduce his own troops into the place; but this project did not succeed. He then fell upon the town of Libochobo, which, together with several others of small note, submitted to his arms. The strong place of Chormovo, he contrived to take by what hardly deserves the name of stratagem; by perfidy of the most unblushing and atrocious kind. The inhabitants had been among the earliest confederates against his family, and his revenge longed to glut itself with a sacrifice. Having massacred a great multitude of the inhabitants, he sold the women and children into slavery, and razed the town to the ground. This was not enough: the most delicious morsel of vengeance remains behind. The head of a family named Prifti, particularly obnoxious to Ali, was seized by his orders; a spit was run through his body, and the wretched victim was roasted alive. By this horrid act, in which he emulated the first Crusaders, he spread a terror of his name throughout the surrounding tribes, many of whom submitted to him without resistance.

Ali was now wealthy; and from this time he began to act upon the systematic preference of bribery to force of arms. His favourite maxim is, Get money, and that will procure all things. By means of his emissaries at Constantinople, he procured a commission for attacking Selim, pasha of Delvino, whom he first cajoled, and then assassinated, seizing at the same

bours, to carry their incursions into the southern districts
s territory. According to our Author's statement, it was
therefore, without ample provocation, and a sort of political
sity, that Ali determined upon subduing them; and worthy
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of the republic, and very materially contributed to the
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his baggage and ammunition. The victorious Suliots pur-
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, and of paying a very large sum as a ransom for his cap-
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Porte. After a short consultation with his friend, he dismissed him to return and meet the deputies, who waited a few days on the road, and then proceeded straight to Ioannina. The beys, to whom its contents had been already intimated, advanced as far as the suburbs to meet the firman. It was produced, and drawn out of its crimson case; when each reverently applied it to his forehead, in token of submission to its dictates. It was then opened, and to the utter consternation of the assembly it announced Ali, pasha of Ioannina, and ordered instant submission to his authority.

'The forgery was suspected by many, but some credited it; whilst others, by timely submission, sought to gain favour with the man who they foresaw would be their ruler: in short, his partizans exerted themselves on all sides, the beys were dispirited, and whilst they were irresolute and undetermined, Ali entered the city amidst the acclamations of the populace: his chief enemies in the mean time sought their safety by flight, passing over the lake and taking refuge in the districts of Arta, Etolia, and Acarnania.

'Ali's first care was to calm the fears of all ranks; to the people he promised protection, to the beys who remained rich offices and plunder; his friends were amply recompensed, and his enemies reconciled by his frankness and engaging affability: in the mean time he put a strong garrison into the castron or fortress, and thus acquired firm possession of the pashalic before the imposture of the firman was discovered. It was now too late to dispossess him of his acquisition: his adherents increased daily; a numerous and respectable deputation, led by Signore Alessio's father, carried a petition to Contantinople, and seconding it with bribes to a large amount ultimately prevailed in establishing his usurped dominion. Thus, according to custom, despotism succeeded to the turbulence of faction, and the people not unwillingly submitted to the change.'

Soon afterwards, Ali, doubtless by the same potent agency—gold, obtained from the Porte the important office of derven-pasha of Rumelia: whether he had a lieutenant, is not stated, but if he had, he took good care that he should not trade in licenses to the kleftes. This office not only augmented his revenue, but gave him an opportunity to create an influence in many provinces of the Turkish empire. His next step was to pick a quarrel with his neighbour, the pasha of Arta, and to annex his territories, as well as the whole of Acarnania, to his own dominions. Then, in order to establish a free communication between Ioannina and his native territory, he attacked and took possession of the strong post of Klissura, following it up by the reduction of Premeti, Ostanizza, and Konitza, which secure the whole course of the Voïussa, from its source in Mount Pindus to Tepeleni.

We are at a sad loss, throughout Mr. Hughes's narrative, for dates. The year 1792, however, is given as the date of Ali's first expedition against the Suliots, a warlike tribe who, in their almost impregnable mountain fastnesses, bra[illegible] power, and did not scruple, when he was attacking [illegible] or in northern

neighbours, to carry their incursions into the southern districts of his territory. According to our Author's statement, it was not, therefore, without ample provocation, and a sort of political necessity, that Ali determined upon subduing them; and worthy representatives as they might be of the ancient Greeks, fond as they were of their mountain homes, their wives, and their wild freedom, it does not appear that they were really any better than a clan of banditti. Mr. Hughes has made a very affecting story, however, of the heroic resistance by which they long succeeded in baffling their infuriated foe. It forms the most interesting chapter in the volume. Ali was at one time during this campaign in great personal danger. A detachment of these brave mountaineers, to the number of 200, marched out with the determination to take him alive or dead, and, but for the information conveyed to Ali by a traitor, would probably have succeeded, as the despot was at the time encamped with only his body guard at a distance from the main army. The women took an active part in the defence of the republic, and very materially contributed to the success which, in the first war, crowned the exertions of the mountain patriots. Ali was completely repulsed, with the loss of all his baggage and ammunition. The victorious Suliots pursued their enemies as far as the village of Vareatis, within seven hours of Ioannina; and about six thousand of the Albanians are said to have been slain or taken prisoners. 'Ali himself killed 'two horses in his precipitous escape, and when he arrived at his 'capital, he shut himself up in his harem for several days, where 'he admitted no one to his presence except a few of his most 'confidential friends.' At length, he concluded a peace with the Suliots on the degrading conditions of ceding to them possession of their acquired territory as far as Dervitziana, of restoring the seventy prisoners he had in the outset obtained by an act of the most shameless treachery, together with the son of one of their chiefs, and of paying a very large sum as a ransom for his captive troops. This was in the summer of 1792. His second expedition, eight years after, was not more successful, although he had by bribery won over to his interest, Botzari, one of the Suliot leaders. The Albanians were in their repeated attacks driven back and put to rout with great slaughter, the loss in killed and prisoners far exceeding in numbers the sum total of the Suliot army. Despairing to subdue such valiant and determined enemies in open warfare, Ali turned the siege into a blockade, resolving to trust to famine and treachery; but his troops began to desert, and while the Suliots are said by a Parghiote historian to have lost in nine months but twenty-five men, Ali lost by defection and in various skirmishes within the same period, nearly 4000. In the desperate emergency to which the besieged were sometimes reduced, many stratagems were resorted to for procuring

provisions, among which the contrivance of Gianni Striviniotti deserves particular mention.

'This man having received intelligence that the Turks had lately procured a large supply of cattle from the neighbouring pastures, dressed himself in his white capote and camise, and concealing himself till the shades of evening had descended, walked out on all fours from his lurking place, and mingling with the herds, entered together with them into the stalls where they were shut up. In the dead of the night he arose silently, opened the doors, unloosed the oxen, and drove them towards a party of his friends who were in waiting to receive them. The Albanians heard the noise, but were so alarmed by suspicion of an ambuscade, that they lay still, and preferred the loss of their cattle to the danger of their lives.'

About this time, Ali was called off by orders from the Porte to lead his contingent against Paswan Oglou, and the Suliots availed themselves of his absence to lay in stores both of provisions and arms. On his return, he again had recourse to a false and treacherous proposal of peace, on the conditions of being allowed to build and garrison one tower within their district, and of their banishing of the brave Foto Tzavella from the Suliote territory, as the chief impediment in the way of tranquillity. It does not appear that the former condition was complied with; and yet the folly and infatuation which a compliance with it would have displayed, would not have been greater than the Suliots were actually guilty of in 'requesting the secession' of their bravest captain, whose highest panegyric was conveyed by the insulting proposal. Ali's ambassadors on this occasion were, as usual, two traitors who had deserted their country's cause; and by dint of threats and promises they prevailed. Foto, on finding himself forsaken by his deluded followers, set fire to his dwelling, declaring that no enemy of Suli should ever cross the dwelling of the Tzavellas; he then buried his sword, and left his countrymen 'much in the same state,' remarks Mr. Hughes, 'as the silly sheep who were persuaded by the wolves to dismiss 'their guardians.' After this act of folly and baseness, one really feels a diminished interest in the fate of the republic.

Whether a peace was or was not nominally concluded, or whether the Suliots were still in a state of blockade, is not very clear; but in May 1803, the Suliots made a vigorous attack upon an Albanian fortress at Villa, which served as the principal magazine for Ali's army. This they succeeded in taking, and destroyed by fire and sword nearly the whole garrison. So daring an achievement could not but inflame their implacable enemy to the utmost height of fury. He issued proclamations calling upon every Mahommedan throughout his dominions to avenge this slaughter upon the heads of the infidels, and an immense army was again brought into the field against this

small band of mountaineers. Treachery opened to the invaders the otherwise impenetrable passes, and the Suliots, worn down at length by war and famine, and strictly blockaded, were reduced to the necessity of accepting terms of capitulation, which Ali never meant to fulfil. The treaty was ratified on the 12th of Dec. 1803, by which the whole population was to be allowed to emigrate and settle wherever they might please. Men, women, and children being gathered together, they separated into two bodies; one taking the direction of Parga, the other that of Prevesa. Both parties were waylaid by the troops of the perfidious tyrant: the former fought their way through, but the latter all eventually perished. A party of about a hundred women and children, being cut off from the rest, fled, it is stated, to a steep precipice near the monastery of Zalongo: there, the children were first thrown over the rocks by their mothers, and then the matrons, joining hand in hand, and raising their minds to the highest pitch of enthusiasm by native songs, whirled round and round in a species of frantic dance till they approached the edge of the cliff, from which they one and all threw themselves headlong. Another small detachment had been taken captive and subsequently released, and allowed by Ali to settle at Vurgareli at the foot of Mount Tzumerka; but this was only a treacherous respite: they were afterwards extirpated by an army of Albanians, except a few that escaped into Acarnania. The scattered remnant of the tribe took refuge, some at Santa Maura, others with the Albanian beys; but the greater part retired to Parga and Corfu, to subsist on charity, or to enrol themselves in the service of their protectors. A number of them subsequently entered into the Russian service, and formed a regiment in the Albanian battalion. After the peace of Tilsit, this corps passed into the service of the French under Col. Minot. Foto Tzavella and Mosco his *mother*, both held commissions for some time, but resigned them from disgust at ill treatment. The former passed over to Ioannina, threw himself at the feet of the destroyer of his country, and was received into his service. Mosco, who accompanied him, married a second husband, and was living in the capital at the time of our Author's visit. Their native mountains form now the strongest post in their conqueror's dominions, and a splendid fortified serai adorns the highest top of Kiaffa as a monument of his base triumph.

The conquest of Suli cost the invader one year more than was occupied by the siege of Troy, and the struggle is not less worthy of an epic. But there is no Romaic Homer. Mr. Hughes gives us, however, a specimen of some patriotic songs in which the valour of the sons of Suli is still commemorated:

the song is stated to be still a great favourite in Albania. A respectable version accompanies it.

During this protracted series of operations against the Suliots, Ali did not lose sight of other means of consolidating his power. In 1797, when the French gained possession of the Ionian Islands together with the continental towns on the opposite shore, Ali sent a confidential agent to Bonaparte's head quarters in the north of Italy, and, as the fruits of a secret alliance, gained permission for his flotilla to sail through the channel of Corfu. To establish himself on the coast, he surprised the two independent towns of Aghio Vasili and Nivitza one Easter Sunday, and massacred the inhabitants in the churches. His next acquisitions were, the important fishery at Santa Quaranta and the excellent harbour of Porto Palermo. All which acts, his agents at Constantinople represented as having for their meritorious object the extirpation of infidels; and Ali did not fail to confirm the representation by paying tribute to the Porte for his conquests. He took care, at the same time, to keep at a respectful distance from the court of his sublime Sovereign. Once, during the campaign against Paswan Oglou,

'the Grand Vizir, under pretence of bestowing public approbation upon his conduct, requested his attendance in full divan. Ali, conscious how much more he merited the bowstring than half the victims upon whom that punishment has fallen, went boldly, but surrounded the vizir's tent with six thousand faithful Albanians: as might be expected, his reception was courteous, but the conference was short.'

When the Porte declared war against the French Republic, Ali, finding that it would not suit his purpose to maintain any longer his French alliance, seized upon Prevesa: it was given up to pillage, and the prisoners, according to his diabolical custom on similar occasions, massacred in cold blood. Santa Maura and Parga, at the same period, narrowly escaped falling into his hands, before they were taken possession of by the Russian fleet; a disappointment which he never forgave. To console him under it, he received the public thanks of the Porte for his eminent services, was presented with the *kelich-caftan* (a fine ermine pelisse) and a sword richly decorated with brilliants, and was made viceroy of Rumelia, by virtue of which office he acquired the high title of vizir.

His complicated intrigues and counter-intrigues with French and English, alternately, and sometimes at one and the same period, now become too interwoven with historical details, to admit of being brought within the compass of this brief sketch. His grand object was, the possession, by any means, of Parga and the Seven Islands. Through the French minister at the Porte, when his influence was dominant, he procured the pashalics of Lepanto and the Morea for his sons Mouchtar and

Vely, as a return for assisting Sebastiani in promoting a rupture between Turkey and Russia. His services in bringing about a peace in 1808 between the Porte and this country, were rewarded with the not less useful acquisition of a very fine park of artillery, and several hundreds of Congreve's rockets. The effect of the latter he presently tried, by way of a first experiment, under the direction of an English engineer officer, in the bombardment of Berat. This pashalic also was given to his son Mouchtar, though the seizure of the place was an act of the most unprovoked aggression, and Ibrahim, the dispossessed pasha, was held in the highest esteem at court. After this, it cost but a short conflict to overthrow the Pasha of Delvino, and take possession of the place, and to make himself master of Argyro-Castro, by which the whole valley of the Druno, the richest and most populous in Albania, fell entirely under his dominion. The destruction of Gardiki completed his triumphs in that direction, and formed the crowning atrocity of his demon career. But his most brilliant stroke of policy, the achievement in which he most exults, is his having wrested the last tract of Christian land from the hands of Christians, by the cession of Parga; the possession of which 'makes him master of conti-'nental Greece from the Attic boundary of Parnes to the 'rugged mountains of Illyricum.'

In the personal character of this faithful servant of the Father of murderers, we should look in vain for any traits that might relieve the darkness of the portrait. To say, that he is reported to be fond of his children, is only to ascribe to him just so much brute virtue as is compatible with the paramount selfishness of his character. That he is not wantonly savage, or rather that he is not *so* wantonly savage as some despots have shewn themselves, proceeds more from his courage and his strength of intellect, than from any compunctious scruples, or from a want of taste for the pleasures of cruelty. Those tyrants who have taken the most delight in human suffering as a spectacle, have always been characterised by native imbecility and cowardice; or else have had recourse to that way of amusing themselves in the impotence of dotage. The powers of Ali's mind did not, at the time of our Author's visit, appear to have become enfeebled by age, notwithstanding that he is upwards of seventy, and has for many years been the subject of an incurable disease. Since then, however, his increased bulk is said considerably to have soured his temper, and, as a consequence, to have urged him to many acts of wanton barbarity that have left on his character stains of a much deeper dye than it had acquired from any of his former deeds. It has been his policy to exterminate all the independent Albanian chiefs whose struggles to regain their power, might interfere with the interests of his heir; and if he lives

much longer, we are told, the whole race will be extinct. This jealousy of his subjects will naturally increase as he is conscious of the failure of his physical energies; and he will become more and more cruel, partly out of fear, partly out of ill-humour. He seems to have a pretty correct idea of his own character, as well as of the disposition of his subjects, if we may judge from the following anecdote, which is adduced to illustrate his firmness and self-command.

'In the year 1813, as he was inspecting some repairs in the great serai of the Castron, a large block of stone fell from a scaffold upon his shoulder, and laid him prostrate on the ground. Every one present thought he was killed, and a general alarm was spread: but Ali, though seriously hurt, ordered a horse to be equipped instantly, upon which he mounted and rode round the city, with a single Albanian attendant, without discovering the least mark of pain, though he had received a wound which confined him several weeks to his bed. After his recovery he told Mons. Pouqueville that he acted thus to assure his people of his safety, and to deprive his enemies of the pleasure of thinking he was likely to die. The consul replied, that every man had his enemies, but he could not think those of his highness went so far as to desire his death. "What?" said Ali, "there is not a minute of the day in which they do not offer up prayers to heaven for my destruction: how can it be otherwise? for forty years I have been doing every thing bad to every body: in this period I have caused 30,000 persons to be hung and put to death in various ways; and they know that if I live longer I shall do more: would you have them not hate me then? their hatred, however, will not affect my health." And upon this he burst into his usual Sardonic laugh.'

Torquemada, the first Spanish inquisitor-general, during the eighteen years of his administration, committed upwards of ten thousand victims to the flames, and sentenced upwards of ninety-seven thousand to confiscation and various penances. When Ali and Torquemada meet, the Mussulman vizir will be enraged to find himself outdone by a priest, and that priest a Christian. There is nothing extraordinary in Ali's achievements as a destroyer. What *is* extraordinary in him, is, his wonderful cleverness, penetration, and physical energy. All the affairs of his government he transacts himself. He is his own prime minister, giving daily attention to all the concerns of his army, navy, and revenue, receiving petitions and deciding causes in person, and rarely calling for the services of his ministers. His quickness of perception and decision are equalled only by his perseverance. In like manner, all his deep-laid schemes of aggrandisement, all the ramifications of his policy, appear to have their origin in his own mind. On these points, as well as in respect of Ali's consummate dissimulation and address, his insight into character, his engaging familiarity towards his adherents,

especially his troops, and his power of fascinating his victims, Mr. Hughes's testimony perfectly coincides with the very minute account given by Dr. Holland. Nothing is more astonishing than that a man whose perfidy is so notorious that not the slightest reliance can be placed on his most solemn engagements, should yet be capable of beguiling into a fatal confidence those whom he has before deceived; should be able repeatedly to deceive, not only individuals, but his own government; and not only his own government, but every other which has attempted to turn him to its advantage. The following anecdote, if authentic, is highly curious.

'He once gave a man a bouyourdee to kill another who was obnoxious to him: the bloody deed was perpetrated, but the assassin found in the pocket of his victim a similar bouyourdee for his own destruction. He carried it to the vizir, and expressed some signs of astonishment; when Ali, laughing, replied, "Hey murrie,* if I had not given him this, he would never have put himself in your way, and you would have had no chance of effecting your purpose." In fact, the tyrant wished to get rid of both or either of them.'

But although the character of Ali is without relief, and his crimes admit of no palliation, there are considerations which tend to reconcile the mind to the growth and prolonged existence of this monstrous despotism. One is at first almost at a loss to conceive what the previous state of that country must have been, to which the government of this ferocious autocrat should have proved on the whole, as it is on all hands agreed that it is, a very great advantage. Mr. Hughes tells us, that

'he should pronounce the people of Albania comparatively happy, whether reference be made to their own state before the consolidation of Ali's power, or to that which *still exists in other parts of the Turkish empire.* In Albania, though all are subject to one mighty despot, no petty tyrants are suffered to exist, and protection is given equally to the Turk, the Greek, and the Albanian, against the aggressions of each other. Religious toleration is freely granted, and the regularity of monarchical power has in some measure succeeded to the factions of aristocracies and republics. There exists at present a security in these dominions which we should seek in vain where the baleful influence of the Crescent elsewhere extends: a police is organised, robbers are extirpated, roads and canals are made or repaired, rivers are rendered navigable, so that the merchant can now traverse the Albanian districts with safety, and the traveller with convenience; agriculture in spite of all obstacles improves, commerce increases, and the whole nation advances perhaps unconsciously towards higher destinies and greater happiness.'

The truth is, that, in this world, evil only can cope with evil

* Blockhead; derived, says Mr. H., from the vocative of μωρος. It is a favourite word with the Vizir.

on equal terms. In the moral system, as well as in physical nature, the agency of storm and lightning is requisite to clear the atmosphere; and sometimes a calamitous conflagration shall be the only means of arresting a pestilence. If the Turkish government is doomed to fall, as no doubt it is, no circumstance could more directly tend in its ultimate consequences to hasten that event, than the consolidation of this extensive viceroyalty; by which so large a portion of the nominal empire of the Porte has been in effect so long abstracted from its dominion, and a revolution silently produced in the habits of the population, that will render it very difficult to make them relish the old system again. The dynasty of Ali, king of Epirus, will in all probability be as short-lived as that of Napoleon. The event which Mr. Hughes affirms to be 'impossible,' has, indeed, already taken place: the mountain barriers of Epirus have been scaled by the soldiers of the Porte, and Ioannina is in ruins. But still, should Ali perish—and the latest accounts left him shut up in Tepeleni in a very critical posture of his affairs—we should nevertheless confidently anticipate that the districts which have formed the extensive theatre of his exploits, would not permanently be retained by the imbecile power that claims to be the sovereign proprietor. Ali does not appear to have had the talents of a general: he has conquered by perfidy, and maintained his acquisitions by intrigue. Defeated at Constantinople, he would not long, therefore, be able to reign at Ioannina. Conscious of the insecurity of his situation in case of his provoking the vengeance of the Porte, he has always discovered a strong anxiety to gain a footing in some one of the Ionian Islands, in order, as it is supposed, that he might have an insular retreat. By what means his present reverse of fortune has been effected, we are not informed; but an old tyrant, hated by his subjects, and unsupported by an army, is an easy conquest. Ali's own sons may very possibly have lent their aid in bringing about his downfal. Vely Pasha, his second son, is described by Mr. Hughes as differing from the Vizir in being at once a strong bigot to the Mahommedan faith, and an attached and faithful subject of the Porte, on which account his pretensions to succeed his father were favoured by a large party of Osmanli Turks, and were thought likely to receive the support of the Sultan. It was not, therefore, in the line of hereditary succession, or of *legitimacy*, that we could have looked for an efficient inheritor of Ali's dominion, even if he had been allowed to live out the dregs of his existence in security. He has cleared the ground, extirpated some half dozen tribes of ferocious marauders, and put down, at least for the time being, the old trade of kleftes; for all which he richly deserves the thanks of whoever succeeds him in his vizir-ship: but to lay the

foundations of a new Grecian kingdom, will require talents of another order, and iron as well as gold. The high protecting Sovereign of the Seven Islands, that has suffered for wise reasons its old Albanian ally to be reduced to his present exigencies, will do well to keep its eye on the neighbouring continent; and we do not see why, if the people particularly wish it, that same Power should not one day take that section of Continental Greece also under its protection; not failing, of course, to respect and perpetuate there the established religion of the Koran. One of the worst things about Ali, in the estimation of his Mussulman subjects, was, that he visited a mosque but once a year.

Parga will now, it is expected, being delivered from the vindictive despotism of Ali, receive back a considerable portion of its exiled inhabitants. Relative to the cession of this important fortress and territory, so much has been said and written, and assertions and representations so opposite have been positively maintained by the scribes of Government and their opponents, that it is difficult to come at the precise truth. Mr. Hughes stigmatises the transaction as unjust, cruel, and impolitic, as disgraceful to the English name; and he gives a very minute detail of the circumstances under which, after remaining for about three years 'under the powerful ægis of Great Britain,' it was consigned over to its inveterate and bloody enemy. The relation, assuredly, if correct, will justify his expressions. In these details, he professes himself to have been 'uninfluenced 'by any party feelings, and unexcited by any motives to de-'traction.'

'I am totally unacquainted with the individuals connected, or supposed to be connected, with the cession of Parga, and no one, I think, who has read these pages, will accuse me of a desire to calumniate my country; a country whose constitution I venerate, and whose very soil I love; but he who loves his own country best will be most tender of the rights of others, and I own I have been anxious that every shadow of reproach should vanish from the name of that country amongst foreign nations, and that its ancient character for honour and generosity should be preserved inviolate: having moreover been a resident upon the rock of Parga, and also resident in Albania, when the tyrant whose history I have undertaken to portray, made his first attempts against that republic, I felt called upon to detail fearlessly and impartially every circumstance of this unfortunate case upon the authenticity of which I could rely.'.....'Let the reader weigh well in his mind the following paragraphs, which appeared in the same paper with his Excellency the Lord High Commissioner's speech (before the Legislative Assembly of the Ionian States, April 7, 1820), and then say whether some inquiry upon this important subject which compromises the honour of a great nation, is not indispensable.

'"On the 23d of November last, a notification on the part of Sir Thomas Maitland was made to the Parguinote emigrants who are still at Corfu, informing them that, *upon consideration*, his Excellency intended *to reimburse them the deduction made for freightage of the money brought on board the English frigate Ganymede*, Captain Spenser, from Prevesa to Corfu, *and other expenses*; but that he should expect from them, after such reimbursement, a receipt in full for the value of the property they had left at Parga. They were also informed that, should the Ionian government have any unoccupied lands, a grant would be made to them, and a church built at the expense of that government.

'"The answer of the Parguinotes was, that if the deduction in question had been improperly exacted, they did not conceive that any conditions could be imposed on restoring the amount to them; that no consideration, not even the distress which many of them were suffering at the time, should induce them to give an acknowledgement for an indemnification of which they had received only a part. That if it was his Excellency's intention to grant them lands, they begged that such lands should be specifically pointed out, that it might be seen whether they were really susceptible of cultivation, or sterile and uncultivatable, like the little island of Meganisi, of which mention had originally been made; that they had sent deputies to England to obtain redress for the wrongs they had sustained; and that, until an answer was received, it was not in their power to enter into any new arrangements."'

Considerable pains were taken to persuade the Parghiotes to transfer their allegiance to the Vizir; but their unanimous resolve was, to emigrate rather than share the fate of Prevesa. Their objections to being placed at the mercy of their implacable enemy, will not appear to our readers wholly unreasonable; albeit there are gentlemen in this country, who cannot conceive why they should have entertained so bad an opinion of him. Colonel de Bosset then ordered an estimate to be taken of public and private property; and Mr. Hughes terms it 'a very moderate calculation,' which made it amount to 500,000*l.*: 'a very small pittance' he says, 'for a well-built city containing near 4000 inhabitants, and villages peopled with many more, in a tract of the most fertile territory that can be imagined, within a circuit of twenty miles, enriched with 81,000 olive trees, from which the finest oil in the Levant was made and exported on the most advantageous terms.' With this sum the inhabitants professed themselves satisfied, but not so the purchaser: accordingly, Colonel de Bosset being 'relieved from his post,' a new valuation was made by British and Albanian commissioners, which brought down the compensation to 150,000*l.* Mr. Hughes positively affirms, that the *gathering* of the fruit alone in an abundant season, is worth more than was, on this estimate, given for the olive trees within the Parghiote territory. With this valuation, the Parghiotes of course were *not* satisfied; but

their remonstrances were answered only with threats; and they had no alternative but to submit to their fate, and evacuate the territory before the Turk should enter it.

The Quarterly Reviewers, however, will have it, that all the dissatisfaction has been produced by Colonel de Bosset, whom they speak of in terms of virulent contempt, and by Sir Charles Monck's speech in the House of Commons. Till that speech appeared in the newspapers, all parties, it seems, were quite contented: nay more, the Parghiotes, conscious of having made an excellent bargain in obtaining something like 50*l.* a man (subject to freightage and 'other expenses') as a compensation for the loss of property and their natal soil, are laughing in their sleeves at their benefactors and partisans. Ali Pasha, say these gentlemen, has much improved Albania, and *therefore* he would no doubt have made these Parghiotes a very good sovereign, if they had not been so fastidious as to object to him, or rather, so cunning as to take the opportunity of selling their city on such good terms. Besides, Ali Pasha had nothing to do with the negotiation: it was ceded to the Porte. Just as if the Porte, at a time that its sovereignty over the whole of the extensive pashalics held by Ali, was in jeopardy, would have cared a straw about a territory twenty miles in circumference, had not Ali Pasha, by his agents at Constantinople, instigated the Turkish government to make the demand! And after all, the Vizir and Sir Thomas Maitland are confidently stated to have had a secret agreement on the subject. But then, the Parghiotes are great rascals,—'robbers all at Parga,' as Mr. Hobhouse himself assures us; and for Mr. Hobhouse's authority in this one particular, the Reviewers profess the greatest respect. They are Christians, indeed, in name, but it is merely in name; and therefore, it is argued, they have no claim upon British generosity on that ground. We should have thought even the corrupt Christianity of the Greek Church something better than the intolerance of Mahommedanism; and that there could be no very essential religious difference between the Greek of Parga and the Greek of Corfu or Zante, where the religion of the Greek Church is established. As to their character in other respects, General Campbell, (the High Commissioner with whom the Parghiotes treated for the surrender of their country to the British flag,) in his instructions to Lieut. Brutton, characterizes them as 'Albanian Greeks, extremely tenacious of 'their freedom, and of the liberty of their small community, and 'habitually adverse to the dominion of the Turks; a spirited 'and independent people, though at the same time docile and 'easy of command when treated liberally and justly.' As for the charge of piracy, Mr. Hughes affirms, that a person who should bring it against them would be laughed at for his igno-

rance, since there never was a more industrious and commercial people, 'nor was ever an instance known of a Parghiot pirate 'on the coast of the Adriatic.'

'The following is Colonel Leake's opinion of the Parghiotes (Researches in Greece, p. 413), in reference to an unfavourable notion of their character, which Mr. Hobhouse had unwarily contracted. "This character of the Parghiotes is not just, and they are *Greeks, not Albanians.* Parga is one of those places which, being in a state approaching to independence, may be supposed to furnish the strongest resemblance to the ancient republics of Greece. Under the Venetians they enjoyed a municipality of their own, and certain privileges, which, when they became vassals of Turkey, were secured to them by the powers who guaranteed the Septinsular republic. Hence at Parga, property was more secure and industry more encouraged than at any place upon the continent of Greece; but their situation has been altered since the arrival of the French."'

After citing Col. de Bosset's equally favourable opinion, Mr. Hughes adds:

'These accounts of the character of the Parghiotes were amply confirmed to me, when I visited their country, by that excellent officer the Hon. Sir Charles Gordon, under whose government the people appeared to enjoy as great a degree of rational civil liberty, supported by firmness, and dignified by urbanity, as I ever recollect witnessing in any settlement occupied by the British arms.'

Whether the scene which is said to have been witnessed on the evacuation of Parga by the natives, did or did not take place as described, is a matter of small moment. Mr. Hughes only repeats the story, as given in the papers of the day, 'con-'firmed by the best authorities' which he could procure; but this vague affirmation will not give his report the value of an independent testimony. It is not, however, the positive contradiction blazoned in capital letters, by which that statement is met in the Quarterly Review, that will convince every person, that the Parghiotes left their homes, their country, and the sepulchres of their ancestors, without that impassioned regret of which even semi-barbarous tribes have been found susceptible on being torn from their native land. On the contrary, the pettish eagerness which is displayed to invalidate the description of that regret as a mere fiction, taken in connexion with the elaborate misrepresentations contained in the article, and the courteous terms in which Ali Pasha is referred to, will confirm many readers in the opinion that the whole transaction was a most disgraceful one, alike harsh, unjust, and impolitic.

Our limits will not allow of our resuming the thread of our Author's travelling narrative. He explored the most interesting parts of Albania, of which a neat map is prefixed to the second volume, spent some time at Ioannina, visited Santa

Maura, and Paxo; and at length, after passing a few days at Parga, took leave of the coast of Epirus and the Ionian Islands, for the Italian shores on his return home.

It is hardly worth while, perhaps, to notice some slight defects of style in the present volumes. Mr. Hughes's chief fault is a redundancy both in his descriptions and his phrases: he, for instance, always ascends *up* and descends *down*, surrenders *up*, &c.; anathema is very needlessly coupled with curse, and harem is explained to signify 'apartment of the 'women.' His language, as we have had occasion to remark, is much too fine: thus we are told, that 'Ali's heart is harder 'than flint, *and not a single rill from the fount of mercy flows* '*into his soul.*' We have met with several instances of palpable repetition, and must complain that the total disregard of compression displayed in the composition, often becomes very wearisome. The contents of the two volumes might with great advantage be got into the compass of one, by means of scarcely any other retrenchments than those of style, and the bringing together all the information relating to one point, which the reader has often to collect from different chapters or different volumes. It would, we think, have been a more judicious arrangement, too, if the historical sketches, instead of interrupting the topographical narrative, had been reserved for an appendix. These hints the Author will, perhaps, not disdain to attend to in the event of his work reaching an octavo edition. In the meantime, he will accept our thanks for the interesting and not unimportant information for which we are indebted to him. The plates, chiefly from Mr. Cotterell's drawings, are highly illustrative.

Art. III. 1. *Sermons.* By the Rev. Charles Robert Maturin, Curate of St. Peter's, Dublin. 8vo. 12s. London. 1819.

2. *Melmoth, the Wanderer:* a Tale. By the Author of "Bertram," a Tragedy. 4 vols. 12mo. London. 1820.

THE case of Mr. Maturin does not assist the argument of those who plead, in behalf of ecclesiastical establishments, that they secure patronage to talent, and offer the effectual means of enlisting it in the service of religion. He is unquestionably a man of genius and high attainments, and yet we find him under the necessity of applying to sources of emolument by no means suited to the character of a clergyman. Romances, novels, and dramas are, emphatically, the literature of the world: they at once draw their illustrations from its various scenes and vicissitudes, and address themselves to those depraved and debilitated habits of thinking and feeling which limit themselves to the present state as their proper and only sphere. To this frame of mind all such writings exclusively minister; they are "of the earth, earthly;" and, as connected only with the lower

world, it is altogether unseemly that they should originate with an individual whose high office it is to wean his fellow men from the vanities and passions of the present life, and to direct their affections and their aims towards the life to come. Yet, to these unprofitable and injurious occupations has Mr. Maturin been urged, if our information be accurate, by the exigencies of a family, and by the insufficiency of the income derived from his professional exertions. While men of doubtful character who can command private or state patronage, find easy access to high preferment, an individual of undoubted talent and correct life, is compelled to descend to these unworthy means of improving his situation, by the barriers which in of a secularized church are opposed to his advancement.

Not that we consider these circumstances as justifying Mr. Maturin in the election which he has made of an obnoxious department of literature; still less can we hold him innocent on the weightier accusation of having made a stimulating appeal to the darker passions of our nature. Our recollection of his works is not sufficiently distinct to enable us, even were we prompted to it by inclination, to pass them in minute review for the purpose of establishing this charge; but we can recal quite enough both of their spirit and details, to take away all hesitation in affirming, that their style and manner bear no trace of the rich and pregnant simplicity of English genius. His cast of invention and composition is foreign and meretricious, with much of the murky extravagance, and a full share of the corrupt and exaggerated sensibility of the German school.* Still, they are the productions of a mind of great though misdirected powers; in the midst of unnatural excitement, there are passages of redeeming beauty and feeling; and while surrounded by a whole chaos of absurdity, we have been frequently struck with conceptions of the greatest force and splendour. Montorio was the first and the most striking of these publications: its story is of the grossest improbability both in its invention and its conduct, but it contains scenes and descriptions strongly wrought up, and admirably finished. His subsequent efforts have, perhaps, contained a larger proportion of his characteristic defects; but they are not without traces of the master-hand. The speech of old De Lacey in the Wild Irish Boy, is an admirable transcript of the hurried and impassioned eloquence of an aged semi-savage; and the following description of a clergyman is, with some abatements, so excellently executed, that we shall copy part of the extract which we made from the work when it passed through our hands some years since.

* For our review of "Bertram," see Eclectic Review, N. S. Vol. VI. p. 379.

'His name was Corbett. He had been a curate six and forty years. He sought not to be any thing else. The religion he professed had taught him, 'having food and raiment, to be therewith content,' and the same influence extending to his habits, had enabled him by temperance and prudence, to obtain all he thought necessary in life.....He never read prayers; he prayed—and with such deep and fervent feeling, with emphasis so obviously suggested, not by the art, but by the nature of supplication; with pauses so strongly marked by solemnity of recollection, and a suspension of the act, without a suspension of the feeling, that his congregation almost unconsciously joined in the responses which were originally intended for their utterance, and felt the force of habit and of indolence yield to the holy energy with which he poured out his petitions. I never heard man preach as he did. He was a scholar to whom few I have ever met were superior. He was a man delighting in conversation, in which, if light, he would amuse, and if argumentative, he could instruct, more than any other man I ever listened to. But in the pulpit, he laid aside the wisdom of words, and the weapons of fleshly warfare altogether. That he was a scholar you felt not; that he was a man of rich imagination, or of strong reasoning powers; you felt not that he or his discourse could be referred to any class of mind or composition that could assist you to judge of them in a temporal sense. But you felt irresistibly that he was a believer, pleading with the power of conviction; that he was a religionist, speaking from experience, commending a life he lived, and a felicity he felt; that he spoke and acted on principles which, though beyond the range of existence, were not beyond the range of reality; principles which he made present and vivid and substantial, alike by the force of eloquence and the force of example. He was a speaker who, of all others I ever heard, succeeded most in averting your attention from himself to his subject. It was long after his sermon had concluded that you could think of the preacher—like the priest in the Jewish hierarchy, he disappeared in the cloud of incense himself sent up.....Though his positions were strong and important, they were clothed in a language whose peculiar and providential felicity is, that it is the universal language, the first language that religion talks to the ear of infancy, the language that genius reverences, and ignorance understands, the language of the poet and of the saint, the language of divinity and of the heart, the language of the Scriptures. He spoke as a father pleading with a wayward child; he spoke as a judge with a criminal, to confess and be forgiven; as a guide with a wanderer, to return and to rest. When he finished his sermon, it was not with Cowper's 'well-bred whisper.' He appeared for some time engaged in prayer..... When he came down and walked among us, though the thunder of his eloquence was hushed, his countenance spoke still. He had descended from the mount, but his visage retained the brightness of that high place.——If I write of this man, I shall write volumes.'

In the volume before us, there is so much of what is excellent, as to give us additional cause for lamenting that the fine faculties of its Author should be degraded to any labour inferior to

the high pursuits of his profession. As a whole, these sermons are written in a purer taste than any other of his productions; and they contain passages of great richness, beauty, and vigour. As a theologian, indeed, Mr. Maturin has much to acquire. His views seem to be sufficiently clear and correct as far as they extend, but their range is limited; they fall short of that ampler sphere where the mind taught from above, and deeply imbued with the glory and blessedness of Divine truth, delights to expatiate. Mr. M. is strangely fearful of committing himself: he frequently exhibits the doctrines of the Gospel with fidelity and feeling, but he seems restlessly anxious to satisfy his hearers that he is guiltless of 'Puritanism.' He occasionally indulges himself in a dignified sneer at enthusiasm, and ventures on a little commonplace slang about 'the lungs of the preachers of the conventicle.' All this is excessively weak: a good cause rejects it, and it will utterly fail of assisting a bad one. Among the Puritans of the conventicle, there are not a few who are somewhat more than a match for Mr. M. in the fair field of polemics. But we suspect that he is fully aware of this, and that he well knows what weapons are best suited to the infirmity of his cause, and to the measure of his own controversial skill. We can scarcely recollect elsewhere a piece of argument so signal in debility as the sermon professing to offer 'reasons for preferring the commu-' nion of the Church of England.' It opens in a very interesting manner.

'The strongest characteristic of man is his mutability—it is marked in every action of life, whether public or domestic—it affects him in every pursuit, whether of business or of pleasure; all that he does has the love of change inscribed on it; it is the only epitaph that all his buried pursuits, and all their buried pursuers may bear, from him who exchanged Paradise for a desert world, to the babe of yesterday who weeps for a toy, and the moment he has obtained, resigns it for another. In pleasure, the taste for variety is but too natural, for the very effect of pleasure is to satiate, and nothing but novelty can stimulate the palled appetite, whose artificial orgasm, wearied with indulgence, demands excitement; but our rage for variety extends to other objects—to every object—to all that occupies—to all that interests. The beggar feels it when he wanders from hovel to hovel, as much as the conqueror when he traverses from region to region; yet both find only weariness in the change, for both find only a repetition of circumstances without a renewal of excitement from them. Singular contrast between internal restlessness and external uniformity! The fire burns within us, but life refuses fresh fuel. This passion, so universally acknowledged and felt, would be comparatively harmless, if we indulged it only in our pleasures; but it becomes perilous and mischievous in the extreme, when we permit it to extend its range, and operate on the institutions of society and the forms of government. It is still worse when we suffer it to rage among

the principles of religion, and try its insane strength against the powers of the world to come.'

But what bearing have these observations, in the general accuracy of which every body will acquiesce, on the main question? Why, says Mr. Maturin, 'the rage for novelty alone 'has filled a hundred conventicles!' This is a pure *gratis dictum*, and is just as fairly urged by the Romanists against the English Hierarchy, as by the latter against the Dissenters. He then proceeds to propose 'two short tests:'—'*If any 'religion is exclusive, that religion must be unscriptural*;' and '*The religion that is opposite to intellectual cultivation*, '*must be false*.' To the first of these points, let Mr. Maturin himself look: it is neither more nor less than the foundation-stone of all establishments. To the second it is enough to reply, that the great body of English Dissenters utterly reject the imputation. After a most illiberally expressed regret that non-conformists have been entrusted with what he is pleased to term 'power,' he proceeds, under an empty disclaimer of 'profes-'sional pedantry,' to laud and magnify the 'venerable fabric' and 'admirable constitution' of the Established Church. He starts at score.

'The great obvious advantage that the Church of England possesses is, that she has in her homilies, her liturgy, and her articles, a standard that can neither be removed nor shaken, an unalterable test of the soundness of her doctrines. This is an advantage inestimable! If her children wander, to this they can be recalled—if they murmur against her, by this let her be tried, and she shall be justified. Is this an advantage to be claimed by the rambling followers of an unorganized meeting, where the creed of the day depends on the preacher, where contradiction, error, and absurdity, may succeed each other without detection or rebuke, because—*they have no standard for their opinions*. The Scriptures they have, doubtless—but of the Scripture every stubborn fanatic will deem himself as good a judge, and as sound an interpreter, as his brother or his pastor; ay, and his confidence and obstinacy will be in the direct proportion of his ignorance. Such is the invaluable distinction of having a standard for doctrines and opinions.'

We defy Mr. Maturin himself to read this passage deliberately, without a feeling of shame that such a wretched scrap of self-contradictory absurdity should be on record against him. The Homilies and Articles a criterion of opinion, and the Scriptures either no standard at all, or an unsafe and uncertain one! But to what must the Articles themselves be referred for trial, but to the Scriptures? Is Mr. M. prepared, then, to affirm, that a secondary can supersede a primary authority? But he seems to think that the doctrinal documents of his Church are more intelligible and less evasible than the declarations and definitions of the inspired writings. We will not

answer this but by a plain appeal to fact. Is Bishop Marsh, with his new set of articles, to expound the system of the Church? or are we to give our credence to the respectable men who stigmatize his measures as enormous impositions? Which side does Mr. Maturin take in the Regeneration controversy? Did he never happen to hear of a Calvinistic liturgy and an Arminian clergy? We might ask him a hundred such questions, but we have neither space nor leisure to waste in refuting a mere array of pompous words and empty pretensions. Of the Liturgy, he observes with matchless simplicity, that its opponents 'complain that it must want the force, fervency, and apparent 'sincerity of extempore prayer; I admit that it must, *and* '*perhaps so much the better*'!! Mr. Maturin expresses himself more accurately than he would have his readers think, when he speaks of having given his '*feeble* testimony' to the praise and glory of his Church. But we will not part thus with him: we have spoken highly of his ability in a former page, and we give the following extract as a justification of our eulogy.

'Here, my brethren, let me pause, and direct your attention for a moment to the characters of those extraordinary men, the Jewish prophets. Their history, told simply as it is by themselves, appears to me enough to convert infidelity. They seem solely to have lived to God, to have passed through mortal existence in a sacred abstraction from its seductions, its infirmities, and its passions. When we read of Elijah defying the rage of the king and the madness of the people, and trusting himself fearlessly to the desert and to famine, for the sake of God and of his truth;—of Isaiah, the uncle of a monarch, disregarding the splendour and power of a court, and bearing awful and single testimony against its depravity and danger;—of Jeremiah, who, whether brought before the presence of his king, and beholding his countenance in complacency, or plunged by his wrath into a dungeon,..... alike in palace and in dungeon testifying the truth of God, and calling on the infatuated people (while his voice could yet be heard) to witness the fulfilment of that truth;—of Daniel, who even in the court of the king of Babylon dared to announce to him the destruction of his kingdom; and braved the anger that might have crushed the "prophet of ills" to dust before his unwelcome message was said:—while we read of such men and such things, we are struck with the sublime and unearthly superiority of those beings, not only to their cotemporaries, but to all mankind.—I know that history abounds in instances of self-denial as severe, and of voluntary suffering as terrible, but what those who form the heroes of historic narrative underwent, was for themselves, their own pride—passions—interest—self in some way is apparent through all their heroism. But what these men did and suffered, they did and suffered for God; "they endured as seeing him who is invisible." Their superiority was owing to no external cause; they were slaves, prisoners, victims, "destitute, afflicted, tormented:" their superiority was owing to that communication with God, and with the powers of the invisible

world, which makes the present, with all its seductive and dangerous nearness, all its tangible claims, appear in comparison as the drop of the bucket, or the dust of the balance—a thing to be glanced at, weighed, found wanting, and disregarded. Their history leaves on the mind this indelible impression: "If these men were not of God they could do nothing"—they could not at least have been the men they were.'

There are not a few passages, perhaps, superior to this; we had also marked a few instances of bad taste, of which we shall only mention the irreverent and offensive vulgarism 'God 'knows.'

As this article was about to be forwarded to the press, we met, half-accidentally, with a new 'tale,' in four volumes, by the Author of the Sermons to which we have just adverted in terms of eulogy. With our views and feelings, we cannot have much disposition to employ ourselves in this kind of reading: to say nothing of eternity, we have lived long enough to learn that the realities of life have in them an absorbing interest, compared with which the exaggerations of romance are tame. But in the present instance, the curiosity, mixed with something of a higher feeling, excited by the Writer's name, and the strange contrast between the subjects of the volume we had but a few hours previously been reviewing, and the baser matter on which Mr. Maturin has employed his noble faculties, have so far tempted us out of our usual course, as not only to carry us, somewhat hastily we confess, through the wild fictions of "Melmoth the Wanderer," but to induce us to give some intimation of their nature and contents, as an appendix, *not without its meaning and its moral*, to the original article.

We are not quite sure that we have an accurate notion of the precise character of the hero of this strongly conceived, and powerfully (though unequally) written romance. As we understand it, however, he is a man of wild and desperate curiosity, who, having sought initiation into the fearful secrets of the invisible world, has been induced to avail himself of infernal agency, and to form a dreadful compact with the prince of darkness. The terms of this covenant with hell, may be stated by Melmoth himself.

'I obtained from the enemy of souls a range of existence beyond the period allotted to mortality—a power to pass over space without disturbance or delay, and visit remote regions with the swiftness of thought—to encounter tempests without the *hope* of their blasting me, and penetrate into dungeons, whose bolts were as flax and tow at my touch. It has been said that this power was accorded to me, that I might be enabled to tempt wretches in their fearful hour of extremity,

with the promise of deliverance and immunity, on condition of their exchanging situations with me.....No one has ever exchanged destinies with Melmoth the Wanderer.'

In one of Mr. Maturin's Sermons, there is the following passage.

' At this moment is there one of us present, however we may have departed from the Lord, disobeyed his will, and disregarded his word—is there one of us who would, at this moment, accept all that man could bestow, or earth afford, to resign the hope of his salvation?—No, there is not one—not such a fool on earth, were the enemy of mankind to traverse it with the offer!'

This observation supplied Mr. M. with the hint of his tale, and at first led us to suppose that his hero was a fiend despatched like Belphegor to earth, though on a different errand. The passage, however, which we have previously quoted, affords the true key to his character, although Melmoth is made to express himself hypothetically. Hence, amid all the demoniacal fierceness and malignity of his character, there are occasional, though brief relentings, faint touches of human feeling, transient flashes of something like communion with his species, which in some small degree mitigate the terrors of this awful being, who moves restlessly and rapidly through the world for his allotted term of one hundred and fifty years; anxiously but vainly seeking, among the most dreadful scenes of misery, some wretch who would consent, for present rescue and unbounded means of enjoyment, to barter his hopes of salvation, and thus relieve Melmoth from the penalty of his bond, by accepting as his substitute, his power and his despair. His adventures are described in a series of tales, which are introduced with considerable skill in such a way as to increase the general interest. The descriptions of the awful and agonizing visitations among which he is continually moving, and of which he makes every effort to take advantage, are worked up with tremendous truth and force, though sometimes with a minute accuracy which defeats its object by exciting disgust rather than terror, and reminds us of the Newgate Calendar, or the adventures of Jean Baptiste Couteau, rather than of the *terribil via* of the painters of Schedeni and Frankenstein.

The Wanderer first drew breath in an Irish castle, *anno* 1646; and the living agents of the romance, including himself, are introduced to us in 1816, on the same spot; where his portentous re-appearance has the effect of frightening to death his lineal descendant, a rich miser whose dying exhibitions of the master passion are portrayed with great strength. The heir, a young man of much mental energy, discovers a picture by which he afterwards recognizes ' the Wanderer,' whose form

and aspect were only remarkable from the strange and portentous lustre which flashed from his eyes. The younger Melmoth is directed by his uncle's will to a mysterious and mutilated manuscript, which with much difficulty he decyphers, and finds it to contain the adventures of Stanton, an Englishman who, about the year, 1676 visited Spain in the course of his European travels. From this tale, we cannot avoid transferring to our pages the following magnificent description.

'On the night of the 17th of August, 1677, he found himself in the plains of Valencia, deserted by a cowardly guide, who had been terrified by the sight of a cross erected as a memorial of a murder, had slipped off his mule unperceived, crossing himself every step he took on his retreat from the heretic, and left Stanton amid the terrors of an approaching storm, and the dangers of an unknown country. The sublime and yet softened beauty of the scenery around, had filled the soul of Stanton with delight, and he enjoyed that delight as Englishmen generally do, silently. The magnificent remains of two dynasties that had passed away, the ruins of Roman palaces, and of Moorish fortresses, were around and above him; the dark and heavy thunder-clouds that advanced slowly, seemed like the shrouds of these spectres of departed greatness; they approached, but yet they did not overwhelm or conceal them, as if nature herself was for once awed by the power of man; and far below, the lovely valley of Valencia blushed and burned in all the glory of sunset.

..... Stanton gazed around. The difference between the architecture of the Roman and Moorish ruins struck him. Among the former are the remains of a theatre, and something like a public place; the latter present only the remains of fortresses, embattled, castellated, and fortified from top to bottom—not a loop-hole for pleasure to get in by—the loop-holes were only for arrows; all denoted military power and despotic subjugation *a l'outrance*. The contrast might have pleased a philosopher, and he might have indulged in the reflection, that though the ancient Greeks and Romans were savages, (as Dr. Johnson says all people who want a press must be, and he says truly,) yet they were wonderful savages for their time, for they alone have left *traces of their taste for pleasure* in the countries they conquered, in their superb theatres, temples, (which were also dedicated to pleasure one way or another,) and baths,* while other conquering bands of savages never left any thing behind them but traces of their rage for power. So thought Stanton, as he still saw strongly defined, though darkened by the darkening clouds, the huge skeleton of a Roman amphitheatre, its arched and gigantic colonnades now admitting a gleam of light, and now commingling with the purple

* It occurs here, rather unfortunately for Mr. M.'s hypothesis, that the Moors have left 'traces' of this sort quite as decided as the Romans: their mosques, their palaces, their gardens, are all exquisite of their kind.

thunder-cloud; and.....the solid and heavy mass of a Moorish fortress, no light playing between its impermeable walls—the image of power, dark, isolated, impenetrable. Stanton forgot his cowardly guide, his loneliness, his danger amid an approaching storm and an inhospitable country.....all this was forgot in contemplating the glorious and awful scenery before him—light struggling with darkness—and darkness menacing a light still more terrible, and announcing its menace in the blue and livid mass of cloud that hovered like a destroying angel in the air, its arrows *aimed*, but their direction awfully *indefinite*. But he ceased to forget these local and petty dangers, as the sublimity of romance would term them, when he saw the first flash of lightning, broad and red as the banners of an insulting army whose motto is *Væ victis*, shatter to atoms the remains of a Roman tower; the rifted stones rolled down the hill, and fell at the feet of Stanton.....He stood and saw another flash dart its bright, brief, and malignant glance over the ruins of ancient power, and the luxuriance of recent fertility.'

Amid this awful scene, the Wanderer first presented himself to Stanton: as a number of peasants slowly passed along, bearing the bodies of two persons who had been struck by the lightning, he was startled by the 'loud, wild, and protracted' laugh of that mysterious being. By the circumstances of this meeting, and by subsequent occurrences, the mind of Stanton was inflamed to an insane excess of curiosity, increased by a glimpse and momentary converse in London, until a mercenary relation, taking advantage of his eccentricities, confined him in a private mad-house. Here, while driven to the very verge of madness by the cries and yells which incessantly harassed him, and by his own sufferings and despondency, Melmoth appeared before him; the 'melodious smoothness of his voice,' contrasting frightfully with 'the stony rigour of his features, and 'the fiend-like brilliancy of his eyes.' The tempter offered liberation and felicity, but at a dreadful price:—he was repelled with horror, but the impression was never effaced; and when Stanton afterwards procured his liberty, he set forth, with morbid restlessness, to pursue his strange visitant. His quest was unsuccessful, but in the course of his inquiries, having ascertained the Wanderer's Irish origin, he visited Ireland, and left at the castle, the manuscript which was now costing the younger Melmoth so much pains to decypher. A tremendous storm and signals of shipwreck having called the latter to the shore, he there sees his terrific ancestor standing on a crag, unruffled even in the skirts of his clothing by the raging tempest. In an attempt to scale the rock, young Melmoth falls into the sea, and is only rescued from death by a Spaniard swimming from the wreck, the sole survivor of its crew. This brings on the story of Monçada, with a long series of monastic sufferings and persecutions, terminating in the dungeons of the Inquisition,

and the vain attempt of the Wanderer standing by him in the cell, to persuade him to give up his final hope. The following passage from Monçada's dream on the eve of his condemnation, is one of those horrible realizations of torture which Mr. M. is rather too fond of employing instead of less violent methods of producing impression.

'I saw the stage before me—I was chained to the chair, amid the ringing of bells, the preaching of the Jesuits, and the shouts of the multitude. A splendid amphitheatre stood opposite,—the king and queen of Spain, and all the nobility and hierarchy of the land, were there to see us burn.....the fires were lit, the bells rang out, the litanies were sung;—my feet were scorched to a cinder,—my muscles cracked, my blood and marrow hissed, my flesh consumed like shrinking leather,—the bones of my legs hung two black withering and moveless sticks in the ascending blaze; it ascended, caught my hair,—I was crowned with fire,—my head was a ball of molten metal, my eyes flashed and melted in their sockets;—I opened my mouth, it drank fire,—I closed it, the fire was within,—and still the bells rung on, and the crowd shouted, and the king and queen, and all the nobility and priesthood, looked on, and we burned and burned.'

He awoke, and the Wanderer was by him to tempt him with the hope of liberty. It came, however, in a less destructive shape: the buildings of the Inquisition caught fire, and the condemned captive found an opportunity of escaping. This scene is powerfully described, and the figure of Melmoth, standing on the spire of a neighbouring church to contemplate its horrors, with the various groupes of guards, prisoners, and Inquisitors, is well sketched and shadowed. Monçada found refuge in the vault of the Jew Adonijah, who sets him to read a manuscript which contained the story of a young and interesting female, born of Spanish parents, left alone in childhood on an island in the Indian ocean, found there by Melmoth, and singled out by him as his victim. In this part, there is much that is merely fantastic; but in the scene where he is represented as shewing her the emblems of the different religions of the earth, he has fallen into a Lady Morgan-like blunder. Where did he learn that Mahadeva is 'a god*dess*?' If Mr. Maturin will take a journey to mount Cailasa, he will find, at least if he trust the Hindoos, Mahadeva enthroned there in all the honours of masculine divinity; and though he has thought proper to represent *her* as possessed of little power, he will, on further inquiry, find that *he* is no less a being than Seeva, one of the three principal deities of Hindoostan. The beauty and innocence of Immalee, the young Indian, and her fond attachment to him, touch the heart of the 'Wanderer;' he leaves her, but meets her again when restored to her family, and under the name of Isidora still cherishing the remembrance of her former state. After many

scenes of horror and death, a clandestine marriage takes place, and Isidora finally dies in the cells of the Inquisition, refusing Melmoth's offers of liberation at the expense of the hope of eternity. The fate of Isidora gave a stronger pang to the heart of her seducer, than any he had felt before. He had struggled to save her from his own fatal influence; he had, in his own phrase, stood between her and himself; but the die was cast, and his victim perished. In the course of this tale, two others are incidentally related: the first contains the history of Walberg, and paints the agonies of a starving family in the colours of a Spagnoletto. Even here, however, the tempter fails; though Walberg is kept from giving way only by the influence of his admirable wife. The second is the pathetic story of Elinor, whose life is occupied in a withering attendance on the steps of her lover, struck to idiotcy by calamitous events, but who resists to the last the Wanderer's *conditional* offers of restoring sanity to the object of her unalterable affection. Melmoth at length attains the stipulated period, returns to the castle of his ancestors, and after a night of shrieks and fearful sounds, disappears.

Such is the frame-work of Mr. Maturin's inventions, and such the foundation on which he has rested a strange and fantastic fabric, which, amid much extravagance, exhibits the incontestible signs of genius and power. We shall insert one extract more, with the preliminary remark, that we were not aware of its existence when we wrote the opening paragraphs of this article.

'I cannot,' says Mr. Maturin in his preface, 'again appear before the public in so unseemly a character as that of a writer of romances, without regretting the necessity that compels me to it. *Did my profession furnish me with the means of subsistence*, I should hold myself culpable indeed in having recourse to any other, but—am I allowed the choice?'

We can only say that, while we deeply regret the necessity here intimated, we think that there are better and even more profitable subjects on which a mind like Mr. Maturin's might be employed. We should hope that the sale of his sermons might be such as to induce him to hold on in that way; but we would, with the most friendly dispositions, caution him against staining his pages with the effusions of sectarian prejudice. They do the 'Puritans' no injury, certainly; but they cannot raise their Author in the estimation of moderate men on either side.

Art. IV. *Memoirs of the Life and Writings of Luis de Camoens.* By John Adamson, F.S.A. London, Edinburgh, and Newcastle upon Tyne. Two Volumes, small 8vo. [Plates] pp. 716. London. 1820.

THESE two elegantly printed volumes belong quite as much to the class of Bibliography as to that of Biography. The life of Camoens occupies the greater part of the first volume; the remainder consisting of 'notices concerning the *Rimas* or 'smaller poems' of the Author of the Lusiad. The second volume comprises an 'Essay on the Lusiad, translated from the 'Portuguese of Dom Jose Maria de Souza;' some Account of the numerous translations of the Lusiad into different languages, with specimens, and notices concerning the Translators; a list of the editions of the works of Camoens; and notices of his commentators and apologists.

The Portuguese have reason at once to be proud of Camoens, and to blush at his name. It is quite unnecessary to attempt to determine his relative rank among the great national poets whose works give singly a value to the literature and language of their respective countries: there can be no hesitation in placing him in that order of *magnates*. The name of Camoens alone would rescue Portuguese literature from insignificance, and his works are identified with the existence of the language he illustrated by his genius, and the nation whose ingratitude he was doomed to experience. Two ages and a half have now passed, and yet, we are assured by his accomplished countryman, De Souza, 'although Camoens was one of the first who 'formed the language, no phrase used by him, or even any 'word, has become obsolete or obscure.' He has been termed the Portuguese Homer and the Portuguese Virgil: in some respects he might with much greater propriety be termed their Petrarch or their Tasso. But this mode of parallel is seldom successfully employed in conveying any other ideas than those of depreciation or burlesque. One cannot forget the sarcastic retort of Coleridge upon hearing Klopstock characterized as the German Milton: 'A *very* German Milton.' The era, the moral habits and circumstances of the country, the genius of the language they had to work upon, and the combined force of national and individual peculiarities, all conspire to make up a difference so palpable and so essential between the great writers whose names are assumed to be analogically descriptive of each other, as to preclude the implied comparison. And, indeed, the nearer any two writers of different countries approach each other in the circumstances referred to, the less point there is in this mode of describing them: it must be fairly extravagant, to answer the purpose of panegyric. To speak of a modern Homer, would be exquisitely absurd; for were it supposable

that a being of genius vast and original as his, should make his appearance among some semi-barbarous tribe of heroes, that civilization has not yet tamed down or extinguished, in either the old or the new world, we know that no language remains for him to employ and fashion for his purpose,—unless he were a Greek. Nor is it much less ridiculous to suppose, that a modification of genius could exist which should entitle its possessor to be aptly designated as a Roman Catholic Milton, or a Protestant Dante, a Spanish Shakspeare, or a German Petrarch. Between any two epic poems of the same general construction, a comparison will hold good, so far as regards the poet's conformity to certain real or imaginary rules, his choice and management of the subject, and his conception of the characters. But when we have adjusted the comparative merits and demerits of the rival authors on these points, we may be as far as ever from forming a just estimate of the characteristic excellence of either. In this pedantic style of criticism the French decry Shakspeare, finding him guilty of violating all the unities, and being morally as well as philologically unable to understand him. But if the essence of poetry is expression, the true test of the poet lies in the power of expression: this is his distinguishing faculty,—his perfect mastery of the powers of language, so that that language as breathed through by him, seems a quite different instrument from what it is in other hands. This uncommunicable, untransfusible force and grace of expression, the magic and the harmony of words, constitute in some cases the whole merit of the writer; so absolutely so, that when his compositions are rendered into another language, the reader unacquainted with the originals, is at at an utter loss to discover wherein that undisputed merit consists. No mere English reader, for instance, could have conveyed to him the exquisite beauty of the odes of Horace; nor have we ever seen a sonnet of Petrarch's *done into* English, which could in that shape be recognised as in any respect admirable. Translation is for the most part an expedient equally fallacious and impotent. Pope's Iliad has been aptly termed a brilliant misrepresentation; and such are the best of the translations from the Greek and Roman Poets. To the classical scholar they can afford little pleasure; they are to him a superfluous labour; while the illiterate reader, whatever information he may gain from the perusal, (and just for this purpose only are they serviceable,) can form no other than a very inadequate or very erroneous idea of what the originals are as poetry. No more glaring instance of this needs be referred to, than Dryden's translation of Virgil; in particular, of the Georgics. Dante, among the moderns, has been more fortunate; Mr. Cary's translation has left us nothing to wish for. But Ariosto and Tasso, in the hands of Mr.

Hoole, appear scarcely worth the pains of so much smooth and neat versification. Mickle's translation of the Lusiad is a performance of a similar character, and cast in the same mould: the versification, a perpetual echo of Pope's Iliad, reminds us of Cowper's simile, though not applicable in all its severity.

> 'When Labour and when Dulness, club in hand,
> Like the two figures at St. Dunstan's stand,
> Beating alternately, in measured time,
> The clock-work tintinabulum of rhyme.'

For aught that appears to the contrary on the face of these translations, Homer, and Tasso, and Camoens, all wrote in much the same style; and to give colour to the mistake, the same heathen deities form part of the machinery in each poem. With regard, however, to the merits of Mr. Mickle's performance as a translation, he himself apprises us that he has not very strictly adhered to his original. 'Your literal translation,' he says, 'can have no claim to the original felicities of expression, 'the energy, elegance, and fire of the original poetry.' The difficulty of preserving these in any translation, we have already remarked; but it makes rather against the validity of Mr. Mickle's apology for the very extensive liberties taken with his original, that the most literal translations have in some instances been the most felicitous in their representation of the energy and elegance of the original; and we have seldom seen what is termed a free translation, (which is often only another phrase for a careless one,) that was at all faithful to even the spirit of the original author. But 'the liberties taken by Mickle with 'the Lusiad,' are stated by Mr. Adamson to be

> 'of so extensive a nature, as to have rendered his version, in the opinion of an author eminently skilled in the original language, and capable of forming a judgment of it, rather a recomposition than a translation. When it is stated, that in Canto IX. three hundred lines are introduced, which have not any corresponding passage in the Portuguese; and that numerous other material alterations could be pointed out, particularly one in the story of the Genius of the Cape; the reader will judge, how far the author above alluded to is correct in his ideas on the subject. Such liberties, the Portuguese say, are calculated to mislead; and they suppose a case of a future Voltaire; who, ignorant of the Portuguese language, should form an idea of the poem of Camoens through the medium of the translation of Mickle; and, reading the description of the tempest at the Cape, or the battle in Canto IX. would naturally attribute to Camoens the interpolations of his translator. That the Lusiad, as a poem, has received advantages, and derived beauties from the genius of Mickle, cannot be denied: he has comprest many passages which were weak, and by his excellence in description, added particularly to those parts in which descriptive poetry was either used by Camoens, or could embellish.' Vol. II. p. 244.

Lord Strangford, in his professed translations of some of the *Rimas*, has indulged in a similar freedom of interpolation: his versions are to be considered rather as elegant imitations of the Portuguese bard. But in illustration of what we have remarked as to the extreme inadequacy of translation, we shall lay before our readers two versions of the same sonnet; both of which are sufficiently literal, or, at least faithful to the sense of the original, and both alike free from any palpable fault either of diction or of rhythm; and yet when compared together, they seem neither to breathe the same meaning nor to speak the same language. The first of the two may pass for translation; it is not, at any rate, *transfusion*. The second, whether it be inferior or superior to the original, the reader cares not: he feels it to be poetry.

' Alma minha gentil, que te partiste
Taõ cedo desta vida descontente;
Repousa lá no ceo eternamente,
E viva eu cá na terra sempre triste.
Se lá no assento Ethereo, onde subiste,
Memoria desta vida se consente,
Naõ te esqueças de aquelle amor ardente,
Que já nos olhos meus taõ puro viste.
E se vires que póde merecer-te
Algũa cousa a dor, que me ficou
Da magoa, sem remedio de perder-te;
Roga a Deos que teus annos encurtou,
Que taõ cedo de cá me leve a ver-te,
Quaõ cedo de meus olhos te levou.'

' Go, gentle spirit! now supremely blest
From scenes of pain and struggling virtue go;
From thy immortal seat of heavenly rest
Behold us lingering in a world of woe.
And if beyond the grave to Saints above,
Fond mem'ry still the transient past pourtrays;
Blame not the ardour of my constant love,
Which in these longing eyes was wont to blaze.
But if from virtue's source my sorrows rise,
For the sad loss I never can repair,
Be thine to justify my endless sighs,
And to the throne of grace prefer thy prayer,
That Heaven, which made thy span of life so brief,
May shorten mine, and give my soul relief.'

In order to eke out the fourteen lines, there is in this version the usual portion of expletives and pleonasms; but not more in point of *quantity*, we honestly think, than might be justified by the highest precedents in the same line. It is precisely in the filling up of the interstices between the main ideas, that the skill of the translator is most called for, and that he is sure to betray

whether he is a poet or a mere rhymester. The following is Mr. Southey's translation.

'Meek spirit, who so early didst depart,
Thou art at rest in Heaven! I linger here,
And feed the lonely anguish of my heart;
Thinking of all that made existence dear.
All lost! If in that happy world above
Remembrance of this mortal life endure,
Thou wilt not then forget the perfect love
Which still thou see'st in me.—O spirit pure!
And if the irremediable grief,
The woe, which never hopes on earth relief,
May merit aught of thee; prefer thy prayer
To God, who took thee early to his rest,
That it may please him soon amid the blest
To summon me, dear maid! to meet thee there.'

The *Rimas*, or minor poems of Camoens, were not collected and published till sixteen years after his decease: they appear, therefore, under every disadvantage, not having received the Author's revision, and being, in some cases, of doubtful genuineness. The original editor, the licentiate Fernaõ Rodrigues Lobo Surrupita,

'complains of the inconvenience arising from the errors to be met with in the various manuscripts which he had consulted; this circumstance, he writes, would make his edition less correct than it ought to have been published; but he alleges, that his fears of increasing the difficulties, by hazarding his own corrections, had induced him to print the poems as he had found them.'

This 'ample collection, made with little discernment,' and so long after the Author's death, contains many sonnets of inferior merit which are decidedly, in the opinion of native critics, *not* his productions. But besides these, twelve sonnets are inserted by Surrupita as written by Camoens, which (with trifling variations in three of them) appear also in the works of Bernardes. One of the early biographers of Camoens, Faria e Souza, accuses Bernardes of having taken undue advantage of the scattered state of his friend's minor poems, by surreptitiously appropriating the sonnets alluded to, as his own productions; but there appears to be no ground whatever for the conjecture, which seems to have originated in his biographer's eagerness to exalt Camoens at the expense of his contemporaries. Considering the circumstances under which the *Rimas* were first collected, it is equally probable that the genuine works of Bernardes should by mistake have been attributed to Camoens. Mr. Southey, a very high authority in any matters relating to Portuguese or Spanish literature, has, in his Notes to "Roderick, "the last of the Goths," the following reference to Bernardes.

'Diogo Bernardes, one of the best of the Portuguese poets, was born on the banks of the Lima, and passionately fond of its scenery. Some of his sonnets will bear comparison with the best poems of their kind. There is a charge of plagiarism against him for having printed several of Camoens' sonnets as his own: to obtain any proofs on this subject would be very difficult; this, however, is certain, that his own undisputed productions resemble them so closely in unaffected tenderness, and in sweetness of diction, that the whole appear like the works of one author.'

One of the twelve disputed sonnets is given by Mr. Adamson in his select specimens of the Rimas: it begins,

'Se quando vos perdi, minha esperança,
A memoria perdêra juntamente—'

The following version will enable our readers to judge of Mr. A.'s poetical abilities, though not, we suspect, of those of Bernardes.

'O Hope, long lost! if when thou tookst thy flight,
My mem'ry too had sped with thee to range;
How trifling had I felt the fatal change
Of present grief succeeding past delight.
But Love, alas! with whom I placed my fate,
Foe to my life—whene'er I comfort know,
Malign conspires unto my view to show
The full remembrance of my former state:—
Joys scarcely felt, and by me long resign'd
From drear oblivion's gloom to stray no more,
Recall'd by Love, again before my mind
Appear to flit.—Hard lot I must deplore!
What sorrow greater, than when woes increase
The recollection of departed peace.'

Delicacy of expression is often the only thing which rescues a thought from triteness. The chief fault of Mr. Adamson's sonnet is, an entire departure from simplicity in the diction, in which respect its character is the reverse of the original. Possibly, had he not been ambitious to preserve the precise form of the sonnet, he might have succeeded better by adopting a stanza of less artificial construction: he would not in that case have rendered '*em quem tinha confiança*,' by 'with whom I placed 'my fate;' nor have interpolated the feeble line,

'Malign conspires *unto* my *view* to *show*;'

nor have made other obvious sacrifices to the rigid requisitions of English rhyme. The beautiful sonnet,

'Quem diz que amor he falso, ou enganoso—'

has been more fortunate in receiving translation from no fewer than three accomplished scholars; Mr. Southey, Lord Strangford, and the author of "Translations from Camoens,

&c." Oxford, 1818. The following is Mr. Southey's version as presented to us by Mr. Adamson.

'Is there who says that Love is like the wind,
Fickle, ungrateful, full of fraud and lies?
That wretched man hath sure deserv'd to find
From Love all vengeance and all cruelties!
Gentle, benignant, merciful is Love;
Believe not him who says Love is not so;
Let the vile slanderer live by men below
Despis'd, and hated by the Gods above.
If ever Love worked misery—in me
May man the sum of all his evils see,
Me whom he seems delighted to oppress;
The utmost rigour of his power I prove,
Yet would not change the miseries of love
For all the world besides calls happiness.'

We cannot refrain from transcribing the translation furnished by the same elegant pen, of the sonnet beginning,

'Quando da bella vista, e doce riso—'

'When I behold you, Lady! when my eyes
Dwell on the deep enjoyment of your sight,
I give my spirit to that one delight,
And earth appears to me a Paradise.
And when I hear you speak, and see you smile,
Full, satisfied, absorb'd, my center'd mind
Deems all the world's vain hopes and joys the while
As empty as the unsubstantial wind.
Lady! I feel your charms, yet dare not raise
To that high theme th' unequal song of praise;
A power for that to language is not given:
Nor marvel I, when I those beauties view,
Lady! that he whose power created you,
Could form the stars and yonder glorious heaven.'

If these two sonnets shew, on the one hand, that even a translation may be made to exhibit, in strict conformity to the laws of the sonnet, both ease and elegance; the following Lines (for to call them so much as a *quatorzain*, would rouse all the wrath of Capel Lofft, or, if he be not living, his ghost,) will prove, on the other hand, how needlessly a translator subjects himself to such trammels. Mr. Adamson regrets that he is not at liberty to disclose the name of the author of the version. The original sonnet, beginning,

'Onde acharei lugar taõ apartado—'

is conjectured to have been composed during Camoens's unwilling sojourn at Sofala.

' Where shall I find a place so set apart,
So free from all that soothes the feeling heart,
That it be not to human kind alone,
But to the brute creation too, unknown?
Some frightful forest fit for magic spells,
Or solitary wood, where sadness dwells;
No fountain clear, no verdure there be found!
But like my mind be all the scene around!
For in stone walls where busy mortals live
Dead midst the living, and entomb'd alive,
What sore affliction doth my soul endure!
Then, since my pain refuses every cure,
There, joy will never chide my gloomy brow,
And days of sorrow will content me now.'

Besides sonnets, Camoens composed ' *canções*,' odes, *sextinas*, elegies, epistles, eclogues ' and *redonhillas*,' or what may perhaps be distinctively termed *jeux d'esprit*. Of this last description is the poem addressed ' To a lady who swore by her ' eyes,' which Lord Strangford has imitated. Mr. Adamson has given a few specimens of these various compositions, but has not accompanied them, as in the case of the sonnets, with a metrical version.

The life of Camoens has been frequently written, but the biographical accounts transmitted to us are singularly vague and contradictory. There is scarcely an incident of his life that has not been variously stated or explained. Dom Jose Maria de Souza, in the memoir prefixed to the splendid edition of the Lusiad, published at Paris in 1817, has pointed out several palpable blunders and mistatements on the part of preceding biographers, availing himself with advantage for this purpose, of the references to his own history in Camoens's minor poems. To this gentleman, Mr. Adamson represents himself to be much indebted for many valuable communications. His present undertaking, however, had been entered upon previous to the appearance of the Paris edition.

Luis de Camoens was, according to the best verified accounts, born at Lisbon in the year 1524-5. His family, which was originally Castilian, had, since its establishment in Portugal, been connected by marriage with several rich and powerful houses. His mother also is stated to have been of noble descent, having sprung from the Macedos of Santarem. Simaõ Vaz de Camoens, the Poet's father, was educated for the sea service, and was commander of a vessel that was wrecked on the coast of Goa: he escaped from the wreck, but died soon afterwards in that city. When Luis was in his fourteenth year, he was sent to the university of Coimbra, where he passed the few only happy years of his life. His attachment to this scene of his early stu-

dies and of his first poetical efforts, is strongly marked in several of his smaller poems. From the university, he returned to Lisbon, where, noble, young, and handsome, moreover a poet, it is not to be doubted that he made himself agreeable to the courtly circles. But it was not long before an event occurred, from which, as Mr. Adamson quaintly expresseth it, 'he became 'convinced of the impropriety of youth remaining without 'business and the evils resulting therefrom:' he fell in love, desperately and presumptuously in love, with a Dona Catherina de Atayde, one of the ladies of the palace, or maids of honour, whom he saw one Good Friday at church. He was then about one and twenty. Dona Catherina was well disposed to receive the Poet's attentions, and it is said that a reciprocal attachment took place between them; but the parents of the lady, though they could not object to her lover on the score of birth, were unfeeling enough to demur in consequence of his want of fortune. To prevent so disadvantageous an union, they are stated to have 'urged against it the force of those laws which, at that time, 'were very severe upon any one who encouraged amours within 'the palace. For this reason, the only one of which we have any 'certain account, he was exiled from the court to the Ribatejo,' or the country on the banks of the Tagus above Lisbon. Here he composed an elegy, in which he compares his fate to that of Ovid, adverts to hours of remembered bliss, and invokes the Tagus to bear at least his tears to the friend from whom he is so cruelly severed. At this period, his comedies are supposed to have been written, and the idea at least conceived of the Lusiad. The duration of his exile is altogether uncertain. One of his biographers states, that 'he returned to Lisbon, was a second 'time discovered renewing his former indiscretion, again ba-'nished, and went to Ceuta.' That he went to Ceuta, is certain; and also, that he went against his will. In one of his canzonets, he refers to his passage across the streights of Gibraltar, and to the wound he received in an action with the Moors in that passage, which deprived him of his right eye. Faria e Sousa states, that at the moment he was struck, he was fighting by the side of his father as commander of the vessel; but Camoens himself makes no mention of the circumstance. A campaign in Africa would seem at that period to have been a favourite specific with parents who wished to cure their sons of an inconvenient attachment. Among the comrades of Camoens in this military service, was Don Antonio de Noronha, whose father, the Conde de Linhares, on discovering an attachment which he did not approve between D. Antonio and a lady of great beauty, the granddaughter of the Conde de Abrantes, had sent him to join the Portuguese forces in Africa. In an eclogue which Camoens

composed on the death of this young man, with whom he had formed a strong friendship, he alludes to this circumstance:

> ' Parental art resolved, alas! to prove
> The stronger power of absence over love.'

In that fine passage in the Lusiad, in which the Poet describes the conduct of King Alfonso IV. towards his son Pedro, on discovering his affection for Inez de Castro, he would doubtless have strongly in recollection the fate of his friend, as well as a keen sense of his own wrongs.

What military rank Camoens held in Africa, is not mentioned by any of his biographers, but it is stated, that he conducted himself bravely in several rencounters with the enemy; and ' having added military renown to his literary fame,' he returned home to demand a remuneration for his services. But there, for want of a friend at court, experiencing nothing but cold neglect, which his spirit could ill brook, and despairing of bettering his condition in Portugal, he determined upon again leaving the country, to follow the military profession in India, which he terms ' the grave of every poor honest man.' He arrived at Goa in September, 1553, ' to seek a living where his father had ' found a grave.' His passion for D. Catherina, however hopeless, remained unabated; and it is supposed to have been with a view to the eventual attainment of the fondest object of his ambition, that he resolved to go and serve in India. In different pieces written in the East, he addresses himself to this lady; and in one passage in terms which would almost imply that she had not only been the occasion of his trying his fortunes in the Indian service, but had even imposed it upon him as a proof of his attachment, or had at least acquiesced in his self-banishment.

> ' Mas se taõ longo, e misero desterro
> Vos dá contentamento
> Nunca me acabe nelle o meu tormento.'

On his arrival at Goa, he engaged as a volunteer in the armament then fitting out in aid of the king of Cochin, against the king of Pimenta; the successful result of which he celebrates in his first Elegy. Two years after, he accompanied Manoel de Vasconcellos on a cruising expedition that had for its object to prevent the depredations committed by Moorish vessels in the straits of Mecca. Soon after his return, he had the misfortune to fall under the vindictive displeasure of the viceroy, Francisco Barreto, in consequence of a satire which he wrote, or was believed to have written, reflecting on the conduct of the good citizens of Goa, under the title of ' Follies in India.' For this offence he was banished to China; and left Goa in 1556, with the fleet which was despatched to the South by the viceroy, ' loaded,' as he himself expresses it, ' with his sorrows, his

'feelings, and his fortunes.' The first part of his exile wa spent at the Molucca Islands, from whence he removed to Macáo, where he was appointed to the office of 'Commissary for 'the Effects of Deceased Persons.' For this appointment, which was rather a lucrative one, he is supposed to have been indebted to the new viceroy, Don Constantino de Braganza, who succeeded Barreto in 1558. A grotto is shewn at Macáo, which still goes by his name, where Camoens is traditionally reported to have employed great part of his time in the completion of his great work. When at length he obtained leave to return, his ill fortune still pursued him: the ship in which he embarked for Goa, was wrecked at the mouth of the river Mecou, and he with difficulty reached shore on a plank, 'having lost every thing but 'the manuscript of his immortal poem.' To this almost overwhelming misfortune he alludes in the eightieth stanza of Canto VII.

He returned to Goa in 1561, and was graciously received by the viceroy, under whose protection he enjoyed a brief respite from his misfortunes. On his departing for Europe, the enemies of Camoens seized the opportunity to accuse him of malversation in the administration of his office at Macáo, and on this calumnious charge he was committed to prison. When the accusation was proved to be unfounded, he was detained for some time in custody for a trifling debt. After this, he remained for some years in India, continuing to engage in various naval and military expeditions, and filling up the intervals of military service by prosecuting his great poem. When this was completed, he determined to return to Europe to lay it at the feet of the young king Sebastian, but was unfortunately induced by the solicitations of Pedro Barreto to accompany him to Sofala, of which he was proceeding to assume the government.

'He had, however, cause to repent, having been unsuspectingly betrayed; and soon experienced the little trust to be placed in those promises which had been held out to induce him to go to Sofala. Chagrined and disappointed, he sighed to quit a situation where his dependent and unhappy state exposed him to repeated cruelty and insult; and, as if in pity to his distress, the wished-for opportunity presented itself. Diogo de Couto, the Historian, and some of those friends whom he had known in India, arrived in the Santa Fé, on their way to Lisbon, and found him in the greatest misery. In this vessel Camoens resolved to embark for Portugal. Barreto, however, was no sooner apprised of his intention, than he determined to prevent its being carried into execution; he demanded the payment of two hundred cruzados, which he alleged he had expended on behalf of the poet; and, knowing his inability to raise the amount, fancied himself sure of his victim. The Fidalgos, who were on their return, seeing the baseness of the conduct of the governor, subscribed the sum to satisfy the demand, and released the debtor

from his cruel grasp. "For this price," Manoel de Faria writes, "were sold, at the same time, the person of Camoens, and the honour of Pedro Barreto." '

Camoens arrived at Lisbon in 1569, at a time that the plague was raging in that city, worn down in health, after sixteen years service in India absolutely pennyless, his fondest hopes blasted, (for his mistress was dead,) and his spirit broken by misfortune. One hope, one object of interest and ambition, remained to bind him to life, and to sustain his exertions; the poem which was to crown him with fame, if not to prove a source of opulence. It was, however, two years before the Lusiad was given to the world: the royal *alvara* or grant of copyright bearing the date of September 4, 1571. Camoens dedicated it to the King, whom, in Canto I, he compliments with a prophecy that was never to be fulfilled; but that 'generous' prince, or his ministers, thought the author of the poem that was to reflect honour on the country, sufficiently rewarded by a pension of 15,000 reis, or about four guineas of our money; the grant being burthened with the conditions, that Camoens should reside at court, and that a new *alvara* or decree for its payment should be obtained every six months. The design of this last condition it is difficult to conjecture, if it was any thing more than the usual form of grants during pleasure, instead of for life; unless it was intended to keep him in a state of servile dependence on the court. At all events, he appears not long to have enjoyed this mockery of royal munificence. The death of Sebastian deprived him at once of his patron and his pension; for, in the confusion and derangement of public affairs consequent upon the disastrous issue of the campaign in Africa, it was in vain for him to apply for the continuance of the conditional grant. The death of the king is said to have deeply affected the mind of Camoens, and to have increased the malady under which he was suffering. He felt not only for himself, but, with truly patriotic concern, for his country. In a letter which is supposed to have been his last composition, dictated a short time before his death, occur these words: 'At last I shall finish my life; and all shall see that I 'loved my country so much, that not only I was contented to die 'in it, but also to die with it.' What sum of money he derived from the sale of his poem, or whether he obtained any remuneration for it, we are not informed. 'That the impression which it 'made was considerable,' remarks his present Biographer, 'is 'clearly shown by the reprint of it in the same year in which it 'was published.' And Mr. Adamson adds, on the authorities of Manoel Correa and Machado, that a contemporary poet of some celebrity, Pedro da Costa Perestrello, a secretary of the king, who had composed a poem on the same subject, relinquished, after perusing the Lusiad, his intention to publish his

own work. Whatever profits Camoens might obtain from the sale of the Lusiad, were at all events expended long before the termination of his sufferings. He survived his return to Lisbon eight years, living 'in the knowledge of many, and in 'the society of few.'

'For some time previous to his death, he was in so abject a state of poverty as to be dependent for subsistence upon the exertions of a faithful servant. Antonio, a native of Java, whom he had brought with him from India, was accustomed to beg by night for the bread which was to save his wretched master from perishing by want the next day.

'Camoens was applied to, during his last days of affliction, by a Fidalgo named Ruy Dias da Camara, who came to his miserable dwelling to complain of the non-fulfilment of a promise, made him by the bard, of a translation of the penitential Psalms. To this complaint, urged with an anxiety at which the ingenuous mind of Camoens revolted, the suffering poet replied: "When I wrote verses, I was young, had "sufficient food, was a lover, and was beloved by many friends and by "the ladies; therefore I felt poetical ardour: now I have no spirits, no "peace of mind: behold there my Javanese, who asks me for two "pieces to purchase coals, and I have them not to give him."

'Camoens, when death at last put an end to a life which misfortune and neglect had rendered insupportable, was denied the solace of having his faithful Antonio to close his eyes. Having survived the publication of his poem seven years, and aged only fifty-five, he breathed his last in the Hospital to which he had been taken, and to which the poor were usually removed for cure. This event occurred in 1579, but so little regard was paid to the comfort or memory of this great man, that the sheet in which they shrouded him was obtained from the house of Dom Francisco de Portugal, and the day and month in which he expired must remain for ever unknown.....After his decease, his body was removed to the church of Santa Anna, where it was consigned to the tomb without any record to mark the place of his sepulture.'

Sixteen years after, Dom Gonçalo Coutinho caused a marble slab to be laid over the supposed place of his interment, inscribed with this epitaph: '*Here lies Luis de Camoens, the prince of* '*the poets of his time. He lived poor and miserable, and* '*so he died, in the year MDLXXIX.*' The church itself, however, perished in the earthquake of 1755; and, to the eternal disgrace of his countrymen, no other monument has ever yet been reared to his memory. A subscription has, indeed, been recently set on foot in Lisbon, which has been aided by contributions in London and Paris, for the purpose of wiping off this dishonour from the nation; but hitherto, the Portuguese have not thought it worth while to pay even this tardy and empty tribute to the fame of the Author of the Lusiad.

Art. V. *The History and Antiquities of Eynesbury and St. Neots, in Huntingdonshire: and of St. Neot's in the County of Cornwall*: with some critical Remarks respecting the two Saxon Saints from whom these Places derived their Names. [Illustrated with fifty Engravings, on copper and wood.] By George Cornelius Gorham, M. A. Fellow of Queen's College, Cambridge. 8vo. pp. 340. Price 18*s*. Fine paper 1*l*. 1*s*. London. 1820.

This volume is a very efficient and interesting contribution to British Topography; and if we may take the Author at his word, and look to his future labours for the realizing of the hope which his expressions imply, it is a contribution peculiarly acceptable, 'considered as the *first fruits* of researches into 'the Antiquities of a County *still* without a historian.' The remark made by Gough forty years ago, is still correct, that 'no steps have been taken towards illustrating Huntingdonshire, 'since Sir Robert Cotton, its brightest ornament, declined the 'pursuit.' Judging from the present specimen, no person could be better qualified than Mr. Gorham to prosecute such an undertaking. With the true antiquarian *scent*, and an adequate portion of black letter lore, he combines the more rare endowments of a very correct taste and a sound judgment. He is not deficient in enthusiasm, but his enthusiasm appears to be of a much soberer and more intellectual cast than in many cases prompts to such pursuits. The present work seems to have originated in that strong feeling of interest which is naturally excited by the scenes and objects which bear to us the relation of neighbourhood, or home, or birth-place.

'That those persons who "dwell in the sight of remarkable Monasteries" should endeavour "to rescue the observables of their habitations from the teeth of time and oblivion," was the judicious advice, happily illustrated by the example of no mean historian [Thomas Fuller.] The Writer of the following sheets has been beguiled, almost insensibly, into the spirit and practice of the recommendation. Notwithstanding the popular (and occasionally just) ridicule which is directed by the multitude against Antiquarian pursuits,—he confesses that he is not unsusceptible of that enthusiasm, which impels the mind to cast a retrospect through the "long drawn" vista of past ages; to dwell, with a solemn and mysterious interest, on objects which are rapidly fading away in the distant perspective; and to dissipate some little portion of the gathering mist, which mantles between the land of oblivion and the region of authentic record. Under such an influence he commenced his inquiries; but without even a remote intention of submitting them to the public eye. He purposely omits to detail the unimportant train of circumstances, by which his materials have been gradually extended from the private memoranda of a portfolio to their present more enlarged and ostensible form.'

The contents of the present volume are distributed into five chapters: 1. On the early history of Eynesbury, previous to the

foundation of the Priory of St. Neot's. 2. On the Religious Houses dedicated to St. Neot, in Cornwall and in Huntingdonshire. 3. Topographical Account of Eynesbury. 4. Topographical Account of St. Neot's, Huntingdonshire. 5. Topographical sketch of St. Neot's, Cornwall. A very copious appendix of original records closes the work.

In the second chapter, Mr. Gorham has entered upon the much perplexed subject of the birth, parentage, and local habitation of the Saxon Saint whose name is perpetuated in the Huntingdonshire town and the Cornish village. Disregarding alike the bold assumptions and the dogmatical assertions contained in Mr. Whitaker's 'eccentric' volume, Mr. G. has endeavoured to reduce the biography of 'the oldest of all the brothers to King Alfred,' to a few simple facts; to wit, that Neot was *probably* descended from 'a collateral branch of the royal 'house of West Saxony;' that he was designed for the army, but 'when he had attained to a military age, he resigned the 'prospects of temporal glory, that he might devote himself to 'a spiritual warfare,' professed himself a *neophyte*, and assumed the habit of a monk in Glastonbury Abbey, about the middle of the ninth century; that he subsequently withdrew from the monastery, accompanied by a single attendant, named Barius, to the village in Cornwall which still bears his name, where, after spending seven years in seclusion, he began, as it should seem, to be tired of the life of an anchoret,—visited Rome, to receive the Pope's blessing, and on his return gathered together some religious brethren, over whom he was constituted abbot; that finally, he was buried, with due honour, in the church which he himself had built at Neot-Stoke, in Cornwall; but that about a century after, his saintly skeleton was stolen out of the sacred chest in which it was deposited, at the instigation of Earl Alric, the founder of the priory at Eynesbury, in order to give *éclat* and popularity to the new monastery, which was in sad want of a patron saint. Dead men's bones were then worth more in this country than Mr. Cobbett has since found them to be. It is almost to be regretted, that he had not the good fortune to flourish in that age, for his love of relics might then have been much more reputably gratified; and he might have made some profit by stealing the bones of a saint. We doubt not that he would have made a very good Catholic in those days. From Eynesbury, under the apprehension of a visit from the Danes, the Saint's remains underwent another translation, it is conjectured, in the year 1003, to the abbey of Croyland. This proved to be no idle alarm; for although the monastery escaped the immediate danger, it was afterwards burnt by these savage invaders; probably in 1010, in which year the Danes are traced from 'Buck-'ingham by the Ouse, to Bedford, and Temsford, (within five

'miles of Neotsbury,) burning every thing in their way: they 'then returned to their ships at Ipswich, shaping their march 'in all probability to Cambridge, where they had recently 'gained a victory;' which course, adds Mr. Gorham, 'would 'necessarily bring them into contact with the ill-fated monas-'tery of St. Neot's.' After the state of the country had become more settled, and all fears of the Danes had subsided, these relics were, with the exception of *one arm*, which the Monks of Croyland are supposed to have pilfered, restored to the monastery of Neotsbury, then rebuilt. The said Monks were not very willing to surrender back the honour and the more substantial benefit of possessing the sacred mould; and they chose to proclaim themselves guilty of dishonesty, rather than to appear tamely to submit to the requisition. They continued to boast of still having the real St. Neot in their keeping; and the Saint, multiplying his posthumous honours at every fresh transfer, was henceforth held at Croyland in special veneration as one of their principal advocates and guardians. Ingulph, abbot of Croyland (towards the close of century XI.), mentions the fire which burned before the altar of Neot; and Malmsbury speaks of 'Neot uniting his shield to that of Guthlac for 'the protection of the natives.' The following further particulars, which Mr. Gorham gives in a note, are not, as he remarks, uninteresting 'as striking illustrations of the temper of the times, 'and as examples of the publickly avowed immorality of the re-'ligious societies of that age.'

'In times in which it was not unusual to seize on relics by violence, it was also common for Abbeys to refuse to restore remains temporarily committed to their protection. So common were such pitiful thefts, that the monks of Croyland boasted of never having restored the remains of St. Neot, entrusted to their charge in a moment of danger; preferring rather to impute to themselves a dishonesty of which they were not guilty, than to forego the advantage of claiming a possession which tended to enhance their celebrity among the superstitious. In 1078-9, the shrine was inspected at Neotsbury by Anselm, who shortly after (when Abp. of Canterbury) officially attested the fact of the body being there. Nevertheless, a century later, the Abbot of Croyland insisted that this honor belonged to *his* House. Some of the monks were sufficiently sincere to "profess their doubts as to the fact:" these scruples were soon removed by the Abbot, "who, by the light of wax candles, broke open the chest with awe, where he found the skull, the collar-bones, the shoulder-blades, some bones of the thorax, with those of the legs and thighs." In 1213 these pretended relics of Neot were removed by the Abbot Henry Longchamp, and were "placed by an altar erected to his honor." [John de Tinmouth's Sanctilogium, MSS. Cott. Tib. E.I. (App. V. B.)]. As a proof of the futility of these claims, in 1295 Oliver Bp. of Lincoln issued a second Attestation, reciting the Testimonial of Abp. Anselm: this document states, that the original Instrument of

Anselm wns even then in existence; that the "parchment and writing were uninjured; though the seal was partly destroyed by time." [Archives Linc. Cath. "Memoranda Oliveri Sutton" f. 122 b. & 123 a. App. VI.].

'A very similar case is mentioned by Matthew Paris, as having occurred in the middle of Century XI. towards the close of the reign of Edward the Confessor. Alarmed by the Danish ravages, Alfric II., Abbot of St. Alban's, requested permission to deposit the remains of the Martyr Alban in the custody of the monks of Ely, "where they would be more secure from invasion, since the Island in which their Monastery was situated was defended by impenetrable marshes." The danger being past, restitution of the relics was in vain demanded; at length some *other* bones were sent back from Ely; on which the wary Monks of St. Alban's declared that, fearing dishonesty, they had originally sent the bones of a Monk, on the pretence of their being those of St. Alban, whose remains were secreted in the walls of their Abbey! The Monks of St. Alban's received back, however, these supposititious remains, "lest the fraud of the Ely brethren should occasion scandal among the people, and religion be exposed to perfect contempt and ridicule!" [Matth. Paris, Vita Abbat. Sci. Albani, pp. 27, 28. edit. Paris. 1624.]'

Mr. Whitaker's theory that Neot was no other than Prince Athelstan, is, certainly, a very ingenious conjecture; and one regrets to have it demolished by the argument that, while the earliest chronicles are altogether silent with respect to such an event, on the part of the Prince, the Monkish narratives claim no such honour for the Saint. In an article in the former series of the Eclectic Review*, referred to by Mr. Gorham, it was attempted to soften the force of this objection by the supposition, that Athelstan retired from public life under circumstances which rendered it inexpedient to blazon the event, that the step was dictated less by magnanimity than by expediency. Mr. G. admits the ingenuity of the proposed explanation, but contends that it will by no means account for the silence of his Biographers. Is it not, however, very possible, that the identity of Athelstan with the monk of Glastonbury, might be unknown alike to the early chroniclers and the monkish historians, admitting that there were reasons at the time for not giving notoriety to the supposed fact of Athelstan's assuming the cowl? The change of his name, though a customary circumstance when a person devoted himself to the monastic life, might also subserve the design, or at least have the effect, of concealment. The earliest existing MS. life of St. Neot is supposed to have been written nearly two hundred years after the Saint's decease; by which time, it is quite as credible that all remembrance of such a circumstance should be obliterated, as that William of Malmesbury, who wrote only a

* Vol. V. Part I. (1809) p. 311.

century later, should be unable to ascertain how Prince Athelstan terminated his life. In this earliest life (MSS. Cott. Vesp. D. XIV.), the name of Neot's progenitor is '*concealed.*' All the other authorities agree that he was the son of King Ethelwulph, and consequently the brother of King Alfred the Great. And the coincidence is certainly very remarkable, although Mr. Gorham lays little stress upon it, that an *Earl Athelstan* should in the year 851, (the period after which Prince Athelstan disappears from history,) have made a grant of land *together with his body* to the abbey of Glastonbury; and that King Ethelwulph should in the same year have made a grant of land to the same abbey. The consanguinity of Neot to Alfred the Great, appears to be placed beyond all doubt; so much is upon record; and this being the case, we do not see that there is much force in Mr. Gorham's argument, that had he been his half-brother Athelstan, that circumstance must needs have been triumphantly blazoned by the religious order which received him; more especially since the utmost secrecy was not unfrequently required, and observed, with regard to the previous life of the neophyte, and the precise degree of relationship which the Saint bore to the Monarch, would not materially have enhanced or diminished their triumph in such an accession to their number. Besides, Ethelstan is believed to have been an illegitimate son of Athelwulph. It is another coincidence that tells in the same direction, that Neot was confessedly trained to the military profession; and this he could hardly have been in such times as those, without seeing something of actual service. Mr. Gorham, we think, omits to allow its due weight, in balancing opposite probabilities, to the consideration, that the same motives which might have led a brother of King Alfred to bury himself in the obscurity of a monastery, might also have afforded a very sufficient inducement for wishing to conceal his retreat, were it only as a precaution against the jealousy of his brother Ethelbald, who had dethroned his own father. The word Neotus, which has been generally derived from Neotos, the little one, as referring either to the saint's stature or his humility, Mr. Gorham is inclined to consider as a contraction of NEOPHYTUS. There seems to be good authority, however, for the tradition that he was diminutive in stature, 'another Zaccheus;' so remarkably so, that 'when he chanted mass at Glastonbury, he 'was accustomed to stand on an iron stool, which was long after 'preserved in that abbey as a relic.' We are not ourselves sufficiently read in the chronicles of that time, to know whether any mention is made of the stature of the Saxon Prince of Kent, who gained the splendid victory at Sandwich over the Danes. If he was below the middle size, the historian was bound to mention it, and his silence would be suspicious. If it is actually on record that he was tall—of a princely height, we will give up

St. Neot's cause at once without striking another blow in maintenance of his royal pretensions.

There is one more conjecture which we will venture on the subject, although we confess that it is a bold one: it is that this son of King Ethelwulph was actuated by sentiments of real piety in withdrawing from the scene of ambitious contest and blood-shed, that his humility and mortification to the world were sincere, and that he was on that account anxious to merge altogether his secular character and worldly pretensions in the person of the Monk. We do not imagine that the fraternity at Glastonbury would consider him as the more agreeable acquisition for bringing with him sentiments of too elevated a cast; and perhaps they suffered him without regret to take himself off to Cornwall, when he shewed so little fondness for their society, as to prefer the life of an anchoret. His faithful dealing with his royal brother, or cousin, King Alfred, (he was at all events his sovereign,) reflects no small lustre on his churchmanship; and one would be reluctant to ascribe it to any lower motives than the rekindling warmth of the patriot, combined with the pious zeal and courageous integrity of the saint. We could almost have wished sometimes, but dare not whisper it, that we had some Roman Catholic saints of this order still *extant*.

Mr. Gorham, in his topographical account of St. Neot's, has occasion to notice a very amusing instance of Mr. Whitaker's boldness of inventive fancy in working up the hint of a half-defaced inscription.

'Jesus' Chapel contains the fragment of a mural tablet, on which (above an escutcheon charged with *a Crown*) are the characters

OR: THE: SOV

about the year 1745; there was an inscription, also, under the shield. A strange opinion has been adopted, that this fragment has some reference to St. Neot. It is instructive, as well as amusing, to observe by what gentle transitions, from unintentional error to bold speculation, a favorite theory may be plausibly supported. The *Crown* on the shield was supposed to denote the royal birth of the Saint; the R was inaccurately copied as a B; and the punctuation was omitted as being immaterial: thus instead of OR: THE: SOV the Antiquary was presented with OBTHESOV as the materials upon which his ingenuity might work.—The learned, but fanciful, Mr. Whitaker (having asked no further indulgence than the change of a single letter, O into A) ventured the following restoration;

OB THESAV*rum in Cœlo*
Coronam tradidit fratri suo juniori:

an inscription which was supposed to be the counterpart of a legend in one of the windows in the Church of St. Neot's, Cornwall*. His imagi-

* Neot placing a crown on the head of Ethelbald, with the inscription, *Hic tradidit coronam fratri suo juniori.*

nation then perceived in this fragment " a pedestal to a chest" enveloping the relics of St. Neot; which he believed to have been the very shrine of the Saint mentioned in John de Tinmouth! Another conjecture, not less ridiculous, states that this tablet commemorated the munificence of a royal benefactor,

OB THESAV*rum huic Ecclesiæ donatum.*

These ridiculously ingenious speculations have been wasted upon the ordinary Catholic legend

*Of: your: charite: pray: f*OR: THE: SOV*l: of:*.....

The *Crown* was, doubtless, the armorial Achievement of the person for whom this monument was made; and who, probably, was the Founder of Jesus' Chapel.'

We must now take leave of Mr. Gorham, with our hearty good wishes for his success in the further prosecution of his topographical labours. The style in which the volume is *got up*, does great credit to his taste; the initial letters of the chapters are very neat specimens of wood engraving; and the typographical execution of the work might satisfy even that dandy Bibliographer, the Rev. T. F. Dibdin.

Art. VI. *A Tour through a Part of the Netherlands, France, and Switzerland*, in the Year 1817: containing a Variety of Incidents, with the Author's Reflections, serious and lively. By Thomas Heger. 8vo. pp. 250. [Frontispiece.] Price 10s. 6d. London. 1820.

IF one had received these letters from an old acquaintance, one would not absolutely have grudged the postage. The Writer has a ' *kind* of talent,' as he terms it, or, a something which ' has a knack of putting words together, till a *kind* of composi- ' tion is effected, at which those who are not over fastidious ' (may) contrive to feel somewhat amused.' And had one read this kind of thing in manuscript, the blundering misuse of words and the false English would be passed over for the sake of the liveliness and good humour of the rambling narrative, by help of the recollection that there were no pretensions made to Authorship. But had our supposed correspondent intimated a wish to *print*, and we had felt any regard for his character, we should certainly have done our best to prevent his incurring the credit of what we fear most persons will view in the light of a catch-penny kind of production. Had the would-be Author, however, turned round upon us, and feelingly urged the plea of his necessities, we should have been disposed to say, Well, then, write a novel, a ' romance of the fourteenth century,' or a simple tale; there is a constant demand for this sort of literary manufacture as the Minerva Press: write any thing rather than *a Tour*. But if all our arguments had been borne down by the rhetoric of necessity, the best advice which it would have remained to give

would have been, to put a good round price on the volume, and get Mr. Westall to design an elegant frontispiece: peradventure, with that attraction, copies enough may be disposed of to pay at least the Printer's bill.

With regard to the present production, we are not quite sure whether it is not meant as a grave burlesque upon *tourification*. The Writer's talents are by no means despicable, had they received adequate cultivation. We shall do him the justice of giving a short extract.

'We now bade adieu to our shady retreat, but not till we had carved our names in full, on a young beech, whose thick foliage had sheltered us from the overpowering heat of a cloudless sun: there, in love of the place, we have recorded ourselves, and there, in all probability, we shall continue to flourish, long after we shall have been forgotten by all, but the angry Dryads who saw the wounds inflicted: the beauty of the place will preserve it from the rude hand of the woodman, and our names will be protected by the influence of its charms, till time, which changes the face of all things, shall wither the characters with the bark, and wipe us off the sylvan register, where we now live so green and flourishing.

'On our arrival at Auxerre, we desired to be driven to the best inn of course; but as *best* depends always on the taste or interest of him who recommends, we can form no idea of what is meant by it, till we are permitted to judge for ourselves in the experiment. I remember once hearing a gentleman, who was passionately fond of music, observe, that he always made a point of being early at a concert, in order to get the best seat, which, in his opinion, was that nearest the orchestra. I could not make out how it was so, since I had always myself preferred a more distant situation, till I found that he was hard of hearing, and the riddle was explained. Now the best inn, if you happen to enquire of a gourmand in the street, is, where the eating is richest and most plentiful; and if of a disciple of Bacchus, where the wine is most inspiring: perhaps it was of one of these that our cocher enquired, when he was directed to the Hotel de——: but as a good night's rest was our chief consideration, we made a point, on alighting, to see about the chambers; and all the choice afforded was three wretched beds in one worse room, which was no very inviting prospect where a single lady is concerned. We did not wait to find out in what our guide's notion of *best* consisted; nor did we ever discover, or indeed care about it, since we found at the Leopard every thing we desired, and set off the following morning for Rouvray.

'As there was a good deal of hill-work for the horses in this day's journey, we were not able to reach that town, and were obliged to put up at a lone house, at ten o'clock at night, about a mile out of the public road. The appearance of the place was rather against it, to those whose taste the use of comforts had spoiled for flock beds, jack-towel sheets, and sanded tile floors; but where there is no choice, the proudest must yield:—we had walked up several of the hills, to save our horses, in the course of the day: and fatigue is not much disposed to quarrel with any place of rest.' pp. 144—6.

Ar. VII. *Thoughts on Death, Sickness, and the Loss of Friends.* 12mo. pp. 130. London. 1820.

THESE 'Thoughts' are a compilation of detached passages, bearing more or less directly upon the general subject of mortality, and placed together apparently in the order in which they were transcribed into the Editor's common-place book. The sources from which they are taken, are sufficiently various, as will appear from the following enumeration: The Spectator, Shakspeare, Ecclesiastes, Montaigne, Dr. Mant, Lindley Murray, Gray's Elegy, Bourdaloue's Sermons, Tucker's Light of Nature, The Psalms, Bossuet's Sermons, the Rambler, the World, Dr. Franklin, Watts's World to come, Drelincourt, Hannah More, and Mde. de Staël. Two quaint wood-cuts adorn the title-page and the final page, copied from "*La Dáce Macabre*," printed at Paris, in the year 1550, by Nicholas de la Barre, which would have led us to suspect that the Author is somewhat of a Bibliomaniac, had his citations been taken from authorities more venerable.

At the first view, the oddness of *juxta*-position, and the rather heterogeneous cast of sentiment exhibited by this assemblage of passages, strike one as bearing the appearance of any thing but design. If, however, there is nothing like arrangement perceptible, we think we discern a plan. The object of the Editor has evidently been, to conciliate that class of persons who would start off from a more direct address, or from a continuous discussion of such grave topics. It was probably thought, that if one passage failed to strike a thoughtless reader, the next, which is sure to be of an opposite cast or style, might have some chance of making an impression; and that shafts thus shot at random might possibly take effect, where what was palpably aimed would be warded off. While Shakspeare and the Spectator are placed in the van, Watts's World to come, and works of a kindred character, supply the matter of the concluding pages. Some very striking passages are given from a little work entitled, "Letters of Consolation and Advice." Upon the whole, we cannot but commend the apparent design of the publication, although the selection of passages would admit of improvement. If it gains admission for serious thoughts of death and eternity into the mind of one careless being, it will have performed a more important ministry than many works of higher pretensions.

Art. VIII. *Remarks made during a Tour through the United States of America* in the years 1817, 1818, and 1819. By William Tell Harris. In a series of Letters to Friends in England. 8vo. pp. 74. Liverpool.

NO one will charge it upon us, that we have been parties to the 'abuse and obloquy' cast upon the Americans; but we owe it to our countrymen to do all in our power to dispel the illusion under which so many of them have, in their eagerness to run away from the tax-gatherer, involved their families in utter ruin. Mr. William Tell Harris is highly delighted with America; and according to his own account, he was the very sort of person to traverse the country. A young fellow, with no small share of poetical enthusiasm, who would make nothing of a walk of thirty-eight miles in a warm day, and could dance and eat raw meat with the Shawanese, would soon find himself at home in any country. Not so, his fellow passengers to the number of thirty, including children, returning in the Ganges. Not so the 'hundreds of emigrants from England, now out of employ 'and in distress, through these Atlantic districts.' Not so even the wife of the prosperous back-settler, who, in the midst of plenty, is so unreasonable as to complain

'that she is not able to go to market every week, as in England, with a basket of butter and eggs on her arm, and with the results of their sale, to call at the draper's and grocer's; forgetting that this, which she used to think a toil, is now unnecessary; but her husband sometimes checks her with, "Whoi, Margett, I dunnot know what you would hev, we'en no rent 'tpay, no toithe, and as for th' tax, we'en no raison for t' spaik."' p. 42.

But having no rent or tithe to pay, will not, after all, confer happiness. The blame would seem generally to fall on the *wife*. Mr. Harris tells us of another good woman whom he met with at Louisville, who was thwarting all her husband's projects.

'The novelty of the voyage, journey, and country, is gone, and she sighs to return to the former sources of her insipid joy; these, by her own confession, consisted of the amusements of Vauxhall, the gaiety of the ball-room, and the opportunity of displaying in the Park; proving her incapability of contributing to his comfort or prosperity. The poor simple creature is now endeavouring to persuade her husband to sacrifice all he has hitherto expended, and to recross the ocean.' p. 55.

These Letters are written in a very flowery style, and the Traveller makes the best of every thing he meets with, but the result of the whole is a most uncomfortable impression of the state of things on the other side of the great waters.

Art. IX. *Memoirs illustrative of the Life and Writings of John Evelyn, Esq. F.R.S. Author of the "Sylva," &c. &c.* Edited by William Bray, Esq. F.R.S. 2 vols. 4to. London. 1819.

(Concluded from page 157.*)*

CIRCUMSTANCES of merely private interest have occasioned our deferring thus long the sequel to our notice of these interesting volumes. We shall now, with the more regard to brevity, acquit ourselves of our engagement to our readers, and of our debt of justice to the Editor.

Two hundred pages of the Second Volume are occupied with Mr. Evelyn's correspondence. It seems that he generally took copies of his Letters, and may therefore be supposed to have written them with care: they are accordingly rather formal, and sometimes quaint, but free from affectation, except when he is addressing a lady, on which occasion there is too much of the grimace of gallantry. The style, considering the period at which they were written, must be pronounced good, often elegant; and although they bear no marks of deep thought or original genius, they exhibit a very considerable degree of general knowledge, and can scarcely to fail to interest by the references they contain to distinguished individuals and passing events. Several of the letters are addressed to Bp. Jeremy Taylor, and, fortunately, the Bishop's replies have also been preserved. In one of Evelyn's letters to him, Cromwell is alluded to under the name of *Julianus Redivivus*, as being able 'to shut the schools, 'indeed, and the temples, but not to hinder our private inter-'courses and devotions, where the breast is the chapel, and our 'heart is the altar.' After adverting to the eclipsed state of the Episcopal Church, Evelyn exclaims: 'Where shall we now 'receive *the Viaticum* with safety?' These expressions strikingly indicate the spirit and the theology of the times. The following letter from the Bishop is in reply to one in which Evelyn tells him that he, with Philemon, owes him even himself.

'Honour'd and Deare Sr.

'A stranger came two nights since from you with a letter and a token; full of humanity and sweetness that was, and this of charity. I know it is more blessed to give then to receive; and yet as I no wayes repine at that Providence that forces me to receive, so neither can I envy that felicity of yours, not onely that you can, but that you doe give; and as I rejoyce in that mercy which daily makes decrees in Heaven for my support and comfort, so I doe most thankfully adore the goodnesse of God to you, whom he consignes to greater glories by the ministeries of these graces. But Sr, what am I, or what can I doe, or what have I done, that you can thinke I have or can oblige you? Sr, you are too kind to mee, and oblige mee not onely beyond my merit, but beyond my modesty. I onely can love you, and honour you, and pray for you;

and in all this I can not say but that I am behind hand with you, for I have found so great effluxes of all your worthinesses and charities, that I am a debtor for your prayers, for the comfort of your letters, for the charity of your hand, and the affections of your heart. S^{r}, though you are beyond the reach of my returnes, and my services are very short of touching you, yet if it were possible for mee to receive any commands, the obeying of which might signify my great regards of you, I could with some more confidence converse with a person so obliging; but I am oblig'd and asham'd, and unable to say so much as I should doe to represent myselfe to be

Honour'd and Deare S^{r}
Your most affectionate and most obliged
May 15, 1657. freind and Servant
Jer. Taylor.'

In language still more unmeasured, but yet, there can be no doubt, with sentiments of regard unfeigned, he writes in another letter:

'..... S$_{r}$, your kind letter hath so abundantly rewarded and crown'd my innocent endeavours in my descriptions of Freindship, that I perceive there is a freindship beyond what I have fancied, and a real material worthinesse beyond the heights of the most perfect ideas: and I know now where to make my booke perfect, and by an appendix to outdoe the first essay; for when any thing shall be observ'd to be wanting in my character, I can tell them where to see the substance, more beauteous than the picture, and by sending the readers of my booke to be spectators of your life and worthinesse, they shall see what I would faine have taught them, by what you really are.'

There is a very beautiful letter from Evelyn to his brother George, on the death of his son Richard. It is too long to give entire, but we select the most striking passage, which will shew that the Writer knew well how to administer, as well as to receive consolation.

' —— We give hostages to Fortune when we bring Children into the World: and how unstable this is we know, and must therefore hazard the adventure. God has suffer'd this for y^{r} exercise: seeke then as well your consolation in his rod, as in his staff. Are you offended that it has pleased Him to snatch y^{r} pretty Babes from the infinite contingencies of so perverse an age, in which there is so little temptation to live? At least consider, that your Pledges are but gon a little before you: and that a part of you has taken possession of the Inheritance which you must one day enter, if ever you will be happy. Brother, when I reflect on the losse as it concernes our Family in general, I could recall my owne, and mingle my teares with you (for I have also lost some very deare to me); but when I consider the necessity of submitting to the divine arrests, I am ready to dry them againe and be silent. There is nothing of us perished, but deposited: And say not that they might have come later to their destiny: *Magna est felicitas, citò esse felicem:* 'tis no small hapynesse to be happy quickly. That which may fortune

to all, we ought not to accuse for a few: and it is but reason to support that patiently, which cannot be prevented possibly. But I have now don with the Philosopher, and will dismisse you with the Divine. Brother, be not ignorant concerning them which are asleepe, that you sorrow not euen as others which have no hope: for if we believe that Jesus died and rose againe; euen so them also which sleepe in Jesus, will God bring with him. These are the words of St Paul, and I can add nothing to them.'

Within little more than a year after the date of this letter (Dec. 15, 1656), Mr. Evelyn was himself called to sustain a similar trial in the death of his own son Richard, whose singular precocity of talent seems to have been not more remarkable than his mature piety. The passage which records this afflictive circumstance in the Diary, is too interesting to be passed over.

'1658. 27 Jan. After six fits of a quartan ague with which it pleased God to visite him, died my deare son Richard, to our inexpressible griefe and affliction, 5 yeares and 3 days old onely, but at that tender age a prodigy for witt and understanding; for beauty of body a very angel; for endowment of mind of incredible and rare hopes. To give onely a little taste of some of them, and thereby glory to God, who out of the mouths of babes and infants does sometimes perfect his praises: at 2 years and halfe old he could perfectly reade any of ye English, Latine, French, or Gottic letters, pronouncing the three first languages exactly. He had before the 5th yeare, or in that yeare, not onely skill to reade most written hands, but to decline all the nouns, conjugate the verbs regular, and most of ye irregular; learn'd out Puerilis, got by heart almost ye entire vocabularie of Latine and French primitives and words, could make congruous syntax, turne English into Latine, and *vice versa*, construe and prove what he read, and did the government and use of relatives, verbs, substantives, elipses, and many figures and tropes, and made a considerable progress in Comenius's Janua; began himself to write legibly, and had a stronge passion for Greeke. The number of verses he could recite was prodigious, and what he remember'd of the parts of playes, which he would also act; and when seeing a Plautus in one's hand, he ask'd what booke it was, and being told it was comedy, and too difficult for him, he wept for sorrow. Strange was his apt and ingenious application of fables and morals, for he had read Æsop; he had a wonderful disposition to mathematics, having by heart divers propositions of Euclid that were read to him in play, and he would make lines and demonstrate them. As to his piety, astonishing were his applications of Scripture upon occasion, and his sense of God; he had learn'd all his Catechisme early, and understood ye historical part of the Bible and New Testament to a wonder, how Christ came to redeeme mankind, and how, comprehending these necessarys himselfe, his godfathers were discharg'd of their promise. These and the like illuminations far exceeding his age and experience, considering the prettinesse of his addresse and behaviour, cannot but leave impressions in me at the memory of him. Whereone

told him how many dayes a Quaker had fasted, he replied that was no wonder, for Christ had said man should not live by bread alone, but by ye Word of God. He would of himselfe select ye most pathetic psalms, and chapters out of Job, to reade to his mayde during his sicknesse, telling her when she pittied him that all God's children must suffer affliction. He declaim'd against ye vanities of ye world before he had seene any. Often he would desire those who came to see him to pray by him, and a yeare before he fell sick, to kneel and pray with him alone in some corner. How thankfully would he receive admonition, how soone be reconciled! how indifferent, yet continually chereful! He would give grave advice to his brother John, beare with his impertinencies, and say he was but a child. If he heard of or saw any new thing, he was unquiet till he was told how it was made; he brought to us all such difficulties as he found in books, to be expounded. He had learn'd by heart divers sentences in Latin and Greeke, which on occasion he would produce even to wonder. He was all life, all prettinesse, far from morose, sullen, or childish in any thing he said or did. The last time he had ben at church (wch was at Greenewich), I ask'd him, according to costome, what he remember'd of ye sermon; two good things, father, said he, *bonum gratiæ* and *bonum gloriæ*, with a just account of what ye preacher said. The day before he died he cal'd to me, and in a more serious manner than usual told me that for all I loved him so dearly, I should give my house, land, and all my fine things to his brother Jack, he should have none of them; and next morning, when he found himself ill, and that I persuaded him to keepe his hands in bed, he demanded whether he might pray to God with his hands un-joyn'd; and a little after, whilst in greate agonie, whether he should not offend God by using his holy name so often calling for ease. What shall I say of his frequent pathetical ejaculations utter'd of himselfe; Sweete Jesus save me, deliver me, pardon my sinns, let thine angels receive me! So early knowledge, so much piety and perfection! But thus God having dress'd up a Saint fit for himselfe, would not longer permit him with us, unworthy of ye future fruites of this incomparable hopefull blossome. Such a child I never saw: for such a child I blesse God in whose bosome he is! May I and mine become as this little child, who now follows the child Jesus that Lamb of God in a white robe whithersoever he goes; Even so, Lord Jesus, *fiat voluntas tua!* Thou gavest him to us, Thou hast taken him from us, blessed be ye name of ye Lord! That I had any thing acceptable to Thee was from thy grace alone, since from me he had nothing but sin, but that thou hast pardon'd! blessed be my God for ever, amen!

'Here ends the joy of my life, and for which I go even mourning to the grave.'

Upon this occasion he received the following letter from his 'spiritual father.'

'Dear S^r^

'If dividing and sharing greifes were like the cutting of rivers, I dare say to you, you would find your streame much abated; for I account myselfe to have a great cause of sorrow not onely in the diminution of

the numbers of your joyes and hopes, but in the losse of that pretty person, your strangely hopeful Boy. I cannot tell all my owne sorrowes without adding to yours; and the causes of my real sadnesse in your losse are so just and so reasonable, that I can no otherwise comfort you but by telling you, that you have very great cause to mourne: So certaine it is that greife does propagate as fire does. You have enkindled my funeral torch, and by joyning mine to yours, I doe but encrease the flame. *Hoc me malè urit*, is the best signification of my apprehension of your sad story. But S^{r}, I cannot choose but I must hold another and a brighter flame to you—it is already burning in your breast: and if I can but remoove the darke side of the lanthorne, you have enough within to warme your selfe, and to shine to others. Remember, S^{r}, your two boyes* are two bright starres, and their innocence is secur'd, and you shall never heare evil of them agayne. Their state is safe, and Heaven is given to them upon very easy termes; nothing but to be borne and die. It will cost you more trouble to get where they are; and amongst other things one of the hardnesses will be, that you must overcome even this just and reasonable greife; and indeed, though the greife hath but too reasonable a cause, yet it is much more reasonable that you master it. For besides that they are no loosers, but you are the person that complaines, doe but consider what you would have suffer'd for their interest: you have suffer'd them to goe from you, to be great Princes in a strange Country: and if you can be content to suffer your owne inconvenience for their interest, you command your worthiest love, and the question of mourning is at an end. But you have said and done well, when you looke upon it as a rod of God; and He that so smites here, will spare hereafter: and if you by patience and submission imprint the discipline upon your owne flesh, you kill the cause, and make the effect very tolerable; because it is in some sense chosen, and therefore in no sense unsufferable. S^{r}, if you doe not looke to it, time will snatch your honour from you, and reproach you for not effecting that by Christian philosophy which time will doe alone. And if you consider that of the bravest men in the world, we find the seldomest stories of their children, and the Apostles had none, and thousands of the worthiest persons that sound most in story died childlesse: you will find it is a rare act of Providence so to impose upon worthy men a necessity of perpetuating their Names by worthy actions and discourses, gouernments and reasonings.—If the breach be neuer repair'd, it is because God does not see it fitt to be; and if you will be of his mind, it will be much the better. But S^{r}, if you will pardon my zeale and passion for your comfort, I will readily confesse that you have no need of any discourse from me to comfort you. S^{r}, now you have an opportunity of serving God by passive graces; strive to be an example and a comfort to your Lady, and by your wise counsel and comfort stand in the breaches of your owne family, and make it appeare that you are to her more than ten sons. S^{r}, by the assistance of Almighty God I purpose to wait on you some time next

* His youngest son, George, an infant, died 15 Feb. in the same year.

weeke, that I may be a witnesse of your Christian courage and bravery; and that I may see, that God neuer displeases you, as long as the maine stake is preserv'd, I mean your hopes and confidences of Heaven. S^r^, I shal pray for all that you can want, that is, some degrees of comfort and a present mind; and shal alwayes doe you honour, and faine also would doe you seruice, if it were in the power, as it is in the affections and desires of, Deare S^r^,

Your most affectionate and obliged freind and servant
Jer. Taylor.'

Feb. 17, 1657-8.

A Letter to Abraham Cowley solicits the Poet's aid in vindication of the fame of the Royal Society, which at that time, it appears, though it had 'a king to its founder,' was in want of a Mæcenas, and was sometimes made 'the subject of satire and 'the songs of drunkards.' A poet's eulogy, if Mr. Evelyn did not overrate its efficacy, would seem to have carried much more weight with it in those days than it would possess now. There is a letter to the Dutchess of Newcastle on the receipt of a copy of her works, which it is almost impossible to consider, if not as a direct banter, (for that supposition were at variance with the good-breeding of the Writer,) yet as a sportive parade of learning. The Editor, however, is of opinion that it is written in sober earnest, reminding us of the excessive homage paid to high rank and riches at that time of day. 'If the reader,' he adds, 'will turn to a very scarce and curious volume, entitled, '"A collection of Letters and Poems, written by several Per-'"sons of Honour and Learning upon divers important subjects '"to the late Duke and Dutchess of Newcastle, London, 1678,"' —'he will find that not only learned men, but learned bodies of 'men, made use of the same terms in celebrating the talents 'and accomplishments of these noble authors.' An extract must suffice as a specimen of this delicious *morceau* of 'euphuism.'

'..... Nor, Madame, is it by this that I intend to pay all my homage for that glorious present, which merits so many encomiums, or write a panegyric of y^r^ virtues which all the world admires, least the indignitie of my style should prophane a thing so sacred; but to repeate my admiration of y^r^ genius, and sublime witt so comprehensive of the most abstracted appearances, and so admirable in your sex, or rather in your Grace's person alone, which I never call to mind but to rank it amongst ye Heroines, and constellate with the Graces: Such of antient daies were Zenobia Queene of Palmyra, that writ the Historie of her Country, as y^r^ Grace has don that of my Lord Duke y^r^ husband, worthy to be transmitted to posteritie. What should I speak of Hilpylas, the mother in law of young Plinie, and of his admirable Wife! of Pulcheria daughter to the Emp. Arcadius, or of Anna who call'd Alexius father, and writ 15 books of Historie &c.! Your Grace has title to all their perfections.'

Then, after running through a multitude of names,—Isabella,

queen of Castile, Lucretia d'Esté' the Dutchess of Urbin, Vittoria Colonna, Hippolita Strozzi, Mary of Arragon, Fabiala, Marcella, Eustochium, St. Catharine of Sienna, St. Bridget, and Therese, Fulvia Morata, Isabella Andreini, Margaret of Valois, and many more whom few of our readers will recognise as old acquaintance,—terminating the illustrious catalogue of female worthies with Queen Elizabeth, Queen Jane, the Lady Weston, 'Mrs. Philips our late Orinda,' the daughters of Sir Thomas More, and the Queen Christina of Sweden,—our polite Author adds:

'But all these I say, sum'd together, possess but that divided which y^r^ Grace retaines in one; so as Lucretia Marinella, who writ a book (in 1601) *dell' Excellenzia delle Donne, con difetti & mancamenti de gli huomini*, had no neede to have assembled so many instances and arguments, to adorne the work, had she lived to be witnesse of Margarite Dutchesse of Newcastle, to have read her Writings, and to have heard her discourse of the Science she comprehended: I do, Madame, acknowledge my astonishment, and can hardly think too greate of those soules, who resembling y^r^ Grace's, seeme to be as it were wholy separate from matter, and to revolve nothing in their thoughts but universal ideas. For what of sublime and worthy in the nature of things, dos not your Grace comprehend, and explaine! What of greate and noble that y^r^ illustrious Lord has not adorn'd, for I must not forget the *munificent* present of his very usefull book of *Horsemanhip—!!*'

A Letter to Mr. Pepys extends to seventeen pages: it embraces a variety of of topics, comprising hints for a collection of portraits of illustrious men; a vindication and history of Numismatic collections, together with references to the best treatises upon the subject; remarks upon Libraries, public and private; and an account of the best extant collections: the letter concludes with earnestly recommending the formation of an Academy 'for the polishing' and settling of the English Language, similar to that of *La Crusca* and others on the Continent. Such an institution was, he says, 'once designed since the Restoration '1665, and in order to it three or four meetings were begun at 'Gray's Inn, by Mr. Cowley, Dr. Sprat, Mr. Waller, the D. 'of Buckingham, Matt. Clifford, Mr. Dryden and some other 'promoters of it; but by the death of the incomparable Mr. 'Cowley, distance and inconvenience of the place, the Contagion, and other circumstances intervening, it crumbled away 'and came to nothing.'—A Letter to Mr. Wotton communicates some valuable biographical details relative to his friend Mr. Boyle. One to Lord Godolphin contains, among other projects, the recommendation of a Council of Trade, to whom he proposes that the care of the Manufactures of the kingdom should likewise be committed, 'with stock for the employment of the 'Poor;

by which might be moderated (he adds) that unreasonable statute or their relief (as now in force) occasioning more idle persons, who harge the publiq without all reamedy, than otherwise there would be, sufferably burning the parishes, by being made to earne their bread onestly, who now eate it in idleness, and take it out of the mouthes f the truely indigent, much inferior in number, and worthy objects f charity.'

This letter was written in 1696; so early did the abuse of the oor Laws engage the attention of speculative men, though r. Evelyn could suggest no better remedy for the evil than at the State should provide the superfluous hands with employment; while in 1697, Mr. Locke, one of the new Lords of rade, recommended the separate maintenance of the children the Poor: schemes equally at variance with any sound prinples of political wisdom. In the same letter, Mr. Evelyn calls on the Government to interfere to discourage the 'progress and increase of buildings about this already monstrous Citty, wherein one yeare with another are erected about 800 houses, as I am credibly inform'd; which carrys away such prodigious summs of our best and weightiest mony by the Norway trade for deale-timber onely, but exports nothing hence of moment to balance it.' Could the worthy Projector rise from his grave, it hard to say which would confound and appal him most, the ze of our metropolis with its suburban dependencies, or the nount of our Poor's rate.

'Truly, My L^d,' he continues, 'I cannot but wonder, and even nd amaz'd that Parliaments should have sate from time to time, many hundred yeares, and value their constitution to that degree, the most sovraine remedy for the redresse of publiq grievances; nilst the greatest still remaine unreform'd and untaken away. Witse the confus'd, debauch'd, and riotous manner of electing mems qualified to become the representatives of a Nation, wth legislae power to dispose of the fate of kingdomes; which should and uld be compos'd of worthy persons, of known integritie and ability their respective countries, and still would serve them generously, d as their ancestors have don, but are not able to fling away a son daughter's portion to bribe the votes of a drunken multitude, more sembling a pagan Bacchanalia, than an assembly of Christians and ber men met upon the most solemn occasions that can concerne a ople, and stand in competition with some rich scrivener, brewer, ker, or one in some gainfull office, whose face or name, perhaps, y never saw or knew before. How my L^d, must this sound ud! With what dishonour and shame at home!

'To this add the disproportion of the Boroughs capable of electing mbers, by which the major part of the whole kingdom are frently out-voted, be the cause never so unjust, if it concerne a party rest.'

Parliaments have sate above another hundred years since this remonstrance was uttered; but Reform has got a worse name than ever.

A few Letters of Mrs. Evelyn's are annexed to the Correspondence. She was a woman in every way worthy of her husband,—highly accomplished, yet perfectly unaffected, uniting singular good sense to great amiableness of temper, and to crown all her other excellencies, a good housewife; as the following extracts may testify.

'I wonder at nothing more than at the ambition of printing letters; since, if the designe be to produce witte and learning, there is too little scope for the one, and the other may be reduced to a lesse compasse than a sheet of gilt paper, unlesse truth were more communicative. Buisinesse, love, accidents, secret displeasure, family intrigues, generally make up the body of letters, and can signifie very little to any besides the persons they are addressed to, and therefore must loose infinitely by being exposed to the unconcerned. Without this declaration I hope I am sufficiently secure never to runne the hazard of being censured that way, since I cannot suspect my friends of so much unkindnesse, nor myselfe of the vanity to wish fame on so doubtfull a foundation as the caprice of mankind.'

Another letter to the same correspondent, Mr. (afterwards Dr.) Bohun, we must give entire.

'Sr.

'Do not think my silence hitherto has proceeded from being taken up with the diversions of the Towne, the eclat of the Wedding, Mascarades which trebled their number the second night of the wedding [so] that there was great disorder and confusion caused by it, and with which the solemnity ended; neither can I charge the Housewifry of the Country after my returne, or treating my neighbours this Christmas, since I never finde any buisinesse or recreation that makes me forget my Friends. Should I confesse the reall cause, it is y^r^ expectation of extraordinary notions of things wholy out of my way; Women were not borne to read Authors, and censure the Learned, to compare Lives and judge of Virtues, to give rules of Morality, and sacrifice to the Muses. We are willing to acknowledge all time borrowed from Family duties is misspent; the case of Children's education, observing a Husband's comands, assisting the Sick, relieving the Poore, and being serviceable to our friends, are of sufficient weight to employ the most improved capacities amongst us. If sometimes it happens by accident that one of a thousand aspires a little higher, her fate commonly exposes her to wonder, but adds little to esteeme. The Distaff will defend our quarrells as well as the Sword, and the Needle is as instructive as the Penne. A Heroine is a kinde of prodigy; the influence of a blasinge starre is not more dangerous, or more avoyded. Though I have lived under the roofe of the Learned, and in the neighbourhood of Science, it has had no other effect on such a temper as mine, but that of admiration, and that too but when it is reduced to practice. I confesse I

am infinitely delighted to meet with in books the atchievements of the Heroes, with the calmnesse of Philosophers, and with the eloquence of Orators; but what charms me irresistably is to see perfect resignation in the minds of men let what ever happens adverse to them in their fortune; that is being knowing and truly wise; it confirms my beleefe of antiquity, and engages my perswasion of future perfection, without which it were in vaine to live. Hope not for volumes or treatises; Raillery may make me goe beyonde my bounds, but when serious, I esteeme myselfe capable of very little, yet I am, S^r^,

Your friend and servant,

Jan. 4, 1672. M. E.'

Mrs. Evelyn, after being 'happy in the love and friendship' of her husband fifty-eight years and nine months, was left a widow in the 71st year of her age. The last memorandum in Mr. Evelyn's diary, is dated Feb. 3, 1706. He died on the 27th day of the same month, having attained his eighty-sixth year.

The remainder of the first part of the second volume consists of a 'discourse of sumptuary laws;' an unfinished treatise of manuscripts; and a 'Narrative of the Encounter between the 'French and Spanish Ambassadors at the Landing of the 'Swedish Ambassador, Sept. 30, 1661,' drawn up by command of Charles II.;—an affray in which it was attempted to settle by the logic of cold iron, the important point of national precedence between the Monsieur and the Don, and in which some half dozen lives were lost on both sides, besides nearly forty wounded. The scarce tract here reprinted, on 'sumptuary 'laws,' entitled "Tyrannus or the Mode," is a very ingenious and lively satire on English dress, and is curious as containing historical notices of several ephemeral fashions. We must make room for a few paragraphs.

'Twas a witty expression of Malvezzi; *i vestimenti negli Animali sono molto sicuri segni della loro natura, negli Huomini del lor ceruello,* Garments (says he) in animals are infallible signes of their nature; in Men, of their understanding. Though I would not judge of the *Monk* by the hood he wears; or celebrate the humour of Julian's Court, where the Philosophic Mantle made all his officers appear like so many Conjurors; 'tis worth the observing yet, that the people of Rome left off the *Toga*, an ancient and noble garment, with their power, and that the vicissitude of their habite was little better than a presage of that of their fortune. For the Military *Saga* differencing them little from their Slaves, was no small indication of the declining of their courage, which shortly followed. And I am of opinion that when once wee shall see the Venetian Senat quit the gravity of their Vests, the State itself will not long subsist without some considerable alteration. 'Tis not a trivial remark (which I have somewhere met with) that when a Nation is able to impose and give Laws to the Habit of another (as the late Tartars did in China) it has (like that of Language) proved the forerunner of

their conquests there; because, as it has something of shew and magisterial, so it gaines them a boldnesse and an assurance, which easily introduces them without being taken notice of for strangers where they come; til by degrees they insinuate themselves into all those places where the *Mode* is taken up, and so much in credit. I am of opinion that the Swisse had not been now a Nation, but for keeping to their prodigious Breeches——'

* * * * * *

'Methinks a French Taylor with his ell in his hand, looks like the enchantress Circe over the companions of Ulysses, and changes them into as many formes: one while we are made to be loose in our clothes .....and by and by, appear like so many Malefactors sew'd up in sacks, as of old they were wont to treat a Parricide, with a dog, an ape, and a serpent. Now we are all Twist, and at a distance look like a pair of Tongs, and anon stuff'd out behind like a Dutchman. This Gallant goes so pinch'd in the Wast, as if he were prepar'd for the question of the Fiery Plate in Turky; and that so loose in the middle, as if he would turn Insect, or drop in two; now the short Wast and Skirts in Pye-court is the mode, then the Wide Hose, or (which is more shamefull) like Nero's *lacernata Amica*, the Man in coats again; *Monstrum geminum, de viro fœmina, mox de fœmina vir.* So as one who should judge by the appearance, would take us all to be of kin to the fellow who begs without arms, or some great man's fools: Methinks we should learn to handle distaffe too; Hercules did so when he courted Omphale, and those who sacrificed to Ceres put on the petty-coat with much confidence. A man cannot say now, as when Lucian scoff'd at Cinicus, *Quid tu tandem barbam quidem habes et comam, tunicam non habes?* On the reverse, all men now wear coats, and no beards. O prodigious folly!'

'I do assure you I knew a French woman (famous for her dexterity and invention) protest, that the English did so torment her for the *Mode*, still jealous least she should not have brought them over the newest edition of it, that she us'd monthly to devise us new fancies of her own head, which were never worn in France, to pacifie her customers. But this was in the days of *Old Noll* that signal *Vertumnus*.'—

* * * * * *

'We deride the Spaniard for his odd shape, not for his constancy in it. Let it be considered that those who seldom change the *Mode* of their country, have as seldom alter'd their *affections* to the Prince. Laws are in credit as they are ancient; and the very alteration of elements, weather and dyet, are full of perill; 'tis that renders us weak, old, sick, and at last destroyes us: so as 'twas not without advice that the Lawes of Plato did descend to the care even of Habits in that his perfect *Idea*, allowing it only to *Curtesans* and *Comedians* to vary dresses, since 'twas but a kind of hypocrisie to be every day in a new shape and mascarad.'

The essay contains a patriotic recommendation of woollens instead of silk, 'made thin, light, and glossie for Summer, thick, 'close, and more substantial for the Winter;' a dress 'inferior

(he says) ' to no covering under Heaven.' ' How glorious to ' our Prince, when he should behold all his subjects clad with ' the production of his own Country!' And it closes with prescribing some other improvements in dress, which were afterwards brought in. That anti-picturesque appendage, *the hat*, does not escape the Satirist's remark.

' The wisest and most healthy of the ancients went continually bareheaded; so Masinissa, Cæsar, so Hannibal us'd to go: But when I must be cover'd, I infinitely prefer the *Buckingamo* or *Montero* lately reform'd, before any other whatever, because it is most manly, usefull and steady. I have heard say that when a Turk would execrate one that displeases him, he wishes him as unstable as a *Christian's* Hat; and in effect 'tis observed, that no man can so plant it on another man's head but the owner do's immediately alter it, nor is it ever certain. All that can be reply'd in its behalf is, that it shades the face: but so would a Tuft of Feathers in the *Montero*, which is light and serviceable when the sun is hot, and at other times ornamental.'

We have left ourselves no room to notice, otherwise than very generally, the documents which form Part II. of the second Volume; but, indeed, their value and interest arise altogether from the illustrations they incidentally furnish of the history of that period; and we could make no use of them without going very much into biographical details. They consist of a private correspondence between Charles I. and Sir Edward Nicholas, beginning in the year 1641, when the King visited Scotland, and continuing, at intervals, to the year 1648; a correspondence afterwards carried on by the same trusty secretary, with Charles II. and the Queen of Bohemia; some unpublished letters to and from Sir Edward Hyde (afterwards earl of Clarendon) and Sir Rich. Browne; and some state papers elucidatory of the transactions of the period. Mr. Bray has taken considerable pains to render this portion of the volumes interesting, by illustrative notes, which display very extensive reading, and contain much acceptable information. The whole work, indeed, reflects the highest credit on the respectable Editor; and its value is much enhanced by the copious Indexes to the Diary and Letters, and to the Private Correspondence. There are some very good portraits,—Mr. Evelyn and his Lady, Sir Edward Nicholas, and Sir Richard Browne, besides some views and plans of the estates of the Evelyn family.

ART. X. SELECT LITERARY INFORMATION.

*** *Gentlemen and Publishers who have works in the press, will oblige the Conductors of the* ECLECTIC REVIEW, *by sending information (post paid) of the subject, extent, and probable price of such works; which they may depend upon being communicated to the public, if consistent with its plan.*

Dr. Chalmers, of Glasgow, is printing a volume of Discourses on the application of Christianity to the commercial and ordinary affairs of life.

Speedily will be published (if a sufficent number of subscribers can be procured) in 4to. price 2l. 2s. boards, an Account of the Discovery of a New Continent called New South Shetland, with a description of the manners and customs of its inhabitants, illustrated by numerous engravings, from drawings made on the spot. By Captain J. Rogers.

Mr. J. Brown has in the press, Anecdotes and Characters of the House of Brunswick, illustrative of the courts of Hanover and London, from the Act of Settlement to the youth of George III.

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Dr. Macculloch has nearly completed an elementary Work on Geology, and is now preparing a Description of Shetland.

P. E. Laurent, Esq. is printing in a 4to. volume, Recollections of a Classical Tour in Turkey, Greece, and Italy, with the costume of each country.

Mr. Pontey has in the press, a Treatise on such Rural Objects and Scenes as tend to embellish and increase the comforts of the residences of the higher ranks.

James Hardiman, Esq. is preparing a History of Galway, which will be embellished with engravings.

Miss Hutton has nearly ready to appear, the second volume of the Tour in Africa; and the third, which will complete the work, is preparing for the press.

Mr. H. Hurwitz will speedily publish, a Defence of the Hebrew Scriptures, occasioned by the recent strictures and innovations of Mr. J. Bellamy.

Mr. Price, surgeon, will soon publish, an Essay on the Medical Application of Electricity and Galvinism.

Shortly will be published in 12mo. Arminii Spectri: a supplement to Ness's "Antidote," and Dr. Owen on Arminianism. Particularly applicable to the present time, and to the circumstances of the translation and publication of Arminius's works in English.

The Rev. Messrs. Blackburn, of Finchingfield, and Morison, of Stebbing, are engaged in compiling a History of the Dissenting Churches in the County of Essex, with Biographical Sketches of nearly four hundred Pastors and other distinguished individuals connected with the several christian Societies. Messrs. B. and M. are in possession of many curious and original documents, but anxious to make the work as complete as possible, will feel obliged by the communication of any facts or papers which may illustrate the history of the churches or their ministers, and they pledge themselves that manuscripts committed to their trust shall be carefully preserved and speedily returned.

In the press, a Practical Discourse concerning Baptism: a new edition. To which is added, never before published, a fragment on Christian Communion. By the late Rev. Wm. Foot.

A small volume of Poems, entitled, What is Life? with some other effusions, from the pen of Mr. Thos. Bailey, may be expected to appear about the first week in January, 1821.

Mr. John Bowring has in the press, a volume of Translations from the Russian, with Preliminary Remarks on the Language and Poetical Literature of Russia.

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ART. XI. LIST OF WORKS RECENTLY PUBLISHED.

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Memoirs of the Life, Writings, and Religious Connexions of John Owen, D.D. Vice-chancellor of Oxford, and Dean of Christ Church, during the Commonwealth, comprising also Notices of the leading Events of his Times, of the state of religion and religious parties, &c. By the Rev. Wm. Orme, of Perth. 8vo. 12s.

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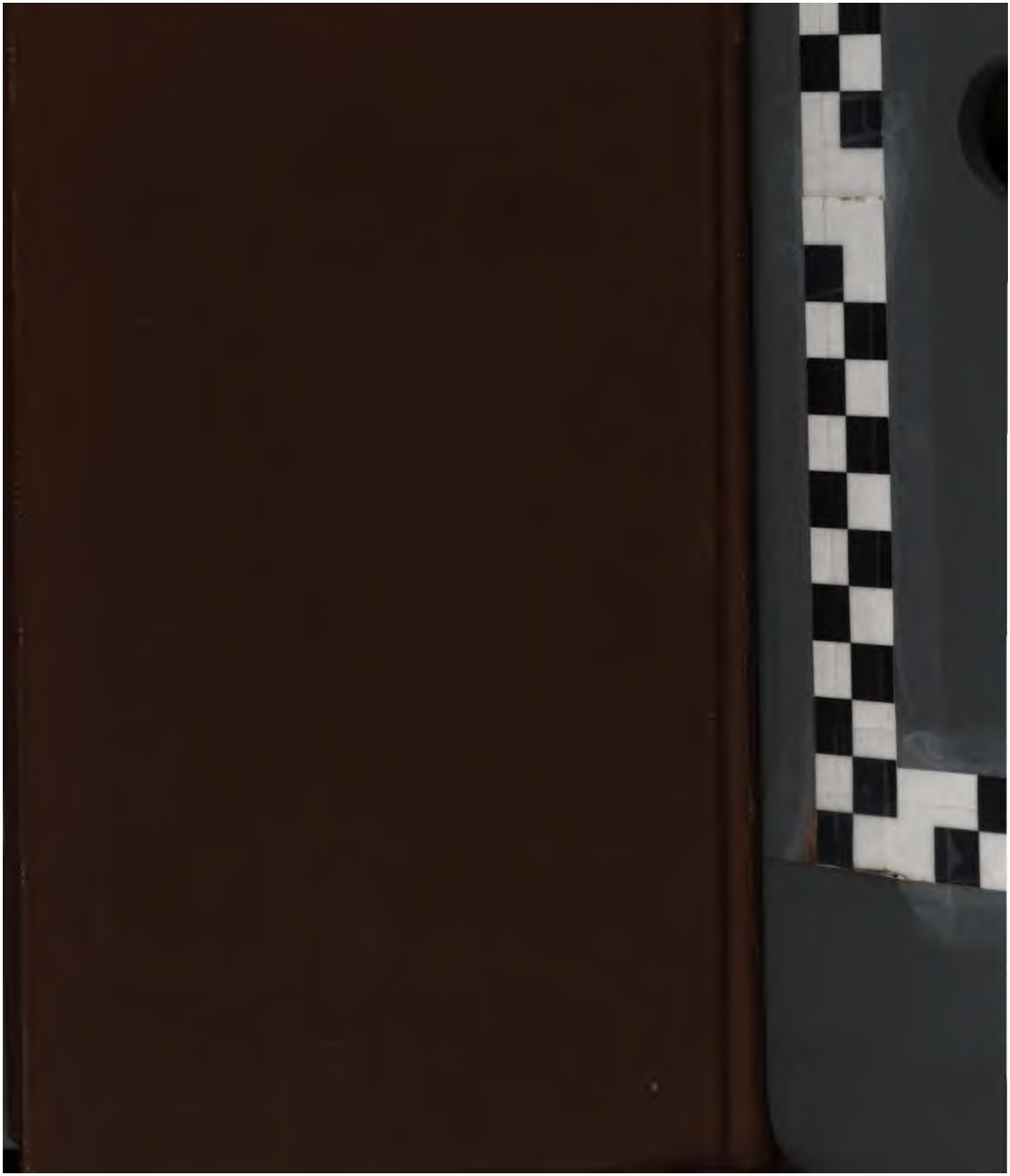
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